

PARENTS
REVIEW

VOL. 75
1964

PARENTS REVIEW

Founded 1890 by
CHARLOTTE MASON

Vol. LXXV

JANUARY 1964

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PARENTS REVIEW

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CHARLOTTE MASON

Vol. LXXV

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PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

Vol. LXXV No. 1

JANUARY 1964

P.N.E.U. ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 1963

On November 6, 1963, Lady Brabourne presided at the P.N.E.U. Annual General Meeting, which was well attended by a representative gathering of members and was held at Baden-Powell House, Queen's Gate. Mr. Basil Marsden-Smedley was unfortunately unable to be present owing to illness, and Lady Brabourne took the Chair.

The notice convening the meeting was read by the General Secretary.

Lady Brabourne referred to the absence of the Chairman and said that his presence always greatly added to the enjoyment of the meetings. He was an excellent friend of the P.N.E.U. and had seen it through the difficult period of reorganisation, which had resulted in its being on a much surer footing than before. She undertook to write to Mr. Marsden-Smedley on behalf of the Meeting, conveying greetings and good wishes for his speedy recovery.

The Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of October 18, 1962, which had been printed in the January number of the *Parents Review*, were approved and signed.

The Report of the Council was approved, and the Accounts for the year ending February 28, 1963, which had appeared in the October number of the *Parents Review*, were adopted.

Lady Brabourne welcomed Mr. N. Cook as Financial Secretary. She said that the P.N.E.U. was now in a healthier position, the overdraft having been reduced to £2,200, with the prospect of a further reduction to about £800 after sale of property; but hard work was still needed to get 'out of the red', and she thanked Mr. Joss and Mr. Cook for their guidance.

Lady Brabourne proposed the re-election of those Council members retiring by rotation, namely : Mrs. J. M. Bailey, Mrs. D. L. Bridgwater.

Lady Celia Milnes-Coates, Mrs. G. E. Kamm, Miss M. Morris, Lady Elizabeth Motion, and Mr. R. K. Nuttall, B.A. She also proposed the election of Mrs. J. Peel and Mr. M. L. Jacks, M.A., who had been appointed to the Council on May 9, 1963, and July 3, 1963, respectively, and stood for re-election.

The motion was seconded by Lady Tryon and carried.

It was proposed by Mr. Joss that the remuneration of the Auditors, Messrs. Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Co., be agreed at £175 per annum for the period ended February 28, 1963, which was seconded by Mr. Morton and carried unanimously.

Lady Brabourne then welcomed all those present, saying how apt it seemed to hold the Meeting in Baden-Powell House, as Charlotte Mason had been directly responsible for the idea of scouting. Quoting from Sir Robert Baden-Powell's remarks in the *P.U.S. Diamond Jubilee Book*, Lady Brabourne related how a governess from Ambleside, using a handbook for soldiers to train her young charge always to look upwards as well as around him, had opened Baden-Powell's eyes to the fact that this was the sort of basis for training children to deduce and to use all their senses and, as a result, he conceived the idea of starting the Boy Scouts Movement.

Lady Brabourne said what a pleasure it was to have a close friend of Charlotte Mason present—Mrs. Franklin. She also referred to the latter's recent generous contribution of £1,000 to the P.N.E.U.

As Acting Chairman, Lady Brabourne then introduced the speaker, Mr. Percy Wilson, C.B., Senior Chief Inspector at the Ministry of Education, whose talk, entitled 'Sixth Form Education, As It Is and as It Might Be', will be reproduced in full in the February *Parents Review*.

Mr. Wilson's talk evoked many interesting questions. Among the subjects touched upon were the value of educational programmes on the B.B.C.; the difficulty of recruiting staff to direct one-year courses—an alternative being a first-class library, with directed reading; whether more could be done in the fourth and fifth forms to ensure that by the time pupils reached the sixth form they were ready for private study periods; and how parents could be encouraged to help children with the right kind of leisure occupations.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Wilson was proposed by Mrs. Bowden, and she associated in her thanks Lady Brabourne, who had added the duties of Acting Chairman to those of her position as President. The vote was seconded by Miss Jean Cochrane.

The Meeting closed at 4 p.m.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

I do try to keep records of wholly or even partially albino birds. I have one double page in my nature notebook in which to enter observations on them and undoubtedly the column with the most entries is that of the Blackbird. I think I see some sort of Albino Blackbird almost every week, only some only have an odd tail-feather that is white. Yesterday I saw a fine cock Blackbird with a white tail—it looked thoroughly exotic.

I was amused to hear at a W.I. meeting that birds exhibiting white feathers, or pale feathers where they are normally dark, have been fed on white bread! I think this is a very funny theory and I am sure it is untrue. I am no advocate for white bread, but I think this is laying too much blame upon it.

We have a Jackdaw in our village with white feathers in both wings. We have a pale buff hen Sparrow, who is really charming to look at; and I have seen an almost entirely white chaffinch. I was very excited about this because I thought at first that it was a Snow Bunting, but it wasn't; it was a typical Chaffinch, both in shape and size, and no amount of wishful thinking could make it anything else.

I do not know the cause of albino-ism but I think it is, to a great extent, hereditary. Pied cock Blackbirds tend to have some pied children. The disposal of the white feathers are not necessarily in the same places, but some of the offspring do have white feathers.

CLAUDE-OSCAR MONET (1840-1926)

(Artist for the Spring Term 1964)

by ROSEMARY WILKINSON (C.M.T.)

To appreciate Monet's work fully it is important to understand the aims and objects of the Impressionist painters, and this is doubly necessary when introducing children to original Impressionism.

By the end of the eighteenth century it was thought there could be no further development in graphic art; painting had reached an unparalleled degree of excellence. In both classic and romantic art the use of chiaroscuro was the means used to achieve dimensional form. Compositions were constructed deliberately after a painstaking series of preliminary studies had been made. Then, in the early part of last century, the painters of the Barbizon School introduced a cult of realism,

gaining inspiration from simple everyday subjects sketched at first hand out of doors, to be completed later in the studio. This led to Plein-airism—the idea that complete pictures could be painted in the open air. The artists adopting this method found themselves faced with a problem that had never arisen before. In the studio a subject can be arranged so that the light falls in a desired manner according to its direction, and the shadows correspond automatically. But out of doors there are no windows; light comes from all sides and is constantly changing in quality, depending upon the existing atmospheric effects.

It was this preoccupation with light that gave rise to the Impressionist Movement. Colour occurs in accordance with the way in which the light rays strike a given surface; an object has no intrinsic colour. Its colour is derived from the light of the sun. If light is analysed it is found to consist of basic spectral colours including the three primaries, combinations of which can be used to produce an endless variety of shades. It is common knowledge that two primary colours, say blue and yellow, mixed together form a secondary colour, in this case green; but the green thus formed is of a lower degree of purity than the original hues. Moreover, if a third colour is added, a still duller tint is produced. Monet found that if blue and yellow are laid side by side unmixed, the result seen from a little distance is an intense green. He went on to break up the colours he saw and to apply each brush-stroke as a separate dab, overlaying if necessary and gently merging the edges, but not mixing the pigments on either palette or canvas. Viewed from a distance, as after all we observe any outdoor scene, this fragmentation reassembles itself to produce a substantial reconstruction. Further, Monet demonstrated that outline is an arbitrary invention of man to represent a given form. In nature he observed no lines, only a refraction of light according to the way it strikes an object, tones becoming apparent as light is seen in contrast to shadow. He discovered that the play of light on different textures has a profound effect on the quality of the colour. This emphasis on texture became a characteristic feature of the Impressionists, who found the physical attributes of paint could be used to interpret various surfaces—the gloss-like finish employed in previous works of art was utterly foreign to them, though Velasquez had, of course, begun to use loose brush-strokes of this kind in his most mature phase. Finally, as the appearance of an outdoor scene changes so rapidly, making it impossible to reproduce accurately what the eye beholds at a given moment, Monet concentrated on immortalizing the impression of what he saw rather than constructing an elaborate representation based on memory. He aimed to produce a microcosm capturing the essential factors observed and the mood underlying a particular instant of vision. It was from one of his pictures which he called *Sunrise: An Impression* that the name of the Movement originated. Thus Impressionism itself

was no haphazard theory. It was the result of deliberate scientific study and experiment. This new method of painting was received with criticism and ridicule; the public were outraged. Tradition dies hard.

Monet himself could have gained success easily as a conventional painter at an early age. Instead he chose to follow his destiny as an innovator—a course that led to poverty and disappointments.

Claude Monet, a grocer's son, was born at Le Havre in 1840. His parents discouraged his artistic ambitions and, like Manet, he was sent on a sea voyage 'to get over it'. Upon his return he associated with a painter named Boudin in his home town, mainly drawing caricatures. Subsequently he served with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, a cavalry regiment raised in 1831 for service in North Africa, its members mounted upon Arab horses and dressed in a colourful uniform of sky-blue tunics and red trousers. After two years he was discharged with fever and turned again to art, studying in Levre's studio. Setting up on his own, he endured a period of privation and frustration, sometimes unable to work owing to the lack of means to buy materials. Things were no better by the time his wife died in 1879, leaving him with two small children and no resources. In all, he suffered twenty-five years of extreme poverty with astonishing resilience and fortitude.

He remarried in 1892 and by this time he had achieved his first success. This was an exhibition of fifteen studies of haystacks painted during three seasons. Monet liked to concentrate on a series of subjects painted under changing climatic conditions; for example, he painted Rouen Cathedral, aspects of the Thames and his beloved lily-pond again and again. One of these last is known as *Nymphaeas* in the Tate Gallery. When Monet was living at Giverny in Normandy, he diverted the waters of the little river Epte, a tributary of the Seine, to flow through his land so as to form a water-garden. He had two studios and a huge aviary in the garden near the pool. His painting of the arched footbridge and drooping willows brings to mind a Japanese watercolour, a style of painting he much admired. It is a picture full of cool green radiance and glistening highlights. Monet has captured the effect of light on foliage and water without introducing any sky. Do not pore over this picture; hold it at arm's length. Then the reflections and the patches of dark water become distinct from the massed vegetation. Observe how the various types of plants are implied by different methods—a loose smattering of paint for the pink lotus blossoms and their floating leaves; long dry brush strokes for the rushes, while the willows and the bosses of verdure in the background are depicted with thick fluid daubs of paint. But Monet's consummate artistry is shown by the strong simple lines of the bridge spanning the entire picture, placed two-thirds of the way up so as to give height to an almost square composition.

Water held an endless fascination for Monet. In some form or other it features in the majority of his pictures—calm pools, foam-flecked sea, tree-shaded rivers. *Fishing on the Seine* is almost all water; there is no background, no sky, very little solid ground, but what a difference that triangular piece of grass and the narrow footpath makes to the balance of the whole! The men in the boats and the one at the water's edge are absorbed in their peaceful pastime. Notice all the different kinds of hats worn by the anglers. Unseen trees on the further bank are reflected in the greyish water, water dappled and broken by wavering lines and light-edged ripples. The boats form pleasing solid forms, their reflections dark, no hint of blue sky overhead.

In *The Frog Pond* the sky is blue, the water more lively, colourful and wind-ruffled. The people thronging the central islet and the canopied jetty alongside are suggested with the briefest dabs of paint, yet each one, even the bathers, is distinguishable as an individual. The row of lime-green poplars leads the eye far into the background. The width of the river is emphasized by the bold streaks of cerulean and amber. The central position of the artificial island is prevented from making the picture inartistically symmetrical by the connecting causeway and its relation to the angle at which the boats lie. Renoir painted the same scene; he made it clear that the tree was growing in a tub. This spot, 'La Grenouillere', was a restaurant and bathing place on the Seine where both artists worked in the summer of 1869. At this time Monet was in dire straits. He wrote, 'For eight days no bread, no wine, no fuel for cooking, no light'. Renoir provided bread. One winter they existed on a patch of potatoes they had cultivated. The friendship of these two lasted throughout their lives. They explored the Riviera coast together. Later Monet went there alone, feeling the need for independence and isolation; he knew he worked better by himself. But he felt guilty at making a secret of his whereabouts and within three weeks had written to tell Renoir where he was.

A lonely figure standing at the top of a curving hill gives a focal point to the simple, peaceful landscape called *The Corniche Road*. Scrubby vegetation spills over the rocks to the verge of the road and beyond it to the water's edge. The distant hill with its striking outline is little more than a silhouette against the refulgent sky, and the sea reflects the glow. Monet had the gift of generating light in his painting and of showing how evening sunshine intensifies natural colours, as is exemplified here by the vivid contrast of tangerine and cobalt blue.

Monet's snow-scenes are as evocative of climatic atmosphere as are his paintings of high summer. Look at *La Pie*. Sunshine falls on freshly fallen snow, snow fallen sufficiently recently for the trees and roofs not yet to have shed their burdens, but not so fresh as to be untrodden by

human steps. The whiteness is pitted and tarnished where the sun has melted the surface. Long shadows, smooth and blue, enhance the surrounding sparkle; the pale hazy sky holds the promise of frost rather than more snow to come. Again a single living creature provides a point of interest to an otherwise lifeless scene—a magpie is perched on the stile. Compare this with Brueghel's *Winter's Day*, studied two terms ago. In their totally different ways both artists have crystallized time and place, both convey a sense of wintry chill. In Monet's the emphasis is on simple horizontal lines offset by irregular uprights; he has omitted all irrelevant details. His hardihood and singleness of purpose drove him to work out of doors at all seasons of the year; he even painted in falling snow, a hot water bottle on his lap to thaw his freezing fingers.

In common with most great artists Monet's painting became looser and freer as he grew older. *Charing Cross Bridge* reminds us of Turner's later style and foreshadows Whistler's. Here is the same unsubstantial atmosphere, the same use of uncompromising shapes made grand and mysterious by the effect of diffused light. Fog and smoke merge to obliterate detail; dimly the towers of Westminster loom through the murk. But the water is vibrant with shimmering flecks of broken colour; a sinister sense of the river's power and depth is conveyed by the way the green shadows contrast with the lurid reflections.

Failing eyesight affected Monet's last paintings. It was as if he translated his blindness into a formless overgrown world of opaque water and dense vegetation. He painted vast canvases with thickly applied pigment as though to induce the paint itself to create the forms he could only imperfectly see. Although his art belongs to the nineteenth century, his long life brought him into modern times. Monet, who had considered himself a failure and despaired of success to such an extent that he had been prepared to destroy his paintings, lived to see his work fetch high prices and the Movement he founded recognized as a milestone in the history of art.

'SOME OF US'

My School

Our school is situated in a German one in Bonn.

In our break time we play with the Germans. The play ground is quite big, but it is often hard to find room to play in.

We are startled too, sometimes by the bells which announce the German children's play time. We have a library in the school but it is not very old but already has about forty books!

We have a lot of children in our class and a lot of nationalities English, Salvadorian, Canadian, American, Indian, Thai, Syrian, Nigerian, Swiss and Spanish. We have two teachers Mrs. Woolley and Miss Creighton. The Thailander (whose

name is Samson) says 'Good Morning' to Mrs. Woolley in Thai. I am glad I came to this school it is very nice.

SANDRA McCARDELL (aged 9)

VERY REMARKABLE WORDS

by EDWARD BLISHEN

In one of my few memories of early learning I see myself gazing appreciatively at an illustration in a reading primer: it is of a teapot, jocosely given a face, and under it is the splendid word 'countenance'. (At this distance of time I shan't be accused of boasting if I claim to have understood instantly that 'countenance' meant a face and not a teapot.) The word seemed to me a stunner—indeed, it must be partly that sense of having acquired a remarkable piece of vocabulary that has preserved the memory so long. But it was partly also, I think, that for the first time I saw the point of having a multiplicity of words to define a single object or idea. I saw that 'face' was a direct and unambiguous word, to be used when making a straightforward statement of identification. Until that moment I had moved entirely among such words. But 'countenance' was different—of another order of words altogether. One sensed that it might be used to establish a very special tone of meaning. With 'countenance' you could do things you could never do with 'face'.

I think in writing for children we often overlook the common childish appetite for words that are a bit unmanageable, mysterious, alive with rather elusive meaning. The style of much children's fiction seems based on a resolve to avoid such words, as being *too difficult*. The result is a kind of verbal thinness and dullness. When I was a teacher-librarian, doing a deal of reading aloud as part of a campaign to make readers and book-borrowers out of those shy with books, I found myself often puzzled and bored by the children's fiction I tried out on my classes—and on myself. Sometimes this boredom was due primarily to the plot, which had a *familiar* air about it (as one of my boys once put it, 'Most books in the library are about a Tom and Ann and how they find an old castle'): but very often it arose from the deliberately unexciting basic nature of the vocabulary used. It was everlasting running stitch. My boys were not highly literate: but they too were bored by the absence of sting and thrill in the verbal texture of the writing.

I remember an occasion when the film of *A Tale of Two Cities* had been shown at the local cinema, and a class notified me that they'd been led to understand there was a book on which this was based. Would I read a little of it to them? I concealed by eagerness and said of course

I would. The first chapter was very difficult, and I'd skip that. Oh no, they said (they were a dogged class, and may even have thought I had the common adult reason for skipping): they must begin with the beginning. So I started on that chapter that begins, 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times.' They were baffled, of course, the irony and the construction of the sentences being both too elaborate: but they were much struck by the vocabulary. 'Some *very remarkable* words, sir', said the class spokesman. I noticed with delight that several of these words appeared thereafter (sometimes triumphantly ill-placed) in their written work.

The point is surely that the construction, of course, ought always to be clear and uncomplicated: that dead abstractions should never be admitted: but that within this lucid framework really subtle words ought to appear, of the kind that you don't ever learn to manage easily as you learn the use of such plain words as 'face'. Anyone who was brought up on Beatrix Potter will remember how the uncommon words glowed in the clear setting of her style. When I first read the speech in *Jemima Puddle-duck* that begins 'Before you commence your tedious sitting, I intend to give you a treat', I had no firm idea of the meaning of the word 'tedious'. Indeed, the joy of it was that it was not easily capable of a firm meaning. It was a word with a tone, a style of its own, to be treasured and used exploratorily thereafter. My case against the writers of much modern fiction for children is that they would never dream of using the word 'tedious'. Tediously they eschew such words, confining themselves to the steady useful ones with a quickly digested significance.

I write with fair confidence about this, simply because so much of my experience has been among children who were not immensely literate. For them, text-books are produced whose titles fall heavily on the ear. *Plain English*, *Practical English*, *Ordinary English for Ordinary People*. (I used to wait, with an almost unbearable certainty that they must come, for *Banal English* and *Threadbare English*.) It took me longer as a teacher than it should have done to realize how deadening was this unrelieved emphasis on a simple vocabulary used with well-meaning dullness of effect. I remember the excitement of discovering that even children with no obvious skill in language love to acquire and deploy words that are powerful because unusual and complex in meaning. It seems, when one thinks of it, an understandable human tendency—to find language exciting: but, of course, the tendency remains latent and may even die unless language is actually *seen* to be exciting. 'Swallowed a dictionary, sir!' my boys would say—of me, sometimes, when I was talking: of an author, now and then, when I was reading. It was not a protest: it was a joke but also an admiring salutation. Of the writers of far too much modern fiction for young people it has to be said, I think, that they've swallowed only a basic phrase-book: through them there's no glimpsing

the supreme joy of language, its rich range of vocabulary. Here and there this is an effect, clearly enough, of verbal poverty and threadbareness in the writer : but often, I think, it is the result of a quite mistaken view of the needs of children. The context must be managed so that it provides a clue to the strange word : but the strange word should be there.

I remember going late once into a class that had become noisy : the door was opened for me by a boy whose self-imposed function it was to combine this politeness with a warning to the class that I'd arrived. '“Superabundant agitation” this morning, sir', he said, quoting a phrase from *David Copperfield* that had caught our attention the day before. . . . How much modern children's fiction (this is the test) stimulates the young into this sort of quotation—the best of all compliments to literature?

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

(Composer for the Spring Term 1964)

by BETTY NEWMAN (C.M.T.)

Franz Peter Schubert was born in Vienna in 1797. He came at the end of a notable line of Viennese composers which included Gluck, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, who was born twenty-seven years before him and whom he survived by only two years. During his short life Schubert composed over a thousand works, but it was denied to him to see them recognised for what they were worth, and the total of his life's earnings was £575. His latest works represent his highest point of achievement and, despite the masterpieces which he left, it is the world's loss that he did not live to give it more. A poet friend wrote for his tombstone : 'The art of music here entombed a rich possession, yet fairer hopes'.

Schubert learned much from his great predecessors but he quickly developed a personal idiom of his own. W. H. Hadow writes : 'In clarity of style he was inferior to Mozart : in power of musical construction he was far inferior to Beethoven, but in poetic impulse and suggestion he is unsurpassed. He was the greatest song writer who ever lived and almost everything in his hands turned to song. . . . The standpoint from which to judge him is that of a singer who ranged over the whole field of musical composition and everywhere carried with him the artistic form which he loved best.'

This lyrical quality which runs through all Schubert's music has endeared him to music-lovers and makes him especially suitable for the children. Even those who have not consciously listened to his works will probably find that they are familiar with some of his themes : *Hark*,

Hark the Lark; To Music; Ave Maria; the themes from the *Unfinished Symphony*, and the ballet music from *Rosamunde*; *Marche Militaire*, and some of his popular works are representative of the vast wealth of music which he left.

Schubert's father was a high-minded and impecunious schoolmaster—his three beloved brothers all became schoolmasters. Schubert heard and played his first music at home, his father was an amateur 'cellist and chamber music was played regularly. From his father and brother Schubert learned the violin and piano, but he quickly outstripped them and was passed on to other teachers. He had already begun to compose when, at the age of eleven, he entered the Imperial Convict, the school attached to the University where the ten choristers of the Chapel Royal received free education. Schubert had a fine soprano voice. Music was only one of many subjects studied and Schubert, whose head was full of music, found it difficult to work hard enough at his other tasks, so that when his voice broke—although he played an important part in all the musical activities—there was some question as to whether his scholarship should be continued. However, he was allowed to remain at the Convict until he went for a year to a training college before joining his father's school as a teacher, having been forbidden to think of a musical career.

Life at the Convict had been hard in many ways for the youth who had not the pocket money to buy the necessary extra food and manuscript paper. But he had received a sound musical education, and had formed some enduring friendships. Although, during his lifetime, Schubert was not recognised by the world at large, he evidently had a magic personality and drew about himself a brilliant circle of friends who encouraged and helped him throughout his career. He, in his turn, helped them when his meagre earnings rose above starvation level and delighted them with his company and, above all, with the music which he poured forth for their enjoyment. To them he was known affectionately as *Schwammerl* (Tubby—literally, Small Mushroom) since he was very small—barely five feet in height—and rather stocky. He was extremely short-sighted and wore spectacles (even in his sleep, so that he could start work whenever he woke). His large brow was crowned with rich brown curls and surmounted expressive eyes, strong features and a dimpled chin. 'On the whole, Schubert's appearance expressed classical harmony of strength and gentleness as befitted an Olympian.' He was careless with his clothes, as with his manuscripts, though all MSS. were carefully dated and signed many must have been lost. He used to smoke a pipe at home whilst working and in the inns which he frequented with his friends. He usually lived in lodgings and had his meals in inns, and was extremely quiet and self-effacing except in the company of friends.

Six years before he died, Schubert was afflicted with a serious illness

from which he never really recovered. He suffered at intervals from giddiness, headaches and general debility, which makes his colossal output all the more remarkable. Finally he contracted a form of typhus which, in his weakened condition, proved fatal. He died in the house of his brother, nursed by his half-sister, and was mourned by his friends from whom we have been able to learn much about the composer's habits and appearance (the latter from the portraits of Moritz von Schwind and Leopold Kupelweiser) and to whom, since they numbered poets amongst them, we directly owe many of the songs.

When we come to introduce the children to Schubert's music it is interesting to note that he gave only one public concert during his lifetime, and that in his last year. Many of his works he never heard; the *Unfinished Symphony* for example was first performed in 1865. Most of his performed music was played privately during his lifetime at musical gatherings in his friends' houses—'Schubertiads' as they came to be called. These concerts were usually given with Schubert himself at the klavier, and his friend Vogl, the well-known singer, or by gifted amateurs. Since much of his music is within the scope of amateurs, and it is possible for the children themselves to play some of it, here is a splendid opportunity of giving them much 'live' music. Only a pianist is needed to enable them to hear some of Schubert's loveliest music. No composer left a finer wealth of music for piano duet and singer. In all, Schubert wrote six hundred and three songs.

Some may be lucky enough to get together a string ensemble. In this sphere there are violin sonatinas, trios, quartets, quintets and the octet scored for clarinet, bassoon, horn, string quartet and double bass (the last is a little ambitious). But even single movements from some of the others might be feasible.

As there is so much possible music, I shall not attempt to describe it in any great detail, and this is not really necessary since Schubert's music speaks for itself, and the children should take to it without much introduction. A careful playing through of any piece, noting the themes and, in the case of a song, the words and general atmosphere, should be all that is necessary; the music itself is sufficiently arresting to capture the attention of even quite young children.

With regard to the piano music, a friendly pianist will probably be able to select suitable music for the children to hear and their piano teacher will know what is within their own reach. They should enjoy some of the *Waltzes*, *Ländler*, *Ecossaises*, *Impromptus* and *Moments Musicaux*. There are many lovely movements in the sonatas. From the duets, the marches are great fun. The children should sing or hear *Au Mein Clavier*, which is in the Clarendon Song Book No. 11A and expresses Schubert's feelings towards his piano.

The Oxford School Music Books, Junior III, and the Clarendon Song Books contain almost all Schubert songs suitable for children to sing; the small children especially could learn the *Cradle Song* (C.B.I.). Some well-known songs have already been mentioned and it will probably be of interest to the children to hear two of those set to Shakespeare's words, *Hark, Hark the Lark* and *Who Is Sylvia?*. One of Schubert's earliest songs, written at the age of seventeen, is also one of his finest, *Gretchen Am Spinnrade* (Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel). The spinning-wheel is heard throughout as the maiden remembers her departed lover. A thrilling song is the *Erkönig*. The story is told in the voices of the father, son and Erl King, of how the child, riding clasped in his father's arms, is terrified by the apparition of the Erl King who is trying to lure him away. The father cannot perceive the apparition and tries to calm the child, but at the end of the journey the boy is found to be dead. The *Ave Maria* is adapted from Scott's words in *The Lady of the Lake*. The song cycle *Die Schöne Müllerin* (The Maid of the Mill) contains many lovely songs, including *Das Wandern* (To Wander is the Miller's Joy) and *Wohin?* (Whither?). There is in fact no end to the choice of songs, and I would strongly advise teachers to obtain a collection and search through it for suitable songs.

From Schubert's Chamber Music, the *Trio in B Flat* for piano, violin and 'cello is extremely tuneful and very suitable for children of all ages. Schubert wrote twenty quartets. Those most usually played are the ones in *A Minor*, *D Minor* and *G Major*, of which the *A Minor* would probably be the most suitable for children—the *andante* has as its theme a well-known melody from *Rosamunde*. The *Trout Quintet* for piano, violin, viola, 'cello and double bass is another delightful and tuneful work with a very suitable set of variations. The *String Quartet* is probably Schubert's greatest work, full of lovely things. There are two 'cellos and the first one is free to play a wonderful melodic line in many places. Some of this work would be suitable for small children, but the slow movement would be rather too profound for them. The *Octet*, with its unusual combination, is full of interest and charm and lovely melodies, and again an interesting set of variations; much of it would be suitable for children.

This brings us to the orchestral works, and we must not fall into the mistake of imagining, as did his friends and contemporaries, that it was only as a song-writer that Schubert excelled, for he reaches the heights in much of his orchestral writing. Altogether he wrote nine symphonies, of which the *Second*, *Fifth*, *Eighth* (*Unfinished*) and the *Ninth* will have the greatest appeal to children. I am delighted with a long playing record with the *Fifth* on one side and the *Unfinished* on the other. The *Fifth* is a wholly delightful work, with a Mozartian flavour, entirely suitable

for children from beginning to end. The *Unfinished*, which contains only two movements, represents, along with the great *C Major* symphony, known as No. 7, Schubert's most mature orchestral writing. It does not contain the movement and gaiety which small children always love, but I found my own children listening to it intently after one or two plays through, although they had indignantly clamoured at first for the other side of the record. The *C Major* symphony will also appeal to children. They ought to realize that in listening to these works they are more privileged than Schubert himself, who never heard them performed.

From the rest of his orchestral music I would recommend *Rosamunde*. This was written as incidental music to a worthless romantic drama of that name. It was a failure, and the music was only resurrected in 1867 by Grove and Sullivan; but today the entr'actes and ballet music are amongst Schubert's best known works.

It is good to think that this term numbers of children will join Schubert's circle of friends. His genius for friendship did not end with his death, for the magic of his music reflects his personality. May the children through their 'Schubertiads' grow to appreciate the saying beloved by his personal friends, 'He was a very little man, but he was a giant'.

COPING WITH YOUNG CONVALESCENTS

by CERES ESPLAN

During the past twenty years I seem to have coped with a lot of young convalescents and certain facts have emerged that have made every successive illness, or recovery from that illness, so much easier.

Of course the younger the child, the more it needs constant companionship. Indeed all young convalescents are exceedingly demanding and so, whenever it is possible, a day-time bed downstairs makes all the difference to the maid-of-all-work, nurse, playmate-mother. Oh, the aching legs I have had from running up and downstairs dozens of times a day!

Toddlers need constant attention. They need stories, they need paper games and they need surprises. I began a 'surprise box' very early in my career as a mother. I bought small oddments and put them away all the year round. It really was like collecting things for Christmas stockings, and it has proved invaluable. The 'surprise box' always comes out at a certain stage of convalescence. 'Will I be well enough for the 'surprise box' tomorrow?'

Needless to say it doesn't satisfy an active young mind for long but it leads to other distractions. It leads to tidying my work-box or my small dressing-table drawers, which are stuffed with remnants of my own childhood and never cease to fascinate my child.

When the magic stage of being able to read has been reached, coping with a young convalescent is never so difficult. Then it is the supply of books and magazines that becomes hard to find. But neighbours and friends have all been through the same difficulties and in our village we have quite a lending library for convalescents. The grapevine has only to breathe that 'Mary has 'flu' or 'John is in bed again, poor child', than piles of books and 'coloured papers' as they were called in my day (and how preferable is that description to the modern term 'comics'), appear on the doorstep.

But reading doesn't satisfy for very long either, and it is then that collections of foreign stamps or postcards or photographs become far more interesting than they are when the child can run about and play out of doors. I have started many a collection of foreign stamps with little convalescents. Packets can be bought very cheaply. Albums need only be extremely simple at first—a thick exercise book, with a page for each country, is an excellent start.

I have started young writers off too. Copying out poems or nature notes and making their own anthologies or nature-books is quite an interesting way of spending an hour or two a day; as for anagrams, crossword puzzles and other word games, well, they are invaluable. For the little invalid to make up stories in his head and tell you an instalment each time you pop in to see how he is, is another idea. I am a great believer in the healing power of laughter. I have spent many an uproarious hour with my child thinking of the most fantastic tales to tell me; such interludes help poor overworked mothers nearly as much as poor convalescent children!

As strength increases, so does the scope of possible activities—and so does the litter in the bedroom or day-nursery. I have found that a smoothed-off sheet of plywood makes a better bed-table than anything else. It is light, unbreakable and so easily removable. It can be picked up and put down by the child and although it moves very easily with the occupant of the bed, I have never found that there have been many mishaps with our portable bed-table. Paint water, of course, will spill from anything—painting in bed is one of my last resorts. But whatever activity the convalescent child is engaged upon, another essential is a big dust-sheet which envelops the child in bed from chin to toes! That is a slight exaggeration, but it is essential that the top of the bed should be well covered. This prevents everything from worming its way under the over-sheets, blankets and eiderdown, and saves dust, dirt and other

muck spoiling the bed-clothes. It is nice, too, to lift this dust-sheet carefully off at night and find that everything is more or less fresh underneath.

I have vivid memories of my own childhood convalescences. Parents and aunts were wonderful at keeping a bed-bound child happy, and many of my own suggestions have come from them. One of my greatest joys, and one that I have often allowed my own child to share, was salt-carving. 'What a mess', I can hear you say! Yes, it can indeed be a mess, but the dust-sheet takes the worst and the Hoover soon cleans up the carpet. The fun of having a block of salt to chip at is endless. We use a nail-file for the chipper. Being of a thrifty disposition, I use the salt afterwards for throwing down on the garden path to thaw out frost, as most of the convalescences seem to take place in the winter.

There are plenty of less messy handworks. Potato cuts provide the basis of quite a designing industry. The end of a smallish potato is sliced off, a primitive and simple pattern is cut into it and, after water or poster-colour has been washed over it, it can be used as a stamp. We are rather art-minded, or design-minded in our house, so a kaleidoscope, in bed, with plenty of scraps of coloured foil, material, wools etc., provides occupation for many happy hours.

It is a good idea to provide older children with materials for making presents. Suède cuttings, bundles of which can still be purchased quite reasonably, give a lot of pleasure, so does a coarse crochet hook and some thick wool.

A little imagination can make even a long convalescence quite happy. I am sure that one of the most important things is to encourage unselfishness. Illness in young children can make them very spoilt and it is up to the nursing parent to do as much with occupational therapy at home as so many admirable hospitals do for their patients. After all, it really boils down simply to the remark made by a dear old maid when I was a child: 'There are times when they *do* need taking out of themselves, aren't there?'

MODERN STAMP COLLECTING

by RAYMOND WARD

Most grown-ups have gone through that particular phase of their childhood when they were possessed by the collecting mania. It didn't much matter what one collected. Simply to have a collection of things that one could store, assemble, exchange, boast about, perhaps even arrange, catalogue and display, was enough in itself.

To go through this phase is one of the normal processes of growing up but, being a phase, it is soon outgrown. But not by everyone, happily, for without collectors, public and private, we would have no great art collections, no museums, no libraries. And without collectors there would be no stamp collections, and considerably fewer stamps.

With many people, a stamp collecting interest aroused in their childhood has persisted throughout the years to become the absorbing hobby of a lifetime. With others, a similar interest, abandoned perhaps at adolescence, has been revived in maturity and pursued then with greater zeal.

Most schoolchildren have collected and do collect stamps, but stamp collecting is not, and never has been, merely a hobby for schoolchildren. Today, more than ever before, adults are discovering the delights, and succumbing to the fascination of stamp collecting, and one of the reasons for the great popularity of the hobby is the widening of its scope in recent years.

Now the modern collector follows his own fancy wherever he wills, and collects in whatever way he chooses. So vast is the field covered by the stamps of the world that no matter what a collector's particular interests and tastes may be, from Architecture to the signs of the Zodiac, he can find them illustrated on stamps.

There is no end, as in the making of books, to the collecting of stamps, but there is also no end to the ways in which one may collect them. There was a time when a collector could aim at a collection of all the stamps in the world. Many stamp albums had their pages marked out in neat little rectangles, and were designed to hold all the stamps of all the stamp-issuing countries of the world. Even at the beginning of this century such countries were comparatively few. Now in the sixties they are emerging all over Africa and Asia in bewildering profusion, each vying with its neighbour for philatelic recognition.

When a world collection was seen to be impossible, collectors began lowering their sights. Continental collections, British Empire collections, country collections, period collections, type collections, collections of a particular reign or series, all had their vogue, as more and more specialisation became necessary.

When collecting, even of such a limited scope, was made more difficult by the thousands of new issues flooding the philatelic markets every year, a new type of collecting came into being, which is now the most popular of all. A type of collecting that allowed the collector's individual taste and imagination full play, and gave him also the opportunity to relate his hobby to his other, non-philatelic interests.

Thematic Collecting, as it is called, is the modern way of collecting stamps. That is, collecting according to the theme, topic, or subject illustrated on the stamps.

The subject most commonly featured on the stamps of most countries for many years, was the head of the reigning monarch, or some other national symbol, but now, such restrictions are gone, even from the stamps of our own country. Now the flow of pictorial and commemorative stamps from China to Peru has reached such proportions, and the range of subjects illustrated has become so wide and of such boundless variety, that no one could fail to find a theme in which to interest himself.

One of my own interests is music, and one day some years ago while I was looking through an old forgotten stamp album of my schooldays before passing it on to my young son, I came across the portraits of Beethoven, Mozart and Chopin on different stamps. This discovery led me to look for more like them, and a study of a stamp catalogue revealed the astonishing fact that there were more than a hundred different composers who had been commemorated on stamps.

My interest was now thoroughly aroused, and I began to look on the forming of a collection of music stamps as an exciting challenge. It was, and in meeting it I rediscovered an absorbing hobby, which has led me to gather other thematic collections in extension of other interests. In doing so I explored byways of history, learnt much about famous men, delved into the Ancient World, burst through the confines of earth in the wake of astronauts, and followed (in my armchair) in the footsteps of great explorers in every part of the globe.

This is one of the great attractions of Thematic stamp collecting, that it can be related to such a multiplicity of other interests, studies, hobbies and pursuits. Subjects ranging from artists and aviation, battles and butterflies, ballet and baseball, castles and cowboys, flowers and flags, history and heraldry, music and maps, mythology and motor cars, pianists and pioneers, poets and peasants, sportsmen and spacemen, trains and tarantulas, to zoology and zeppelins, and including cabbages and kings and ships (if not shoes and sealing-wax) have all been illustrated, with thousands of other subjects, on stamps.

Whatever the collector's special, individual interest may be, he can develop it further and add tremendously to his enjoyment of it, by forming a thematic stamp collection round it.

Another factor that has induced greater interest in the King of Hobbies, as stamp collecting has been called, is the new look that has come over British stamps in recent years. The traditional conservatism

of Britain is nowhere more apparent than in her stamps. The adhesive postage stamp is of course a British invention, dating from 1840. In the days of the Penny Black it was thought unnecessary to add the name of the country to the stamp. Queen Victoria's likeness was thought to be sufficient identification, and so it is that stamps bearing the heads of successive monarchs have never shown the name of the country of origin, but merely the words 'Postage', or 'Postage Revenue', and denominational lettering.

Royal anniversaries were commemorated from time to time, but occasions other than Royal or Postal were strictly taboo. Britain lagged far behind the rest of the world as far as commemorative issues were concerned, and her stamps were noted for what many people considered a dull uniformity. Her disdain for commemoratives, however, was perhaps no bad thing, for many commemorative and pictorial issues from other countries were designed solely to flatter national pride or serve the purposes of propaganda and publicity, while others blatantly exploited the collector in order to fill the national coffers.

The fact remains that it took a hundred years for a break to be made in the walls of tradition behind which successive Postmasters-General defended their conservative policies. From 1840 till 1924 there was only one British commemorative stamp issue, from then till 1940 there were four and, reflecting the changes brought about by the Second World War, from then till 1952, there were six. It is in the last decade, however, that the greatest changes have taken place in British stamp policy. From 1952 till the present year, there has come a startling, unprecedented burst of boldness on the part of the G.P.O. which has produced no less than sixteen commemorative issues in twelve years.

Six of these issues belong to 1963, and it is small wonder that the stamps of their own country, so long considered by British collectors to be the Cinderellas of their albums, are beginning to take pride of place. Anyone taking up or resuming the hobby, could do worse than make a start with British stamps of the present reign of Queen Elizabeth. Such colourful issues as those of Nature Week, Freedom from Hunger Campaign, the National Lifeboat Conference and the Red Cross Anniversary, would add distinction to any collection.

In making a start, little is needed. Enthusiasm, of course, then the stamps themselves, somewhere to stick them, and something to stick them with. In most cities and large towns there is a stamp shop, but if there is none to be found locally, there are hosts of stamp dealers who carry on an extensive postal business.

Albums are to be had ranging in price from a few shillings to a few pounds, but they are not always necessary. For thematic collecting, a

drawing-book of good strong cartridge paper is particularly useful, since written notes and illustrations drawn by hand (or pasted on), which add so much originality to a thematic collection, can so easily be made. Stamp hinges are absolutely necessary, and can be bought in large quantities very cheaply.

There has been written a vast amount of literature on the hobby, and new books on stamp collecting appear each year. Catalogues, reference books, handbooks, guides, books for the beginner and books for the specialist; and those seeking more information about the various aspects of stamp collecting have a wide range of books to choose from. One of the best general guides to the hobby is *Stamp Collecting*, by Stanley Phillips, published by Stanley Gibbons, whose catalogues, of course, are world famous.

To keep up to date it is essential to subscribe to a stamp magazine. The four most widely read stamp magazines published in this country are the two monthlies, *Gibbons Stamp Monthly* and *The Stamp Magazine*, the fortnightly *Philatelic Magazine*, and *Stamp Collecting*, which is published weekly. New collectors would be advised to read copies of all of these before deciding which one suits their particular tastes and needs.

No matter whether a beginner to the hobby is led along the more traditional philatelic paths, or into the fascinating byways of Thematics, he will have new worlds opened up for him. He might even become a philatelist, a person who is as much a cut above a mere stamp collector as an art expert is above the man who doesn't know much about art, but knows what he likes.

In any case, by pleasing himself how he collects, what he collects, and how he arranges his collection, he will have fun, and will soon find he has a hobby that provides a never-failing interest and satisfaction.

Like every picture, every stamp tells a story. Discovering what that story is, is one of the thrills of modern stamp collecting.

OBITUARY

SIR CLEMENT WAKEFIELD JONES, C.B.

It would be ungracious and ungrateful of us not to record with deep sorrow the passing of Sir Clement Wakefield Jones, C.B.

We must all remember his untiring interest in our movement from all its angles. Sir Clement first lived in or near Rugby, where his children began their education in the P.U.S. When Overstone School was

established he was a comparatively near neighbour, and immediately accepted my request that he should become one of the Governors. He reminded us that his mother lived opposite to Scale How and that he had early recollections of meeting Charlotte Mason. His love of the Lake District is exemplified by his book *Walks in North Westmorland*.

After Charlotte Mason's death, when through her Will the Ambleside Council was founded, he joined as a member, and later became Vice-Chairman of its successor, the Charlotte Mason Foundation, when I as Chairman was favoured with his continual help and advice.

He resigned his Chairmanship of the P.N.E.U. Executive Committee, which he had held for twelve years, in 1957 when he and his wife moved from London to Wales. It gave him great pleasure that his son decided to send his daughter to Burgess Hill School.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his beloved wife and family, and gratitude and renewed thanks for his life and work.

H.F.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Edward BLISHEN, teacher and broadcaster, is the author of a novel, *Roaring Boys*, and editor of *The Oxford Book of Poetry for Children*. His article is reprinted from *Growing Point* by his courtesy and that of the editor, Mrs. Margery Fisher.

Ceres ESPLAN ran a private riding school for the pupils of Heron's Ghyll, Horsham, Sussex, from 1946-1949. She then took up general teaching and eventually established a home-schoolroom in the country, to which she taught all subjects, including riding and horse-care. She is now married and fully occupied with her family and freelance journalism.

Raymond WARD teaches at a Primary School in Glasgow and is also School Librarian. He has been a freelance journalist for a number of years, contributing articles to *Books* (the journal of the National Book League), *Parents, Homes and Garden*, *The Glasgow Herald*, *The Scottish Educational Journal* and *The Writer*. His chief hobby is stamp collecting and he has written many articles for the philatelic press.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

PEN FRIENDS

Christine MEUSE (aged 10), c/o Airport Commandant, International Aeradio Limited, Pariation Division, Kano Airport, Nigeria, would like any English-speaking pen friend. Hobbies: pop records, stamp-collecting, singing, pets.

Deborah WOODACRE (aged 10), c/o S. Meteorologist, Kano Airport, Kano, Nigeria, would like any English-speaking pen friend. Hobbies: swimming, riding, reading, pets.

Any child who would like a pen friend should send full details to the Editor,

Parents Review. Please mark your envelopes 'Pen Friends' and enclose a postal order for 2/6 to cover the cost of printing.

BRANCH AND PARENTS' ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH held a meeting on 6 November at which Mr. T. W. Rumsby, Headmaster of George Dixon Grammar School, gave a talk entitled 'Are Punishments Out of Fashion?' The meeting was preceded by a conducted tour of the new Edgbaston High School buildings.

OUR WORK

PORTFOLIO OF STORY AND VERSE

Prose: Seniors (9 years and over): A story or essay entitled 'Firelight Fancies' or 'Christmas Eve'.

Juniors (6 to 8 years): A story entitled 'A Snowman' or 'A Christmas Tree'.

Verse: Seniors and Juniors: 'Jack Frost' or 'Starlight'.

The closing date for entries is 8 February.

For full particulars of the Portfolio of Story and Verse, please send a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. B. M. Jeffrey, Kilcop, Balcombe, Haywards Heath, Sussex. For those who, having studied the particulars, wish to become members of the Portfolio and send entries, the membership fee is 1/6 for individual pupils and 3/- for schools.

PORTFOLIO OF PAINTING

Seniors (9 years and over) and *Juniors* (6 to 8 years): 1. A picture in colour entitled 'Winter'.

Seniors: 2. Design for curtain material for your bedroom. Paint, lino, or any medium you wish may be used. Maximum of four colours only.

Juniors: 2. A picture of your own choice with a title.

The closing date for entries is 8 February.

Entries should be sent to: Miss Joyce Powell, A.T.D., Stanford House, Upper Ladyes Hill, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, from whom particulars may be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The membership fee per annum is 1/6 for individual pupils and 3/- for schools.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

You were kind enough to print a letter of mine in June; and I would be grateful if I might make further use of your columns to reply to Miss Hill's letter in the September *Parents Review*.

May I first assure Miss Hill that I read Charlotte Mason's *Essay* before taking my present position in a P.N.E.U. school, and that I have studied it again after two years' teaching.

Miss Hill draws my attention to those principles on which the choice of suitable books depends: 'that the "right" book is one in which knowledge is presented in literary form'. If I seem to refute this I must apologise for failing to express myself intelligibly. What I was trying to say was that, apart from its literary qualities, there were others that should influence one's choice of book; and, furthermore, that a recognised classic related to the History being read was not necessarily the 'right'

book. I went on to ask that a child might have entertainment from a book, not for one moment implying that as entertainment came in, literature should go out.

There is a tendency to interpret such words from Charlotte Mason's *Essay* as '... there is nothing in all those spiritual stores in the world's treasury too good for the education of *all* children. Every lovely tale, illuminating poem . . . exists for children', to mean that, if a book has literary merits, we may introduce it to *any* child at any age. However, in Chapter II of Book II Charlotte Mason wrote also, 'Given a book of literary quality *SUITABLE TO THEIR AGE*' (my capitals) 'children will know how to deal with it without elucidation'. I wonder too, whether in our concern for item six of her philosophy, 'It stultifies a child to bring down his world to the child's level', we have forgotten that the child is not a miniature adult. He requires a good meal; but do you expect your ten-year-olds to relish oysters?

James Reeves, whose book *Teaching Poetry* is recommended reading for teachers, writes, 'In a sense, all our early reading is, or should be, a preparation for writing; by which I mean no more than that fully active reading brings with it the urge to write'. In my first letter I asked for a choice of books that would lead children to wider reading in the future and inspiration in the present. By inspiration, I meant not only that the book should make them think and feel more deeply at the time they were reading it, but that it should be a starting point for their own writing. It is at this point that I find myself most directly opposed to Miss Mason's principles, if I have understood them aright, for I do not believe that most of a child's writing during English periods should be in the form of reports on the books he has read; and therefore I find the dictum 'Write in prose or verse, on . . . occasionally . . . imaginative subjects' difficult to understand. I believe that a child should be encouraged to use his imagination and experience in order to express what he thinks and feels about those things that are important to him. Miss Mason says that 'we would not willingly educate him towards self-expression; he has little to express except what he has received as knowledge', and 'we . . . know . . . that the most we can do is to give an original twist, a new application, to an idea that has been passed on to us'; and 'One is not sure that so-called original composition is wholesome for children, because their consciences are alert and they are quite aware of their borrowings'; but if by this she means that a child has had no deep experience outside his books and has nothing to say about his own thoughts and feelings concerning his very existence, one has only to look in such books as *Young Writers*, *Young Readers* and *Life Through Young Eyes* to see how wrong she was.

If the books he reads are to be a preparation for writing, they must have something of importance to say to the child: the feeling expressed such as the fear in Lawrence's poems about bats may be within his experience; or he may be able to identify himself with a character in a novel, e.g. Huckleberry Finn, whose feelings and actions he can understand. Hardy's rural world has nothing to say to my thirteen-year-old boys; Dan and Una have no place in my twelve-year-olds' lives, and indeed there seems little point in trying to force such a book onto children when we have Rosemary Sutcliff. The style of Stevenson and Scott is to most children under thirteen extremely long-winded; and Walpole's Jeremy, although perhaps some people's idea of the way in which children see themselves, finds little point of contact with the people I teach.

I suggest, therefore, that the acquisition of knowledge is an insufficient aim in the teaching of English Literature. We should be endeavouring to introduce to children books and poems that will broaden their experience of life and force them to live at a deeper level. At the moment I consider that they are being introduced to too much that they find irrelevant; and perhaps a first step might be made

LETTER BAG

towards introducing the right book by putting the choice into the hands of those who should know the individual needs of each child—the teachers.

I append a list of books, sets of which I would use in Forms IIa, III and IVb:

FORM IIa

<i>Tom Sawyer</i>	<i>The Odyssey</i> —B. L. Picard
<i>The Jungle Book</i>	<i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i> (not before Form IIa)
<i>The Second Jungle Book</i>	<i>Children of the New Forest</i>
<i>A Christmas Carol</i>	<i>Collected Stories for Children</i> —de la Mare

FORMS IIIb AND IIIa

<i>Huckleberry Finn</i>	<i>Oliver Twist</i> —a good abridgement
<i>White Fang</i>	<i>The Eagle of the Ninth</i>
<i>The Call of the Wild</i>	<i>The Pickwick Papers</i> —a good abridgement

FORM IVb

<i>Animal Farm</i>	<i>Great Expectations</i>
<i>The Old Man and the Sea</i>	<i>Pudd'nhead Wilson</i>
<i>Moby Dick</i> —a good abridgement	<i>Moonfleet</i>

DAVID N. T. DUTTON

Veryan, The Avenue, Fareham, Hampshire.

BOOKS

Children's Books

The Village that Slept, by Monique P. de Ladebat, translated from the French by Thelma Niklaus, illustrated by Margery Gill (Bodley Head, 15/-) is one of the most appealing and original novels for children aged from ten upwards which has appeared for some time. Three children, a boy, a girl and a small baby, all strangers to each other, are the sole survivors of an air-crash in the Central Pyrenees. Escape from the mountain plateau is impossible, and there are no human inhabitants in the solitary village. The children's conquest of fear, and the resourcefulness by which they not only survive but contrive to establish a happy home life in their strange solitude, give this story the quality of a saga. It is absorbing from the first page to the last.

Home-making has a perennial fascination for children, and readers aged from six to eight will surely enjoy *The House of Many Colours*, by Helen Kay, beautifully illustrated by Lilian Obligado (Abelard-Schuman, 12/6), which tells of a group of Italian children who undertake the repainting of their dilapidated home with kaleidoscopic colours, many interim setbacks, and ultimate brilliant success. More commonplace, but nonetheless alluring for children aged from five to six, is *Kiki's Playhouse* written and illustrated by Charlotte Steiner (World's Work, 10/6). This picture storybook has the added inducement that it is practical nursery politics—any child whose garden contains a small disused shed could emulate Kiki.

Pony-lovers will need no inducement to buy, borrow or steal a copy of *Pony Magazine Annual 1964*, edited by C. E. G. Hope (Max Parrish, 13/6). This volume is full of good photographs, practical articles, short stories and verses; and for good measure it also carries a short but comprehensive 'Who's Who' of personalities in the horsey world, as well as a new show-jumping game, *Equestrio*, which is designed for play at home when weather, illness or any other contretemps makes riding temporarily impossible.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

Vol. LXXV No. 2

FEBRUARY 1964

THE HONOURABLE MRS. HENRIETTA FRANKLIN, C.B.E.*

The Honourable Mrs. Henrietta Franklin, C.B.E., who had been Honorary Secretary to the P.N.E.U. for over seventy years, died at her home in London on 7 January, 1964.

One day in the early 1890's Charlotte Mason looked out of her window and, to use her own words, 'saw a young person in a holland frock approaching the hall door'. The young person—a married woman in her twenties and already a mother—was the Honourable Mrs. Franklin. She had heard of the P.N.E.U. through a friend, also a young mother, and, having read the latest number of the *Parents Review*, had come on a pilgrimage to visit the founder. The meeting between the two women was the beginning of a close friendship and of a working partnership which lasted until Charlotte Mason's death in 1923. The partnership did not end there. Mrs. Franklin, who had become Honorary Secretary of the P.N.E.U. soon after their initial meeting and was awarded a C.B.E. for her services to education in 1950, remained in office until her own death in January 1964, at the age of ninety-seven.

*Mr. Basil Marsden-Smedley, O.B.E., Chairman of the P.N.E.U. Council, greatly regrets that he was unable to write a tribute to Mrs. Franklin, owing to the fact that he is in hospital.

Henrietta Franklin (or Netta as she was to her family and friends) was born on 9 April, 1866, the eldest of the eleven children of Samuel Montagu, the first Lord Swaythling, and his wife Ellen, *née* Cohen; and one of her brothers, the Right Honourable Edwin Montagu, became Secretary of State for India.

Netta was a serious, intelligent child, too intellectual, one imagines, for the tenuous form of education considered normal for the girls of her generation. She wanted to learn Latin, like her brothers, and was allowed to attend the boys' classes; but algebra, which she also wanted to learn, was considered by her father unsuitable for a girl. The head-mistress of the school she attended sensibly suggested that, in order to convince him that a knowledge of algebra would not make her less womanly, she should make him a shirt. This she did, and the ban on algebra was lifted; but later, when Netta pressed to be allowed to matriculate and enter Girton College, Cambridge, her father put his foot down.

The Montagu children were brought up in an affectionate but strictly orthodox Jewish atmosphere. In 1902, however, one of Netta's younger sisters, Lily, who found much to criticise in this form of Judaism, founded the Jewish Religious Union for the Advancement of Liberal Judaism. The Union emphasised the need to reinterpret traditional Judaism in the light of modern thought, and attached less importance than did Orthodox Judaism to some of the ancient rituals and practices. From the outset Netta was closely associated in her sister's work, her particular concern being with the religious education of the children; and she remained a devout adherent of Liberal Judaism for the remainder of her life.

Meanwhile, at the age of nineteen she had married her cousin, Ernest Franklin; but early motherhood (Netta had six children) did not put an end to her desire to learn. In the years following her marriage she studied Greek, Russian, Italian and Norwegian (French and German she learned from nurses and governesses); and at the age of ninety-five, with the assistance of the radio, she brushed up the Russian she had first studied during the war of 1914-18.

A busy family and social life did not interfere with Netta Franklin's public work. One of her chief interests was the National Council of Women. She was President of the Council from 1926 to 1928, and had served beforehand as Chairman of the Education and of the International sectional committees. She lectured extensively on educational and social subjects in this country, in Europe, the United States, Canada and South Africa. Her other activities included the Chairman-

ship of the National Council for Equal Citizenship and the Vice-Chairmanship of the South London Hospital for Women. She was also Chairman for a number of years of the National Union of Women Suffrage Societies which was not, of course, a militant body but one which worked to gain women the vote by strictly legal means. Always a feminist, when in her early forties Netta Franklin had to undergo a serious operation for the amputation of a leg, she insisted typically that a woman surgeon should perform the operation, assisted by a woman anaesthetist. With incredible swiftness she taught herself to walk again with the help of an artificial limb; and she never allowed the resultant disability to cramp her public activities.

To readers of the *Parents Review* it is Mrs. Franklin's work for the P.N.E.U. that is of the greatest significance. The ideals for which it stands had made an immediate appeal to her; and her admiration for Charlotte Mason was unbounded. She was, as she wrote later, determined to learn all she could from the founder, 'and to help others to avoid those first mistakes which so often mean tears and sorrow'. Charlotte Mason, she added, shared with her the delights of the countryside; and also 'as through her work and writings with thousands of others, her own love of the beautiful in literature, poetry, art and nature. . . .' The intellectual and religious aspect of Charlotte Mason's teachings attracted Mrs. Franklin first. 'Without the religious basis her teaching would have meant nothing to me', she wrote. 'Though she was an earnest Christian and I a no less earnest Liberal Jewess, she accepted me with her wide tolerance and often said how glad she was that the Bishop of London (at whose Palace the P.N.E.U. was launched) had altered the word "Christian" to "religious" in the Constitution.'

As Charlotte Mason's principal lieutenant, Netta Franklin was tireless in the work of propagating her philosophy at meetings held in London, the provinces and overseas; and the development of the P.N.E.U., as Charlotte Mason's biographer Essex Cholmondeley has said, was inextricably entwined with her name. Although united in their devotion to the common cause, 'the relationship between Miss Mason and Mrs. Franklin was not always an easy one. There were strains and stresses, for each had her own outlook on the work which they carried on together'. But if the serenity of their partnership was sometimes disturbed, possibly on occasion by Mrs. Franklin's essentially forceful personality, nothing could shake 'the firm foundations of their friendship'. As Charlotte Mason once told her students, 'Mrs. Franklin has a magnanimous mind'. And her feelings towards her lieutenant are epitomised in the dedication of one of her books, *Home and School Education*:

TO HENRIETTA FRANKLIN

This volume is affectionately inscribed in very grateful recognition, not only of her generous life's labour given to the spread of certain educational lines, but also of her singular apprehension of those ideals.

As *Parents Review* readers will know, the Charlotte Mason Schools' Company was created in 1923 as a memorial to Charlotte Mason, and with the object of founding a school combining the amenities of an ordinary girls' public school with P.N.E.U. methods. The school was Overstone; and Mrs. Franklin, founder of the Company and Chairman of the Governing Body from 1929 until 1947, also founded Desmoor, the boys' P.N.E.U. preparatory school at Ewhurst, Surrey; and St. Julian's at Estoril in Portugal.

Netta Franklin was an admirable speaker, a most persuasive advocate for the cause. My first memories of her go back to the early 1920's when she visited Burgess Hill, where I was then a pupil. After an invigorating address to the assembled school, she lunched in the senior house; and although she had previously seemed a somewhat awe-inspiring figure, her unfeigned interest in the school and all its doings, and her enthusiasm for books and for the countryside, brought us swiftly into easy communication with her. Enthusiasm for reading remained with her all her life; and it was always a stimulating experience to discuss contemporary books with her, from fiction to works of a more serious kind.

Although in later years the tempo of her public work decreased, Netta Franklin never let advancing age interfere with her work for the P.N.E.U. She was most punctilious in her attendance at meetings, and her vast experience of the movement was of incalculable value to the members who served with her. As she grew older her forceful personality became, as her biographer Monk Gibbon has pointed out, 'more and more infused with tolerance and understanding'. And this autumnal mellowing was nowhere more apparent than in the consideration and respect which she gave to the views of junior members of the Committee. It was only natural that she should have dreaded the need for any change in a movement which she had served so magnificently, and was saddened by the necessity of handing over responsibility for the Charlotte Mason College to the Local Education Authority. But, because all her life she had thought more of the future than of the past, she accepted the inevitable with that generosity of spirit which is one of the hall-marks of true greatness.

JOSEPHINE KAMM

SIXTH FORM EDUCATION, AS IT IS AND AS IT MIGHT BE

by PERCY WILSON

(Mr. Wilson prefaced his talk by alluding to his inspection of Burgess Hill P.N.E.U. School about twenty-seven years ago. He spoke of the happy memories he had of the school, the charm of both staff and pupils, and the pleasure he had derived from the work he had seen.

He quoted from his address to the British Association in 1962, mentioning the Grammar Schools and the specialisation in sixth forms, much of it being not specialisation in depth—as defined in the Crowther Report—but in density; in facts and dogmas, with neither breadth, depth nor height, which he thought impeded rather than prepared pupils for the real business of university study, technology, commerce and the learned professions. That the sixth forms are as good as they are he attributed in part to the heroic efforts of a gallant race of teachers who are not being replaced in anything like the necessary numbers. For much of this pressure the schools were not responsible. Many did wonderfully well in spite of the difficulties.

Mr. Wilson, still quoting, said the machinery of the curriculum must first be improved. He mentioned a reform suggested by Mr. Young of Charterhouse—that a substantial minority of sixth form time should be allocated for non-specialist subjects and that there should be no specialisation for four years after the age of eleven or two years after the age of thirteen. There were new proposals for the 'A' Level examinations, a scheme for rationalising university admissions procedure, and for simplifying university, college and faculty requirements in the different universities. It was important that there should be wider provision for higher education. He thought the Robbins Report had arrived only just in time.

Mr. Wilson made some suggestions for the use of 'minority time' and for the organisation of general studies if and when the pressure on sixth forms is reduced by the expansion of higher education, by the provision of more well qualified teachers and by better accommodation.)

I am now going to omit the rest of my British Association lecture in which I discussed at some length the different intellectual disciplines and the relationships that might be developed between them. Incidentally, within the last few weeks Mr. Aldous Huxley has published a short book entitled *Literature and Science* in which he examines these inter-relationships much better than I could do. But what I want to do now is to bring this picture up to date with some of the things that have

already started even since I spoke at Manchester only a little over a year ago.

First of all, I ought to say that, quite apart from the awful pressure of university admissions—the so-called ‘rat-race’—I do see the schools’ difficulties. They have enormously inflated sixth form numbers and these often defy the individual or group tuition that some of us were lucky enough to be able to use years ago. They are short of classrooms and especially of small rooms suitable for teaching sixth form sets in. Above all, they are short of staff, especially on the mathematics and science side and especially short of first class honours graduates, so that ‘A’ level work tends to swallow up all the best staff with little or nothing left over for general work. Of course, some of the biggest and richest schools are all right in these ways, but the very great majority of schools, both state and private, are stuck with all these difficulties at the present time. I wish now that I had made more explicit reference to these troubles at Manchester a year ago.

Nevertheless, although I did not, most schools, I think, admitted the truth of the picture I painted and this has been endorsed ‘in general terms’ by the Robbins Report. What matters even more is the cheerful and willing thought and action that the schools themselves have given in the last year or two to getting things better. They have not sat back and used any of their difficulties as alibis. Last Easter the Headmasters’ Association held the third of their general studies conferences at Oxford; some of their recommendations were more radical than anything I would have dared to propose. The Headmistresses’ Association, who are always progressive in their thinking, have been busy with this problem for several years. The University of Durham held a splendid conference last June for three hundred university and school teachers that really got down to brass-tacks. The new General Studies Association, with its conferences and bulletins, has already done some splendid work. And of course the Robbins Committee has really cut its way through the top-hamper and uncovered the problems with extraordinary skill and lucidity. So things are on the move and I can now, with some optimism, reflect in your company on the second half of my title.

You have instructed me in this second part to talk about the sixth form curriculum as it might be, and you will appreciate that I have to think against all the pressures that I have been discussing so far. Perhaps, therefore, I had better summarise my argument up to this point. Obviously we need certain basic requirements in order to give the schools the necessary elbow-room for experimentation. I would say the main needs are these :—

1. A spectacular expansion of the base of higher education.
2. A greater number and variety of general university courses at both the honours and the pass level.

3. A more rational system of university and faculty entrance requirements and a comprehensive clearing house for university admissions.
4. A radical reduction in the factual content of most 'A' level papers, especially on the science side.
5. A great deal of experimentation in general studies or in what the Crowther Report called 'the use of minority time'.

Now you will know as well as I that we have made a slight beginning with some of these needs. For instance, the clearing house for university admissions has already started and universities are now busy rationalising their entrance and faculty requirements. Some schools, as I have said, are already making good headway with general studies in one way or another and quite a large number have got at least something started in this direction. In the next few years most grammar schools, I think, can expect some alleviation of their building and equipment difficulties. But the staffing problems will be with us for a long time and we have not yet seen even the beginning of the end of the eighteen-plus bottleneck. However, we all hope that the Robbins Report has shown the way and that substantial public action will begin to take the pressure off the schools within a few years from now. In the meantime, one hopes that certain forms of emergency action can be taken to stop things getting any worse in the immediate future.

We can, therefore, begin to think fairly hopefully about the future. I expect most people here would feel, as I do, that we do not want to go over altogether to a European, American or Australian system of undifferentiated width in the sixth form. I would myself want every boy or girl in the sixth form to study at least one, preferably two, subjects in depth and this could easily be done in half the available time, leaving the other half free for general work. I would not want, moreover, to force everybody to take at least one subject from both sides of the curriculum. I am sure there are some for whom formal science, or formal languages, or formal history and literature would be an unprofitable yoke. So what we are really talking about is how best to use that half of a boy's time not occupied by 'A' level subjects, if the time ever arrives that two 'A' levels at a reasonable standard is enough to get him into a university.

Before I say what I would do with this free or minority time if it rested with me, I would like to say one thing I would not do. As I have hinted already, I do not believe in the theory of antidotes. I do not think a boy needs a bit of this to counteract a great deal of that, or vice versa. To use history, literature or science merely to counteract an excess of something else from the other side of the curriculum seems to me to be asking for an educational programme even less liberal than most of what we have now. A lot of minority work was done on this principle twenty years ago, and much of it was very unfruitful.

So I would make the following suggestions for broadening and liberalising the work of the sixth form when conditions permit. First of all, I believe there are almost as many good ways of doing this as there are schools and I would not mind much if every school did it in a rather different style. For instance, at one extreme I think it would be possible, once the pressure is off, to do some splendid work in general studies without any set scheme of lessons at all. If you had a fair number of private study periods, a good sixth form library, a highly qualified staff with the necessary time to spare and a tutorial system, a lot of good things could happen without any schemes of general studies at all. Personally, if I were a Head, I would be quite tempted to try to liberalise my sixth form work on those lines.

But most Heads I know would like to go rather further than that, and perhaps I would too if I had to do it. In that case, I would say there are many combinations of promising practices. For instance, philosophy as a sixth form subject for all. A number of schools are doing this now and many are tempted to do it. But I would not want to stuff it down everybody's throat and I am not pretending it is something that would appeal either to every school or to every pupil, nor is it easy to teach; but it is one possibility.

Another subject that I think would suit most sixth form pupils is the history and philosophy of science. In modern conditions this is perhaps more universally valuable than philosophy as such. Again, it is not easy to teach and, again, it would not suit quite everyone but I think there is a big demand for it. And if I were doing it in my own school I would teach it, I think, to mixed groups of science specialists and art specialists taught together, for I think it would do the science people just as much good as it would the others. One sometimes hears objections that you cannot do any kind of science, even the philosophy of science, without practical work in a lab. I am not a scientist, so I am no judge of this, but I do know that some of the best scientists of the day, for instance, Sir John Cockcroft, Sir Eric Ashby, and Sir Gavin de Beer and others have all testified that it is in fact possible. If that is good enough for them, it is for me.

Next, I am sure that some glimpse of aesthetic pleasure and appreciation ought to be offered to all sixth formers even if they do not all choose to accept it. I would not worry everyone with all the arts, e.g. a bit of music, a bit of art, a bit of poetry. I would let them choose. After all, some of us are tone deaf, some colour blind and some allergic to rhythms and rhymes. But I would give everyone a choice of either music, painting or poetry and I would make much more of architecture than we do. I think it is a good bridge between art, history and technology. Passing from arts to crafts, most sixth form boys and girls would be grateful

for the chance to use their hands once or twice a week under skilled guidance. I would not press it on everyone and I would not make it compulsory; it need not even be in the school time-table and it could be anything from cabinet-making to glass-blowing and gardening. On the other hand, I do not think I would bother boys and girls of this age with formal physical education which, by the age of seventeen, I think they are old enough to get from organised games at school or from less organised physical activities outside like camping, climbing, rambling, swimming and boating.

Before I come to how the work should be organised, I do think that some kind of history, preferably social and cultural history rather than political or constitutional, is one of the very best central strands of education and I would like to think, if time allowed, that it could be offered to all. As a central humane discipline I think it is preferable to literature of foreign languages, though I would hope that all boys will read widely in their own literature under guidance and that most of them will either keep up one of their foreign languages, or learn a new one in their spare time or in a language lab. at a technical college even while they are at school.

On organisation I have only one thing to say, and I know that many Heads agree with me in this. For general studies I would break up the conventional organisation of the sixth form into science, history, mathematics and language groups and redivide the whole body into tutorial sets, putting each in charge of the most cultivated and civilised teacher I could find on the staff. This would not only be a refreshing change for everybody but it would enable general or minority studies to be carried out as combined operations and not just as a collection of separate odds and ends. Such a grouping also enables current events, citizenship and religion to be dealt with in mixed groups where different specialists are able to see these different and delicate subjects from a number of specialised angles and where the discussions would accordingly be the livelier.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have spoken long enough and I have not spoken with authority but very much as the Scribes, though not, I hope, as the Pharisees. So far as the future goes, I have just given you my private thoughts on the basis of the few advantages my occupation gives me. I do see a large number of schools, and everything I have said has been illustrated by some enterprising school somewhere, even in the present difficult conditions. I have also seen some of the great nations of the world, the United States, Australia, France and Germany, who are much less tied to specialised education in the schools than we are. I would not want to go the whole way in imitating them but I think we could usefully borrow at least something from their practice, just as they can

from ours. Lastly, in this queer rootless job of mine, slung in a kind of limbo between the heaven of the teaching profession and the hell of educational administration, I do meet a very large number of different people in the course of one year—teachers and non-teachers, parents and ex-parents, business people and politicians. I think from all these meetings I do sense a wide and earnest yearning for a more generous and stimulating intellectual climate than what the present competitive situation allows, making all allowance for the hundreds of exciting experiments that are going on even at present. If only the external pressures are reduced I think we can mobilise now the skill and enthusiasm to meet the challenge of the new situation when it comes, as come it will if, under Providence, we get world peace and national prosperity and if, under wise and generous arrangements, we get the necessary resources.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

I maintain that if you consider yourself to be either a naturalist or a gardener, you should be able to recognise plants in all stages of their development. This is sometimes extremely difficult, as I know to my cost. I am often brought winter twigs of shrubs, dried-out inflorescences or even a bit of root, and asked to name them. So whenever it is possible in the winter, when the ground is free from snow, I go round gardens and have a good look at the winter raiment of the plants that I know so well in full-dress.

I do not confine myself to gardens. I go on the beach where some of the shingle plants are really very difficult to identify. Have you ever come across Sea-kale in February? Certainly there are sometimes fragmentary skeletonised wide leaves spread out on the pebbles, which help to make recognition easier, but in the middle of these is a big, dark purple splotch. Until one bends right down to scrutinize it, one could not possibly recognise it as a big bud.

I get foxed in my own garden sometimes. The underground shoots of Soapwort are not easy to distinguish from those of Couch Grass. Actually I am quite pleased to get rid of them both, but I have a few exotic plants with swollen underground shoots too. I have a couple of dozen tubers of Iris Tuberosa, or Black Widow Iris, and I am always terrified of digging these up and throwing them away. I thought I had lost them in last year's snow, but they did send up spiky green leaves afterwards, though there was no sign of a flower.

RESPONSIBLE PARENTHOOD—I

by VIOLET WALLIN

'Learn as you go along'—this phrase sums up the situation as far as being a parent is concerned for few have had any training in the art before they marry.

The generally accepted theory is that the upbringing of small children is the sole responsibility of the mother. In an interesting book entitled *Fathers Are Parents Too*, by O. Spurgeon English and Constance J. Foster (Allen and Unwin), the authors point out the fallacy of this argument. The book is written from the American view-point but its application is universal.

A family is a unit. Both parents have contributed to giving life to their child, and both should take their share in developing the small being they have created. Only through this mutually accepted responsibility will the child acquire a rounded character.

Of great importance to the growing child are the games, the family fun, the excursions, in which father takes a prominent part. If only fathers would realise what handsome spiritual dividends accrue from taking time off from their own hobbies and pastimes, they would gladly make the small sacrifice. It is a means of developing in the minds of their children their own interest in the world about them.

Though it may be irksome to stand by and watch a child making his own mistakes while learning, say, carpentry, mechanics, gardening, or whatever else father is interested in (it is so much easier and quicker to do it yourself!), the reward in the emotional relationship between father and child far outweighs the apparently wasted time.

Father, as a rule, has less patience than mother, and the years between one and three he finds particularly trying. English and Foster make the point that he should apply the good will he uses in business to his dealing with the little one. It is too late to establish the right emotional relationship after they are five.

'Raising children of whom you can be proud', they write, 'isn't just a woman's job . . . much depends on the interest you (as a father) take in your child during the years one to three'.

Here is an example of how a father can begin to forge a permanent link with his whole family. When a new baby is born the mother's main attention must necessarily be for him, but by giving a little *more* attention to the deposed 'baby' and making him feel he is no less important a part of the family, father can do his share. He can make it clear to the

toddler that at the moment mother has to be busy doing things for the baby who is unable to help himself, and in this way the older child will not feel left out, but understand that he is a partner in the family business.

In this context the generally accepted precept is to suppress any signs of jealousy or resentment in older children towards a new baby, but some psychologists advise parents to let them 'express hostility' at first, as too much repression is bad and the emotions thus subdued may burst out later in alarming ways. Do not, therefore, be too shocked at such remarks as 'Why can't we send him back?' or 'I'd rather have a puppy'. The child is getting his natural jealousy out of his system, and he can be helped to make the right adjustment if his true feelings are known.

In some families there is often a tradition of first choice for the eldest or youngest. It is better to vary choice so that each child gets his turn.

Freud laid much stress on the Oedipus Complex, so that it has become almost a joke. It is nevertheless a fact that, from the age of three to six, children start to develop sex emotions directed towards their parents. It is natural for a boy at this age to cling to his mother and he can be harmed if his father jeers at him for being 'a mother's boy'. It is wiser for the father to offer to 'share' mother's affections and so eliminate any feeling of jealousy or resentment on the part of the child.

A father is apt to have special tenderness for his baby daughters, who in their turn centre their 'sex' feelings on him. This is all in the course of nature; danger only arises when they hold on too long to this hero-worship because they may grow up to believe no other man can compare with their father and their lives will be empty and barren. It is the father's duty to encourage independence in his daughters at the right time and prevent too much 'clinging'.

The years between six and ten, known as the latency period, is a lonely time for a child. At this stage of their lives they command less attention than at any other. It is now that they are laying the foundation of adolescence. They may suffer intensely from a sense of inferiority. To adults they appear undeveloped in every sense—physically, intellectually, emotionally, socially. At this stage children are often physically unattractive, having shed their baby charm and being as yet untouched by the limelight of adolescence.

Up to this time a child has only had his own home as a yardstick. It has been his sole little world, but now he begins to make comparisons. Someone else is cleverer, has more possessions, lives in a bigger house, in a better district. The child develops a sense of uniformity. He must have the right clothes and equipment to hold his own with the herd. He hates to be exposed to invidious comparisons from others.

A family I knew emigrated to Canada, but the mother refused to adapt herself to the new life and ways, and made a point of having English clothes sent out for her children. Where their schoolmates turned up in jeans and T-shirts, these were sent off in tidy English shorts and blazers. I can only imagine the agony these children must have suffered. One of them in early adulthood had a breakdown. It is not too far-fetched to suppose that the seeds were sown in those early years.

A child who shows a tendency to bully or tease may well have a problem of his own and bullying makes him feel important. Give him confidence in himself, and the urge to bully will disappear. Teach him the elements of good sportsmanship, and condemn the *act* not the culprit. Above all don't hector him yourself: his bad habit could well be an imitation of yours.

There is always a reason for a child's persistent teasing of others. It is wise to find out what it is. It may be that he is not getting enough approbation or that he is suffering from being teased himself and wants to get back at someone—just to let him know what it feels like, though of course his victims are never the ones from whom he has suffered himself. It is a sort of chain-reaction.

I know a father who dealt wisely with the problem of bullying. He took his son in hand and helped him to develop a skill for which he had an aptitude. Once the boy had mastered it, he had something to be proud of and had no need to try to assert his personality by being brutal to others.

Children who are constantly criticising others may have observed this behaviour in their parents. It becomes a kind of habit. All human beings are bound to find much to criticise and this is not a bad thing, for otherwise there would never be any reforms; but children should be encouraged to channel their critical faculty towards worthy causes—racial discrimination, injustice, famine, disease, ignorance, war and social evils. Teach them to love the right things and to hate the wrong ones.

Discipline is almost always thought to be synonymous with punishment, but in fact it derives from the Latin *discere*, to learn, and is akin to *docere*, to teach. Therefore true discipline should be a guiding rather than a driving. There must be a middle way between indulgence and harsh penalties; in other words, discipline should be loving as opposed to aggressive. As English and Foster point out, there is a wide gulf between permissive action and appeasement. It is always better, all else being equal, to allow than to forbid, because the fewer rules there are, the less likelihood of misdemeanour. There is no virtue in superfluous rules made just for the sake of imposing authority.

This must not be confused with giving in to children because you are afraid of them, because they will scream, make a scene, throw things about, embarrass you in public, and generally make your life a misery if you do not give in. Encouragement must ride along with precept.

Of course there must be order, but it can be relaxed on occasions. Once in a while, for instance, a late bedtime after a treat will do no harm. Basically children like order, although they may kick against rules, but the rules teach them where they stand and this gives them security.

A child who is made to feel inferior or ashamed, far from making amends, is more likely to become resentful and to resist meeting his parents' wishes. Where the parents are also the child's friends and play-mates their authority will have far more impact.

English and Foster quote the case of a father who was frequently away on business so did not see as much of his children as he would have liked, but the relationship was a supremely happy one. Why? Because, he said, he was away too much to have time for scolding. 'I just have fun with them', he explained.

Fathers indeed will lead a fuller and happier life if they regard their status in the family as equally important to their professional or business standing. If they look upon their children as bores or nuisances, they can hardly be surprised if the youngsters have little love or regard for them. It is difficult to try to establish a happy relationship once a barrier has been set up. It must be built up from babyhood, then it will grow and develop into a bond of mutual trust, respect and love.

(To be continued)

REPORT ON THE WORK OF THE PARENTS UNION SCHOOL

SEPTEMBER 1962—AUGUST 1963

by JEAN COCHRANE, M.A.

In the Parents Union School our pupils in schools and home schoolrooms are scattered throughout the world in many remote places as well as in the British Isles. We are delighted to have again pupils on Tristan da Cunha; their parents left for the island with programmes and books for a year's work. There have been P.U.S. pupils in the Falkland Islands, Greenland, Indonesia, Formosa, Sarawak, Thailand, the Middle East and in many of the African states. Many children work with us for only a year or two, others remain as pupils for four or five years, depending on the duration of their fathers' overseas assignments. How we wish we

possessed a magic carpet which would enable us to visit them all, to meet and talk with each child personally!

Charlotte Mason's educational philosophy was based on the principle 'a child is a person'. There are three instruments of education which may legitimately be used: the atmosphere of environment; the discipline of good mental and physical habits; and a wide curriculum to provide food for the mind and spirit, to promote vital ideas and liberal interests. From the answers to examinations and parents' letters we see the practical application of these principles and are able to appreciate the mental growth of the children, their progress in the basic skills of reading, writing and number, their increasing aptitude in handicrafts and physical activities. All the children enjoy their lessons, and it is encouraging to receive the parents' comments on the exhilarating effect of the P.U.S. curriculum on their children's attitude to learning and to life.

We have been pleased to welcome the affiliation of new schools in Cochin, Southern India; in Madras, where the Principal had been introduced to P.N.E.U. principles over thirty years ago when Geoffrey Household was Director of Education in Gloucestershire; in St. Lucia, West Indies; and in West Pakistan. The senior school in Bangkok is no longer affiliated to us, but two new P.N.E.U. schools have been founded in the British Isles, the one at Rustington—opened in September 1962—being a sister-school to the well-established P.N.E.U. school at Moultsford. One P.N.E.U. school in this country has closed down owing to the ill-health of the headmistress, and another has left the P.U.S. on the retirement of its headmistresses.

The Chief Examiner considers that the standard of work of P.U.S. pupils is well maintained. In his general remarks about the examination results he says, "Reading maketh a full man." How right Bacon was, and how right is the P.U.S. in its insistence on the textbooks and reading generally. We are apt to take this for granted, but should not. . . . There is no substitute for reading because it is an active intellectual exercise as against the passive reception of ideas via radio and TV.'

Form VI Reading Certificates have been awarded to Joanna Killpack and Sally Anne Simonds, both from Burgess Hill P.N.E.U. School.

In the external examinations, whether they be G.C.E. at O or A Level, Common Entrance to boys' and girls' public schools, or the Eleven Plus examination, we hear with pleasure of the successes of our pupils from schools or home-schoolrooms. One home-schoolroom pupil, Geraldine Winnill, passed G.C.E. (Cambridge) O Level in three subjects—English Language, Literature and History—at the summer examination this year. Other pupils from preparatory schools or home-schoolrooms have been successful in obtaining places in grammar or independent schools.

One of the highlights during the year was the Triennial Conference of the Charlotte Mason College Association which was held in the Barn, Ambleside, by courtesy of the Governors of the College. Charlotte Mason's principles in relation to education and the world of 1963 were discussed. On the practical side there was a demonstration lecture on 'Colour Factor Mathematics', given by H. Thompson, B.Sc. For two hours we were spellbound, listening to his explanations and using the coloured rods for ourselves.

During the Conference the Meeting for Headmistresses of P.N.E.U. Schools was held and thirty-four Headmistresses attended. Two topics dominated the discussions: the reorganization of the work in the senior part of the P.U.S. to enable pupils to enter for G.C.E. O Level examination at the ages of sixteen to sixteen and a half, followed by two years in Form VI; and the new approach to English Language in both the Junior school (Upper IA, IIB and IIA) and the Senior section (IIIB to VA).

During the year visits have been paid to six schools in this country and we were able to give talks about Charlotte Mason's principles and method to four gatherings of parents—at Ashbourne; St. Lucy's School, Newcastle, Staffs; Dolphin School, Exmouth; and Hillcrest School, Castle Cary. These visits gave us personal contact with the children, further ideas about the books, and many helpful suggestions from the staff at the schools. In July while I was in Mallorca on holiday I had the pleasure of meeting the P.U.S. pupils there and their parents.

During the past year Miss Powell and Miss Wareham again organized the Portfolio of Story and Verse and the Portfolio of Painting. After running the former for seven years, Miss Wareham has resigned and has been succeeded by Mrs. Bernard Jeffreys (C.M.T.). We are grateful to Miss Wareham for having directed the Portfolio of Story and Verse for so many years.

P.U.S. children in all parts of the world continue to enjoy sending their contributions to the feature 'Some of Us' in the *Parents Review*.

Our contact with the work and problems of other independent schools is maintained by the membership of the Consultative Committee for Independent Education which meets once a term; and our membership of the Education Panel of the Girl Guides Association, which meets once a year, keeps us abreast of the various education through youth movements.

Parents of children in the P.U.S. continue to show by their letters their appreciation of P.U.S. principles and programmes:—

Tanganyika : 'I have been so pleased with Elizabeth's' (age fourteen) 'progress under your instructions. I would like to thank you and your council for all the help they have given.'

Brazil : 'I have been very grateful for all the excellent help you have given me. I never thought I should be successful when I first heard about the scheme, but when I explain to others how simple it is they are amazed.'

These comments refer to progress in school work; the following remarks let us see the child as a person :—

Devon : 'A. is now making good progress with basic skills; though this is slow, she is gradually regaining her self-confidence and she is quite a different child.'

Nigeria : 'B. returned to the United Kingdom for a leg operation. During her convalescence she announced that she would remember to try to live up to her school motto.'

'SOME OF US'

FROM GUATEMALA CITY

I live in Guatemala. I have a sister called Elizabeth. There is a swimming-pool near our house, a baby's pool and a big one. I swim and dive in the big pool. Elizabeth swims in the small pool, sometimes she swims in the big pool. Some people go to swim in the sea, but we don't, the waves are too rough for us, anyway the sharks would bite our legs off. The weather is fine, and there is no snow, but we have a wet season and the rain pours down. The fruit are: plums, oranges, apples, manderines, pineapples, and bananas. Bananas are the main fruit. We see lorry-loads of them. We know lots of villages. The roads in Antigua are very cobbly and we often get bumped about very much. There are curious smells in the market and banana skins on the floor, we always come on Saturdays or Sundays. Many of the churches in Antigua are ruins, because the earthquakes shook them down. The trees are: pine, fir, oak, rubber, orange and all the citrus trees.

MARK GORDON CHEESMAN (aged 7)

'I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER . . .'—I

LEARNING TO READ

by G. B. STERN

It is curious that I, a writer and an omnivorous reader, cannot remember *learning* to read and write; and, in fact, can only be sure I was already able to read at a far later stage via my favourite storybooks on our nursery shelves: *Little Women*, for instance, and all the stories of Mrs. Molesworth, especially *Carrots*, *Us* and *The Tapestry Room*. Was it our delightful German governess, Fraulein Sanders, who taught me

to read and write? Maybe, but the A.B.C. books from which I learnt lie within this obstinate circle of forgetfulness, though I think I can dimly recall first spelling out nursery rhymes. I was not sent to Kindergarten but started school in the Lower First when I was about eight years old, so obviously I could read fluently by then. Robert Louis Stevenson was older when, quite suddenly opening a volume of the *Arabian Nights*, he discovered that he could read for himself; but that was because his faithful and adoring nurse, Cummy, used to read to him tirelessly, which was easier than confessing that there was no further need for it. It was to Cummy he dedicated *A Child's Garden of Verses* (originally he gave it the far better title of *Penny Whistles*):

From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, Nurse, the little book you hold.

. . . Not so well and not so old: he died out in Samoa when he was only forty-four, an invalid who had fought his battle gaily and bravely.

Apart from books, I can remember reading advertisements inside buses; this one translated into an outburst of feline gratitude:

Thanks for your feed of Nestle's milk,
It did me good, my coat's like silk;
And now I'm sound in limb and brain,
I'll never drink skim milk again!

and another:

They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley pen!

which caused me great bewilderment because I thought of the three items separately and could not imagine what they had in common.

Perhaps illumination may break through if I recall the visual aspect of my nursery at home: gas brackets and firelight and a high wire guard in front of the fire; and the nursery table which had to be cleared for meals but which otherwise I used for big-scale building operations with stone bricks, white and red, and forts and regiments of soldiers; or for playing shop; or sometimes I turned it upside down and sat inside, and it became a four-masted ship. In one corner of the nursery was a small desk with its seat attached, where I sat for hours absent-mindedly digging chunks out of the lid with my penknife while I wrote, mostly plays, but I can see before me the page of an exercise-book which I had headed *History of the World*—a somewhat ambitious project, and I doubt if I got as far with it as H. G. Wells in his *Outline of History*. Another corner of the nursery I proudly called My Corner: it was partly shut off from the rest of the room by a screen, and had some pretty awful pictures pinned to the wall, and a small bamboo

armchair in which I sat fairly often, not doing anything but thinking, 'Here's me sitting in My Corner'.

When I move on to my schooldays, fugitive memory conjures up a remark in an end-of-term report written by our form-mistress, whom we used to call the Cheshire Cat because she smiled a lot: 'Good as far as results go, but Gladys has not worked so well this term'. And I thought, 'How beastly unfair!' Though seen today from a vista down a long corridor, perhaps it was not after all so unfair, because she was alluding to my having the exam type of brain and not the slogging type; exams stimulated me, and even when I had idled through a whole term, I could astonishingly come out top in nearly every subject except mathematics.

My school was first-class for those days, more than half a century ago, so I am not crabbing its methods when I mention that we were taught mainly the geography of England, though on maps of the world we were shown the British Empire covering a large area coloured red and all very Kiplingesque. *The World*—and in smaller letters—*on Mercator's Projection* was our textbook, but we were never told who Mercator was, nor what was his mysterious 'Projection'. . . .

History lessons likewise in all schools fifty years ago concentrated chiefly on the history of England, except wherever a foreign nation happened to have made some picturesque intrusion, such as the Field of the Cloth of Gold in France, and the Spanish Armada with Drake playing bowls on the Hoe at Plymouth up to the ultimate moment. We recited Macaulay's 'Armada':

Attend all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise. . . .

and:

Press where you see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war
And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre!

As a final home-thought-from-abroad, if somebody should ask me now who discovered America and when, the Hinterland of memory would mechanically produce a prompt: 'Columbus discovered America in 1492'.

Some time ago I read a letter in *The Times* which mentioned that a Council for Visual Education had been founded in 1943, though this was the first time I had heard of it. Visual education sounds to me, as far as it can be realised for children, a wonderful ally to the cause of reading; neither could well do without the other; neither should supersede the other. Yet, echoing from my childhood is a title, *Eyes and No Eyes*, which sounds as if it might have been a predecessor of visual education; surely I couldn't have invented such a title?

HOW DO YOU MEASURE SUCCESS?

by JAMES ROTHWELL

They came to us together from the Infant Department.

Ronald answered every question with a slow grin that lit up his face with a sunny radiance. We spent hours each day trying to teach him to read, but he found the written symbols of speech too much for him. Painfully, he learned to reproduce his name as a pattern, which became fixed in his mind by endless repetition. He found formal arithmetic a complete mystery, but he beamed at other children's success. He was delighted whenever another child was praised, and his face clouded when one of his classmates had to be checked. Everybody was his friend. He bore no resentment when he could not do what the others could. At the slightest praise, he was like a dog with two tails.

As he grew older, however, we realised that there were things that Ronald could do better than anybody else. He was the best milk monitor we ever had. He organised a party of four boys to distribute the crates to the classrooms. He was never wrong in his counting, although he would have been quite unable to set the calculation down on paper.

He was most reliable in all the many little jobs that arise in a school. He received and dealt with visitors, so that he and the guests were completely at ease. When we had an inspection, he was in charge of the inspector's comfort. He thought of everything.

We have a very happy relationship with a Roman Catholic school on the other side of the town. In location, it is as unlike ours as it can be. We are set right in the middle of buildings that tower on every side. The nearest tree is half a mile away. They are set in delightful grounds, with views of a well-wooded valley leading down to the sea. The schools are alike in only one respect. They cater for children. The friendship started at a musical festival and the choirs exchange visits. A short time before Christmas, we joined together to sing for a Darby and Joan Club. Afterwards we went back to our school for tea, and some of our children were in charge of the guests' tables. The Sister Headteacher and one of her assistants were obviously struck by Ronald and chose to sit at his table, one on his left and one on his right. Even with Ronald's ability for entertaining, this caused me some apprehension, but they seemed to be getting on famously. His arms were performing in the air, as he seemed to be showing them the shape of something. His face was alight.

When the visitors had gone, I asked Ronald what he had found to talk about to the nuns. With the supreme confidence born of simplicity, he said:

'I was telling them about our Nativity Play and about Jesus being born. I thought they'd like to hear the story.'

The Sister Headteacher telephoned me the next day to say what a wonderful time she and her assistant had had at Ronald's table. She was so happy, because he had recaptured for her the feeling she had when she was a child.

Norman came from a four-roomed house a few doors away from school. It was obvious that this was no ordinary boy. In his first year in the Junior Department, as a little chap of seven, he used to squirm when tables were being chanted, because he saw them as patterns. He wrote reams on all sorts of topics—Pirates, Adventures, Cotton, Tea, Space, Rivers; and he spent hours reading up all he could about the many things in which he was interested. One of his delights was looking up the Latin names for specimens brought for the Nature table. His curiosity knew no bounds. He much preferred to wander off in the countryside than to play football. I remember one wet dinner time when I introduced him to astronomy by means of a simple book. He soon found the book unsatisfactory, and before he left us he had completed a two hundred page book of facts and illustrations that he had found out for himself—no mean achievement for a boy aged eleven in such a difficult subject.

In our Nativity Play he was Herod. During the rehearsals, he said to me, 'It must have been rotten being Herod, to be told suddenly about a king coming to take his place. It's a pity he didn't know more about astronomy. Perhaps he'd have known what the Wise Men were about'.

He played Herod with a sensitivity that I envied. When he raged down the school hall, I am sure he felt some of the fear and anguish as well as the anger that Herod must have felt.

The last morning of the Christmas term is traditionally set aside for a concert for the children, by the children themselves. Ronald and Norman had collaborated in a puppet show.

Ronald had built a theatre out of orange-boxes, curtain scraps and wire. He had wired it for lights and painted an elaborate proscenium. He had fashioned the villains in wood, with bright green eyes taken from his bag of marbles. Norman had made the heroes and heroines out of papier mâché, plasticine and cloth.

Taking several parts each, they gave a delightful performance of plays written by Norman.

Here were two boys, completely unaware of each other's advantages and disadvantages, working together, complementing each other.

Norman's parents were baffled by their son's progress. He was soon ahead of them academically. They were, however, despite their bewilderment, wise enough to be a sheet-anchor. When his immaturity began to over-ride his superior intelligence, they seemed to have the innate ability to put things right. They co-operated in every possible way with school, even when they did not quite understand.

Norman went on to university and now holds a very important position. Ronald lives and works near school. His employer once told me, 'Ronald is a key man in my works. He will never be more than a labourer, but he is the one who will tackle jobs that nobody else will do. He is invaluable to me'.

On the last day of the summer term, we present each child who is leaving with a Bible. We try to write on the fly-leaf about something that the child has been successful in.

When Norman came forward for his, Ronald cheered louder than anyone. He was thoroughly enjoying everybody else's success.

Last of all, I called out Ronald's name. His face was alight as he came forward: the whole school rose to him.

On the fly-leaf of his Bible is written:

'For love and devotion to his school.'

How do you measure the success of a school?

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Josephine KAMM, who was educated at Burgess Hill P.N.E.U. School, is a writer of biographies and novels for adults and children. Among her published works perhaps the most successful are: *How Different from Us*, a life of Frances Mary Buss and Dorothea Beale; *Daughter of the Desert*, a biography of Gertrude Bell; *He Went with Captain Cook*; *Leaders of the People*; *The Story of Mrs. Pankhurst*; *Return to Freedom*; *Out of Step* (a novel for teen-agers centring on the 'colour problem') and *Malaria Ross*.

Throughout the war Mrs. Kamm worked as a writer in the Ministry of Information. She is a widow and has one son, Anthony, who is Editor to the Brockhampton Press.

James ROTHWELL was head of a village school for four years and in 1957 became Headmaster of St. Thomas Primary School, Blackburn. He writes, 'This is a school in the heart of an industrial town. People often ask me if the change from the village to the brick and concrete worried me. While I still miss the cows poking their heads over the playground wall, and the view of Pendle from the classroom window, I have found many compensating rewards in the town school, and children are fundamentally the same problem and the same joy wherever they are'.

Mr. Rothwell is also President-elect of the Blackburn Headteachers' Association, and Secretary of the Blackburn Church Schools Association.

G. B. STERN was born in London in 1890. She started writing when she was about eight years old and persevered until her first novel, *Pantomime*, was accepted for publication. She preferred writing plays because her ambition was to become an actress. The first of her plays to be performed in public was *Legend of the Echo*, which was produced at the Notting Hill High School when the author was fourteen.

She went to a finishing school in Switzerland and on her return persuaded her parents to send her to the R.A.D.A.

She has had three or four plays produced in London, of which the most successful was *The Matriarch* with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the lead. She is the author of many novels, of which her own favourite is *No Son of Mine*; the most successful have been *Debonair*, *The Woman in the Hall*, *Little Red Horses*, *For All We Know* and *Unless I Marry*. Her autobiography has appeared in the form of five volumes of 'rag-bag memoirs' and two books dealing with her conversion to the Roman Catholic faith in 1947. She has also written several books on Robert Louis Stevenson, and two on Jane Austen, the latter in collaboration with her great friend Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Violet WALLIN is a freelance journalist specialising in articles, features and short stories. During Word War Two she ran a club for evacuees and local children in Buckinghamshire. During this time she ran two newspaper features in Canadian papers about life in England under war conditions. She took a National Marriage Guidance Council course in connection with an advice feature she published, under a pen-name, in a national monthly. She now lives in Surrey and lectures occasionally. She has a grown-up family and has travelled extensively.

Percy WILSON is Senior Chief Inspector for the Ministry of Education. His article was first given as an address to the P.N.E.U. Annual General Meeting which was held on 6 November, 1963.

ERRATUM

In the November and December numbers of the *Parents Review* it was erroneously stated that Gilbert HIGHET is Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University, New York. He is Anthon Professor of the Latin Language and Literature at Columbia.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

At the Meeting on 6 November, after a query about the trend to push Religious Knowledge out of the schools' curriculum, I was greeted with a chorus of 'Noes'.

If we are a National Union we need to dispense with blinkers.

The P.U.S. bases its philosophy on Religious Knowledge, and Mr. Butler's Education Act of 1944 still holds good. But have we not seen the signs of the times in recent articles, on radio and on television?

In mid-November there was an attack on Religious Instruction by R. Zanga in *The Teacher*, the organ of the N.U.T.

At a recent conference a University Reader in Education identified himself with those who seek to abolish R.I. He stated that the Labour Party will do so when it gets into power.

Unless we see and fight evil we may wake up one morning to find R.I. gone from the nation's schools. We may also find our B.B.C. no longer under the jurisdiction of the Government, but the servant of a destructive section of the public.

Under the present charter which ends in July 1964 the Government can, by means of a written notice from the Postmaster General, alter or stop any programme.

If more of us wrote to the B.B.C. and to our Members of Parliament, we could secure for our nation, before it is too late, ideas which will not destroy man but will feed his whole person.

K. M. CLAXTON

Dresden House, 18 Albany Villas, Hove 3, Sussex.

Dear Editor,

Grace Carey in her thought-provoking article 'The Gentle Virtues' (*Parents Review*, October 1963) touches on a point that most modern articles and books on child-care seem to ignore—that mothers today have no time just to 'be with' their children. With four children, ranging from thirteen years to eighteen months old, I am very conscious of this, but my efforts to give them time to themselves are not very successful. I am usually doing something else as well—sewing, ironing, etc. I read to them, of course, but that is, in a sense, doing something. I am not just 'being with them'. And I know, from remarks they have made from time to time to my friends and relations who stay with us, how much the children appreciate a grown-up who is just 'there'. The visitors, having no ploys of their own on hand, have time just to be with them.

'It was so cosy with you in the nursery tonight.'

'It's so comfortable when you are here.'

And, to a relation crippled by a stroke, 'A house ought always to have someone like you in it'.

FELICITE NESHAM

Edmond's Hill, Upton St. Leonard's, Gloucester.

Dear Editor,

I have just read with interest Raymond Ward's article 'Thanks to the Doctor' in the November *P.R.* I thought it might be of interest to your readers to hear how my son and I have dealt with the reading and being-read-to situation. John was an early reader and I encouraged him to read to himself from the age of five and a half onwards. But at the same time I managed to read to him every evening from books that were at that stage beyond his capacity to read to himself. So, while he read Alison Uttley, Beatrix Potter, *Little Black Sambo* and many simple stories, I read to him *The Borrowers*, *Black Beauty*, *Mary Poppins*, the stories about Paddington the bear, etc.

We have kept this up. During the last year (he is now nine and a half) he has read *The Jungle Books*, *Treasure Island*, several books by Arthur Ransome, *The Wheel and the School*, *Dick's Dog Bello*—to name a few; while I have read to him, and much enjoyed, *King Solomon's Mines* and *Alan Quartermain*, *Prester John*, *Salute to Adventurers*, *Hunting Tower*, *Green Mantle*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *The Call of the Wild*, *White Fang*, etc.

In this way he is being led on to a wider knowledge of books at the same time as he is reading to himself, and enjoying a wide variety of rather 'younger' books.

I look forward to introducing Dickens, Scott, etc. in this way before very long.

PAMELA M. BASSINDALE

209 Stoke Lane, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

OUR WORK

MEETING FOR THE HEADS OF SCHOOLS

A meeting for the Heads of Schools will be held on Wednesday, 22 April, 1964, at 2.30 p.m. in the Lancaster Room, Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, London, S.W.1. Any questions for discussion should be sent as soon as possible to: The Director, Parents Union School, Ambleside, Westmorland.

PRACTICAL STUDY COURSE

A Practical Study Course in Charlotte Mason's methods will be held at The Old Hall, Hethersett, Norwich, early in August, by kind permission of Miss Lewin (C.M.T.). Further particulars will be published in the March number of the *Parents Review*.

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the way that Form I examinations are dictated. MSS. should be sent to the Editor, *Parents Review*, Murray House, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1.

Children whose contributions are chosen for publication will receive a copy of the *Parents Review* in which their items appear.

PROGRAMME 218, FORM IV: GENERAL SCIENCE

In the second, enlarged edition of *The Living Organism* the chapters to be studied are 3, 4, 5, 16 and 17.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

BRANCH AND PARENTS' ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

KERRYWOOD PARENTS' ASSOCIATION held its annual Christmas party at the school on 12 December, 1963. About sixty parents and staff attended. A home-prepared buffet supper was enjoyed by all, and three prizes were raffled.

The Annual General Meeting was held at the school on 24 October, and a new Committee was elected. A film show of some school activities was also given.

BOOKS

Geology for the Young Naturalist, by Allen White (A. and C. Black, 15/-), provides an exciting scientific introduction to rock formations, minerals and crystals to be found in England. The author describes the different types of rock, granite, limestone, chalk and sandstone, and states where scenic examples of each may be found. He explains how the rocks were formed, and the work of wind and water in erosion. The last chapters touch upon the wonders of nature throughout the world. This book will encourage young students to ask questions and verify the answers by their personal observation and research.

While Some Trees Stand, by Garth Christian (Newnes, 21/-). This book is both fascinating and frightening—fascinating for its descriptions of wild life in Britain, the animals and birds; frightening in its presentation of the possibility that this wild life may be gradually destroyed through the urbanisation of the countryside and man's own greed. Each chapter is devoted to a separate animal—otter, hedgehog, fox, squirrel. The author discusses the factors which contribute to the decline in numbers of these creatures and what the future may hold for them, thanks to the activities of the various naturalist societies. The author ends with a challenge: 'Those who delight in the beauty of our land will need to display enterprise and audacity if the birds and beasts of Britain are to survive for our children and their descendants'. This book should be read by anyone who loves the countryside, whatever his age; it is also recommended for all school libraries.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Quiet Street, by Lois Dubkin, illustrated by Juliette Palmer (Abelard-Schuman, 12/6) is a tender little story about Lisa, who is an only child. Her happy home life with her parents is marred only by lack of companionship of her own age; but when she is given a sister the quiet street becomes alive with joy. This book for children aged from six to seven is particularly recommended to any family who is considering adopting a child.

For children learning to read, the latest titles in the 'I Can Read' series can be strongly recommended: **The Secret Three**, by Mildred Myrick, illustrated by Arnold Lobel; and **Emmett's Pig**, by Mary Stolz, illustrated by Garth Williams (World's Work, 10/6 each). The first is a salty tale of two small boys who make friends with a boy who lives in a lighthouse by exchanging code messages in a bottle borne to and fro by the tide; the second is the story of a boy who longed to own a pig (he had a china pig, paper pigs, wooden pigs, glass pigs, books about pigs and pig-dreams, but these were no substitute for a fat, pink, grunting snout-and-trotter pig). This is a most attractive chronicle and the satisfying illustrations are refreshingly free from the sinister taint which sometimes mars this artist's work.

A good series of reprints has been started by Messrs. Blackie under the over-all title 'Chosen Books'. The publishers are catering for children aged from fourteen upwards and the first three volumes are **Uncle Tom's Cabin**, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; **Barlasch of the Guard**, by H. Seton Merriman; and **Uncle Silas**, by Sheridan Le Fanu (12/6 each).

An Island for a Pelican, by Edward Fenton, illustrated by Dimitris Davis (World's Work, 10/6) is an original story for children aged from six to seven. A pelican flies literally 'out of the blue' to a Greek island, where he elects to remain, the honoured guest of the inhabitants and of one small boy in particular. The pelican also becomes 'news' and the island prospers from the tourists who come in boat-loads to see this celebrated bird-personality. Alas that the Greeks also have a word for covetousness . . . the pelican is kidnapped by the envious dwellers in the neighbouring island. If and how he is retrieved young readers must discover for themselves. Added to the charm of the story, the illustrations in this book are unusually attractive and witty.

Kaleidoscope, by Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Oxford University Press, 15/-). By a most happy coincidence, a short time after the review copy of this book arrived there came a letter from a mother: 'I wish I could tell Eleanor Farjeon what *enormous* joy and happiness her books give to the children. There is a delightful children's library here (Chiswick), and the librarian told me that her books are more in demand than any others. Mary (aged eight) and Peter (aged seven) cut out television so that I can read to them. At the moment we have got *Kaleidoscope*. . . . I wish Eleanor Farjeon could know that every evening around 6.30 two children are listening *enthralled* to the story of Anthony and 'The Eye of the Earth' '.

Your Book of the Year, by Muriel Goaman, illustrated by Yvonne Skargon (Faber and Faber, 15/-). This is a happy, companionable book with a chapter of all-sorts for each month of the year. To take February as an example: the versatile author tells of the plants and animals to be seen, gives some fascinating suggestions for party games (and several simple but attractive recipes for party food); there are accounts too of February's feasts and fasts—Valentine's Day, Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday; and instructions on how to make one's own weather-chart. This book will be a rich possession for any child aged from ten to fourteen.

Even the most reliable writers have their off-moments and there are two disappointing publications to record. *Return to the Heron*, by Mary Treadgold, illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus (Cape, 13/6) is a sequel to the lovely *Heron's Ride* unworthy of its predecessor. Everything in this story is so far too good to be true that the most gullible child cannot be expected to believe it. Family fortunes are retrieved by an old masterpiece discovered in the attic, there is a near-fairy guardian who appears from overseas and, it goes without saying, that the children and their new-found friends live happily at Heron's Ride for ever and ever. In *Birdy Jones* (Faber and Faber, 10/6) E. W. Hildick buries his talent for creating character and plot and ventures on slap-stick comedy. It is very slap-stick and quite devoid of real humour.

A Book of Dwarfs, by Ruth Manning-Sanders, illustrated by Robin Jacques (Methuen, 21/-). Here are seventeen stories about this unpredictable, misshapen, grumpy, powerful and fundamentally benevolent race of beings. We most of us know Snow White's seven—but this book introduces dwarfs from all parts of the world, including Arabia and Japan. Children aged from six to eight will enjoy meeting them.

The Thursday Kidnapping, by Antonia Forest (Faber and Faber, 15/-). This is an excellent novel for children aged from eight to twelve. The four Ramsay children with their resourcefulness, their independence of the world of grown-ups, and their propensity for becoming involved in the most startling, though quite credible, adventures, might be first cousins to E. Nesbit's Bastables. The only flaw in the story is that no one involved, child or adult, is alive to the pathos of Kathy. This most unpleasing child is a liar and a petty thief, a boaster, a sneak and all that is intolerable; but when we are introduced to her parents and the cold 'refainment' of her hideous home, we know she hasn't had a chance. Yet not even the author

herself seems aware of the tragedy of Kathy's illicit party: 'She spread the table with the lace-patterned plastic tablecloth and found two paper serviettes covered with prancing poodles: then she set out a cup and saucer and plate for herself . . . together with a pint bottle of milk, a two-pound packet of granulated sugar, an opened tin of first grade salmon, the bag of cakes and pastries, a saucerful of the mixed sweets from the super-market, a pot of jam, a ready-sliced loaf and half a pound of best margarine in its opened paper wrapping: it really did look, thought Kathy, standing back from the table to admire, just like a proper nursery tea'. In all her little life, she had never *had* a nursery tea, and one cannot find the heart to blame her for the plot she hatched to secure one. One reader at least demands a sequel which will give Kathy a chance to become a normal happy child.

For the youngest children there are two attractive picture storybooks: **When Will My Birthday Be?**, by Letta Schatz, illustrated by Richard Bergere (World's Work, 12/6) has lovely, detailed illustrations on every page and is written in a simple, rhythmic repetitive style which will appeal to small children; **When the Wind Stops**, by Charlotte Zolotow, illustrated by Joe Lasker (Abelard-Schuman, 12/6) is a cradle-song in prose in which mother answers her little son's bedtime questions: 'What happens when the wind stops?' 'It blows away to make the trees dance somewhere else'. 'What is the end of winter?' 'It is the beginning of spring'. Finally the drowsy child smiles and is beguiled and reassured; 'Everything really does go on and on . . . Nothing ends.'

A Pet for the Orphelines, by Natalie Savage Carlson, illustrated by Pearl Falconer (Blackie, 12/6) is a witty, intelligent and original story about the sympathetic Madame Flattot and the twenty small inhabitants of her most homely orphanage. This book will be enjoyed by children aged from six to eight.

Hero Tales from the British Isles, retold by Barbara Leonie Picard, illustrated by John G. Galsworthy (Edmund Ward, 16/-). They are all here, the old familiar heroes and heroines—Arthur and Robin Hood; Bran, Son and Lyr; Finn Mac Cool; Deidre and the Sons of Usna. As a textbook of information, this collection of stories is useful enough, but it lacks the living flame of inspiration essential to the telling of tales. The effect upon the reader is that he is offered a series of recipes in place of an appetizing meal.

The Tinsel November, by Julia Rhys, illustrated by Carol Barker (Rupert Hart-Davis, 13/6). To cast a spell, that is, to write a story of enchantment, is one of the most difficult forms of fiction; this author has not succeeded in her maiden venture, though her literary style promises well for the future. Not for a moment do the living puppets which gather round the little girl in her London basement become real people. Both characters and plot seem curiously irrelevant, and the climax is as tame as a damp firework.

Desert Dan, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Harper Johnson (Harrap, 10/6) is a well written story for the seven to eight-year-olds, with exceptionally good illustrations. Old Dan and his animals are good company as we trek with them across the desert and share the adventures they meet *en route*.

PARENTS REVIEW

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CREATIVE PUNISHMENT

by JAMES ROTHWELL

Like so many of my contemporaries, the early part of my school life was spent in an elementary school, where the stick was always in full view on the teacher's table.

There were sixty-three of us in nine long desks. Our ages ranged from ten to fourteen. We were officially known as Standards IV, V, VI and VII. Order was on one side of a wall between teacher and taught, and the stick was the material of which the wall was built. Every time kindness or affection knocked down the wall, the stick was there for the rebuilding.

The blunt end of the stick numbed the fingers of the outstretched hand with a kind of painful ecstasy. It was a point of honour never to withdraw, no matter how often you heard the swish of the cane through the fetid sweat-filled air.

The procedure was accepted as normal; the details were forgotten as soon as the pain passed. There were other, less orthodox stones in the wall—stones that left bruises for a long time. One of these was put there by the teacher who would beat an inattentive worshipper in assembly with a Bible, simultaneously uttering the injunction, 'Pray, you block-head, not play'.

In an emergency, I have taught classes of sixty for short periods. It was an exhausting desperate business, and I have some sympathy with those who faced forty years of such a situation.

When I moved on to the Grammar School, I read in the school rules that corporal punishment would only be administered by the Headmaster.

I was soon to learn that the gowns of lesser dominies had secret pockets for the carrying of gym shoes and the like, for use as stones in the wall.

I bore no malice to those who beat me, because I was told that such treatment never did anyone any harm, or that I must have 'deserved it'—whatever that meant. I do not think that there was ever a time when any of the boys looked upon corporal punishment as bestial or degrading, but I am sure that we recognised it as a failure on the part of those on the other side of the wall. We were friends with them but, as Robert Frost's neighbour says in 'Mending Wall',

'Good walls make good neighbours.'

Now we learned a name for the wall, discipline. It is this word 'discipline' which causes the confusion, and the misunderstanding.

There is an ex-Sergeant Major, now well over seventy, but with the figure and bearing of a man half his age, who lives opposite our school gate. He never tires of telling me that what we need in school is more discipline. He has a peculiar way of stressing the second syllable, giving the word a hard fearful sound.

He does not really mean discipline at all. He means punishment. Discomfort and violence are cures for all ills, according to him. I sometimes try to explain that discipline is discipleship, the quality of following. He just grunts.

Negative, the 'thou shalt not' punishment is a failure of leadership. It is the dry-rot of relationships.

But let us not put the blinkers on with regard to correction.

There was the student who came to our school on teaching practice. My deputy, who looks after the students, works on the principle that they should be thrown in the deep end as soon as possible. He threw this one in and, as he was going out through the door, he heard the budding pedagogue say :

'Now, boys and girls, we are going to be sensible, aren't we?'

Chorus of 'Yes!'

Inspired by this response, the student went on, 'I am not going to punish you in any way, but I shall be hurt and disappointed if you misbehave or do less than your best.'

Although this class is made up of some very fine children, he was hurt and disappointed many times before we pulled him out of the deep end. Before he left, he was a wiser young man and, I am glad to say, he was able to manage a busy, hard-working, high-spirited group. He had learned about creative punishment.

I suppose that there are teachers and parents who never need to apply correction. They are very few and far between. There are far more, however, who can and do make the correction positive and so turn the offence to advantage.

John produces a piece of work which is far from his best. The real reason for this is that the teacher has failed to inspire him sufficiently to do his best. The communication has failed. Perhaps it is because of the noise coming in through the window, or that the boy is cold or tired, or worried about something at home. With thirty or forty other lines to handle, it is more than a teacher can do to find out where one communication broke down, so she says to John, firmly and without rancour, 'Look, John, you can do better than this. Now go and try again'.

At the same time, she points out what has been done well in the work, and so strengthens the faulty communication between herself and her pupil.

For the same offence during my school-days I was beaten or subjected to scathing comment. The result was that I built up a number of 'can't do's'. I could not draw, nor understand unequal division, nor play football, nor remember dates, because every time I tried I made mistakes that brought automatic negative punishment.

Note how John's teacher says 'You can do . . .', and mixes praise with valid criticism.

Whenever a child does a piece of written work, we point out the good in it and then suggest what might have been better, thus knocking a few stones off the wall between teacher and taught.

I fell, when I was nine years old, in a muddy playground puddle. In washing, I made a mess of the wash-basin. I was beaten. I did not make a mess of the basin again because I was careful not to wash at school again.

Charles covered a wash-basin with mud last week. His teacher said, 'You know quite well that you do not leave things like this for Mrs. Brown to clean up. She has quite enough to do without your adding to her work. Now clean it, and leave it as you found it.'

Creative punishment, this, and a lesson in respect for those who work for us and without whom life would be very unpleasant.

Even young children can learn collective responsibility for some injustice.

Peter reported that his bag of marbles had disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Investigation revealed nothing. I asked the boys what we should do. After a few seconds, Billy said, 'Let's all give him one each'.

We did, and justice was evidently done.

Boys' gangs are usually fluid, and anybody is admitted. Girls' gangs are much more of a problem. When they form a secret seven or a club, other girls, who for some reason are excluded, can suffer agonies of loneliness and social ostracism.

Some of the girls in the school choir formed such a society. Whenever Sandra tried to join them in the playground she was shut out. She was thoroughly unhappy and bewildered. In the end I heard about it, and the gang was paraded. I suppose an outsider would have smiled and said what little dears they were, not knowing the cruelty of which they were capable.

I asked the rest of the choir to join us. I sat at the piano and played the introduction to one of the test pieces which we were preparing for a festival. They sang out of character, without spirit. I asked them what they thought of their performance.

'It sounded like a Tibetan Funeral March', said Pauline, repeating one of my favourite phrases for indifferent singing.

'Why?'

A long silence followed.

'What am I always telling you about singing as a choir?'

'That we must all sing together.'

'Exactly!'

Billy muttered, 'The girls have been falling out again'.

Gradually, the choir began to put the gang in Sandra's place. The others were irritated by them and showed their hostility. We tried again, and the sullen looks began to crack.

On the day of the festival, there was the usual question: 'If we win, who will go for the prize?'

'Please sir, may Sandra go?'

This was from the leader of the gang.

In every case of correction we try, not always with success, to make it a tool of learning how to live with others. We try to make our punishment creative.

Robert Frost said in his poem 'Mending Wall':

'Something there is that doesn't love a wall.'

He bemoaned the fact that he and his neighbour rebuilt the fallen wall because his neighbour said, 'Good walls make good neighbours'.

Creative punishment doesn't like the wall between teacher and taught. It knocks it down.

I hope we can leave it down.

'SOME OF US'

FROM GENEVA

It is sunny here in Geneva and we often go to the plage to swim. In the garden we grow grapes and weeds, apple trees fir trees peach and apricot trees, plum trees cherry trees but they are small ones.

We go up on the cable car in the mountains and we once walked up to the top where the snow reached our waists. We also went on the mountain train to St. Cergue with the sledge and Daddy let us land up in a frozen pool but we got dry at a french chalet. We visited La Mer de Glace, the sea of ice, and we also went in the Grotto. It was very dark inside and we saw a bear and a boar and there was also tables and chairs, some people sitting on them, beds, as well all cut out of ice. Suzanne and I got our socks wet in the melted ice, but we had a nice time.

Julie Anne Thornton (aged 8)

A HOLIDAY CLUB

by CERES ESPLAN

When you live in a village and send your children to boarding school you must not be surprised if in holiday time they have very few of their own contemporaries to play with. It is probably different in towns and it does not matter so much if you have a large family and cousins, nieces and nephews within reach; but it can be difficult for small families and for those without relatives near by.

It was because of this very problem that we started a holiday club. Its inauguration was by no means intentional. We had one son of eleven who walked, rode, bicycled, car-spotted and carpentered very happily with us for the first half of the holidays. Then it seemed he met other solitary

children who came home with him and joined in his activities. They came from all round and from neighbouring villages and by the end of the first holidays we found that they had more or less banded together.

That was in the spring, I remember. The summer holidays, after varying periods at the sea, or abroad with the family, quickly saw the reunion of the holiday gang. Then there came a time when the spontaneous amusements seemed to pall, and parents were roped in to augment the organisation. I say advisedly 'roped in' because I want to stress that parents did not interfere nor try to organise any activities until their help was sought. Even then, the interference was very slight: the parents' gang was useful for telephoning, for providing transport and food, and for general advice. It was in the long summer holidays that the children's gang became officially the Holiday Club, whose members, with parental co-operation, organised set sports, a small gymkhana and visits to places of local interest.

It was after a visit to an archaeological 'dig' that there arose a great desire amongst some of the Club members to have their own headquarters. Up to this time they had congregated in various parents' houses; then they were offered a rather broken-down outhouse at the edge of our village.

There may be people, indeed I have met a few, who think that the work of the Holiday Club in repairing and making an old outhouse habitable is too heavy for children; or, if not too heavy, involves them in too much activity for holiday-time. Some parents like their children to relax entirely when they are away from school but, I cannot say it too often, we did no pushing at all. The Holiday Club just grew, and went from strength to strength. I personally loved seeing the enthusiasm and the intelligence that was aroused. Every member seemed to find his own niche. There were no definite leaders and there were no age limits. Nine was about the youngest age, but the majority of the children were much the same age as our son and, although they all came from different schools, they got on together extraordinarily well.

The parents' gang, as I have said, took in its turn to provide food; but we had no part in the furbishing of the Club's headquarters. Of course, bits of wood, nails, hammers and even window-glass found their way to it from our tool-sheds, but we had nothing to do with the flooring; the furniture or the curtains. Those were all made by the members themselves.

There were great plans afoot for laying a mosaic floor. 'Then in a couple of thousand years, maybe our headquarters will be the object of an archaeological "dig".' This never came off, it was found to be beyond their skill, but they did lay an excellent floor which has withstood nine years' wear.

The children spent many happy wet days with one parent who was an amateur potter. She suggested that they should all make tiles and bed them down in coloured cement. Their tiles were all shapes and all colours; many of them would have graced any exhibition of ceramics, and the general effect was most attractive. The same sort of thing happened about curtains, cushions and furniture. No one criticised anyone else for their talents. Weaving, sewing, patchwork and rug-making were not looked upon as 'cissy', for the products were so welcome for the beautifying of the hut. The only object that I was forced to remove one term-time, when I popped in to see how everything was, was a sheepskin rug. I hated taking it away, but it wasn't hygienic. I remember a few of the gang finding the dead sheep, skinning it with much difficulty and 'curing' it. The 'curing' was not a success.

As holidays came and went, and younger members joined the club, the original gang still, to a certain extent, stayed together. Their first outside venture was a youth-hostelling holiday in Britain. A year or two later, twelve of them went abroad together. By this time, of course, parents were friends as well as the children, and it was good to know that the children had such a good background of mutual interests.

It has been fascinating to watch the development of these children. Some were 'do-ers' from the start, 'Let's do this, or that'; others were born followers. They have to a great extent stayed in these categories; the 'do-ers' have forged ahead as they started growing up and the followers have contented themselves with first-class academic work; but I think they have all gained a great deal from each other's companionship.

I am all in favour of a holiday club. I am extremely grateful to the one that started in our village nine years ago. It brought many cultural interests to the fore; it laid the foundations of a very happy social life; it also brought awareness of the fact that although it is very good to be alone sometimes, it is also good to be with others of your own age out of school.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

To us in the south, March is wild Daffodil month. There are still plenty of places where they grow well, mostly on the property of the great landowners so that they seem to be temporarily safe.

One wide woodland has hills and rills covered with the dancing flowers, all interspersed with Primroses, Wood Sorrel, Bluebell shoots

and Lesser Celandine. There is a public footpath through the middle of the wood, and it seems probable that there are few people who take advantage of the right of way by picking or despoiling the flowers.

I have always wanted to find Primrose Peerless, the other Narcissus that grows wild, though not as plentifully as the ordinary—if I dare call it that—wild Daffodil. This is a two-, or even three-to-a-stem type, with creamy white perianth segments and a short yellow corona. It looks like a garden Narcissus and botanists think that it must indeed be a hybrid between *Narcissus Poeticus* and *Narcissus Tazetta*. Last year someone brought me a flower of this and said they would show it to me growing this year. I think it blooms later than the ordinary wild Daffodil, so I must possess my soul in patience.

I would like to see the Tenby Daffodil, too. But it is a long way to go. This only grows, with its uniformly yellow perianth segments and corona, or trumpet, in a few pastures near Tenby, where it has persisted for many generations. There is a Cornish Narcissus too, a scented one, growing near St. Austell. Why do these rarities flourish so far from my home?

RESPONSIBLE PARENTHOOD—II

by VIOLET WALLIN

A frightening aspect of delinquency is that it is not by any means always the result of bad home environment, but sometimes quite the reverse. The child who has led a pampered existence may grow up to think he is entitled to adulation, respect, subservience. When he approaches adult life he finds that though his family may have accorded him these, the world does not. In consequence he 'breaks out' to try to force this recognition. He may join a 'gang', become its leader and so impose himself on them, court publicity and cause himself to be feared, even perhaps admired for his daring.

So, basically, it all goes back to early training. Better social conditions have not brought about a solution to the problem. W. D. Hall, B.A., Director of the National Foundation of Educational Research in England and Wales, in his excellent book, *Child of Our Times*, points out that today's families are incomplete, in the sense that in previous generations there were large family groups (older brothers and sisters, grandparents, aunts, uncles) whom a child could observe and so learn what growing up really meant.

Where in previous generations a grandmother was part of the family circle with whom the children grew up, recognised her as a valued member of the family group to whom all deferred, the apex of the pyramid, today there is no room for her. She is more likely to be consigned to a Home or an institution.

(In this respect families at the bottom of the social scale have the advantage. One hears of the 'little mothers' looking after the younger ones while mother is out at work, and learning young what it is to bring up a family.)

Parents today feel less secure because of their lack of experience formerly gained in their own family circle. They have to rely on books, magazines, newspaper articles. On all sides they read conflicting advice. They are told the child must not be frustrated; this they must do and that they must not; whereas, in the long run, experience added to basic knowledge is the best guide. This parental sense of insecurity is transmitted to the child.

As indicated in an earlier series of articles, it is fine to know all the theories but commonsense has to be applied too. I remember a young mother who 'followed the book' to the letter. She informed me solemnly that her children's ego must on no account be damaged, so they scribbled all over the walls of her attractive house, screamed and shouted at will, smashed their toys and carried out their work of destruction in all directions. She looked at me in some surprise when I asked her mildly what would be her reaction if the elder boy decided that the development of his ego required the liquidation of his baby brother (a not unlikely event!).

Then there was the young mother of four whose husband was a child psychologist with very definite ideas on upbringing. The children had arrived in rapid succession, and she had a slightly harassed air. 'I don't hear much about child psychology these days', she said! Thus theory does not always keep step with practice and has to be handled with care. Wall claims that it is better to be slightly wrong than theoretically right, but uncertain.

When parents are themselves unsure, they are unable to deal with their children's problems and questions when they come up against behaviour, beliefs and theories different from those they have been taught at home.

A 'working mother' often gives her children a feeling of rejection. Her job and anxieties appear more important than they are. They hear talk of 'What am I going to do with the kids?'. They feel themselves to be incumbrances. Small peccadillos become crimes because mother is too tired to deal with them reasonably and has lost a sense of proportion.

There is an argument that former generations had nannies and so what is the difference—except that mothers then left their children to others not to follow careers, but for their own selfish pleasures. The difference is that the nanny-reared children always had *someone* to rely on and love. She represented security. Today's children may be left to the care of anyone who has time for them, or a nursery or crèche which at best is a dumping-ground.

W. D. Hall is strongly of the opinion that rebellion in a child strengthens character and is natural, but sensible rules give assurance. Otherwise a child thinks no one cares enough to 'save him from himself'. This applies even more to adolescents. Wall believes that children should be allowed to 'live dangerously'. In case this statement fills you with horror, let me explain.

In our growing urban communities, families live in small houses on top of each other—in housing estates, new developments, city streets. The children are over-supervised, they have no chance to take moderate risks such as country children do. These have the advantage of roaming wild and have plenty of things to play with, much to capture their attention without their coming to much harm. They can climb trees, ford streams, even walk the parapets of bridges, and generally foster the spirit of adventure.

This is not the case in the town where such lack of restriction on their activities would be unthinkable: there are too many dangers from traffic and other more sinister sources. Even modern household equipment can spell hazard to a child. More often than not there is not sufficient room for him to have his own play-quarters, whereas a country child is almost bound to find an old barn, shed or attic that he can call his own.

Town children develop guilt complexes because they are always under the eye of their parents and are reprimanded for actions that are not necessarily naughty, but merely inconvenient to adults. They are turned in on themselves with only the family unit to fall back on, whereas in a village community everyone knows everyone else, and the child grows up with a sense of belonging—there is always someone on hand who knows him and cares.

This early urban over-supervision may account for town youths turning to violence as a reaction from excessive protection in early childhood.

In a small town garden try to provide a sand-pit, tubs of water, a little plot in which the children can dig and pursue their own brand of gardening. Try not to be too strict about them getting dirty. Old garden clothes and shoes, or gumboots, all of which can be shed when

they come in through the back door, can minimise dirt in the house and leave them free to grub about without constant admonitions to be careful of their clothes.

If it is not possible to provide a playroom, it is a good thing to allow the child to use his bedroom as his sanctum where he can do more or less as he likes.

In all exhortations on the upbringing of children, the emphasis is placed on the good of the rising generation. But let us not lose a sense of proportion. Parents have their rights too! It is absolutely essential, for the sake of all, that mothers should get away from their children from time to time. However much you love them, unadulterated childish chatter dulls the brain, and both children and parents will benefit from occasional absences from each other.

The day will come when the young ones are grown up and ready to leave home. This is the moment every mother must arm herself against. If she has devoted the whole of twenty-four hours of every day to her family from their babyhood, a frightening chasm of inaction and loneliness is going to open up for her.

When the child is small, or at latest by the time he starts school, is the moment to begin quietly developing outside interests. These need not take more than one afternoon or evening a week, but they are a beginning. There is hardly a subject, skill, art or craft that is not covered nowadays by afternoon or evening classes, which are run so cheaply by municipal or country organisations that practically everyone can afford them. There would be far fewer middle-aged neurotics among married women if they had laid their plans early enough to see them through the sometimes heart-breaking time when the family drift away one by one.

A word about baby-sitters: in these days when practically no one has resident help, one must depend on the casual sitter, and not always the same one. It *is* important for young children to get to know her first. You are doing no service to your child or yourself by adopting a casual attitude over this very important matter. I have known parents, desperate to attend some function, who rush around at the last minute in the quest of a sitter and finally find someone whom even *they* do not know, let alone the children.

You may say the children are asleep, so what does it matter? But they may not remain asleep and there is nothing so frightening as to wake up and find a strange face bending over the bed—what could be better calculated to add to the child's sense of insecurity?

(To be continued)

'I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER. . . . '—II

MY FIRST SEA VOYAGE

by S. P. B. MAIS

When I was eleven my father appeared from his Derbyshire rectory without warning at my grandfather's farm on Exmoor and announced that he was going to take me away to a school in Yorkshire.

'What is more', he added gleefully, 'we're going by sea'.

The word made me tremble. I remembered my mother's aversion to the sea. I dreaded the unknown.

'Let's go by land', I said. 'It's much quicker.'

'We're going by sea', he said. 'It's much more amusing.'

I didn't find it amusing.

As we climbed on board the ancient tramp steamer 'Marie Louise' in Barry Dock in drenching rain and icy winds I caught a whiff of paraffin and kippers. It grew stronger as we went below. It culminated in an atmosphere that you could have cut with a knife. Through the clouds of smoke I could just see the face of the red-bearded Captain who was drinking beer noisily and devouring his plate piled high with ham and eggs and kippers, as if he had just been let out of prison.

With him at the table sat the Scots engineer, a small man who was almost as broad as he was long.

The Captain did not speak.

The engineer said, 'Come, sit ye down by me, laddie. It's a bitter night. Ye look fair starved wi' t' cold.'

His Clydeside accent warmed me. I needed warming after travelling in an unheated train from Swimbridge to Bristol and thence to Cardiff. The Captain went on eating and said nothing.

I suddenly thought of my heroes, Salvation Yeo, John Oxenham and Amyas Leigh setting sail from Bideford for the Spanish Main, and of my other heroes Jim Hawkins, Long John Silver, one-eyed Pugh and the rest, setting out from Bristol in search of Treasure Island.

Did they have to suffer from this sickening smell of paraffin oil and kipper in a stuffy cabin?

'What time do we pass Lundy?' I asked.

My question roused the Captain at last to speech. He deliberately laid down his knife and fork and glared at me. Then he picked up his fork and pointed it at me as if it were a dart and I the board.

'So the wee laddie knows Lundy', he said.

'I live there', I replied. 'At least I can see the Lights of Lundy, there are two.'

'Aye: I ken that', he interrupted.

'I can see them from my bedroom window', I replied.

'It's a pity ye won't be seeing them that way tonight. Perhaps ye can tell me whether we'll be passing the island on the port or starboard bow?'

'Does that depend on the weather?' I asked.

He brought down his huge fist on the table with a bang that shook the tea out of his cup.

'By God', he said, 'the laddie's an old salt already. Take a look at yon glass and maybe ye'll be able to tell me on which side we pass Lundy. The wind's rising to gale force. Ye'd better get something inside your stomach before we set sail. That'll be more to bring up. Ye'll be wise to sling your hammock and get off to sleep. There's dirty weather ahead.'

It was at this point that my father broke in.

'There's no point in frightening the child', he said. 'He's never been to sea before.'

The Captain lifted his eyebrows and gave vent to a huge guffaw.

'D'ye hear that, number one? He's never been to sea before, and he chooses this night of all nights and this lousy old tramp which leaks and creaks in every joint. Ye'll be lucky if we ever pass Lundy in this weather.'

He rose from the table, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and said sarcastically, 'Ye'll find me on the bridge if ye want me.'

He spat with excellent aim into a distant sawdust-filled spittoon and left the cabin.

'Now', said number one, 'what about something to eat?'

Suddenly I felt very sick.

'I'm not hungry', I said.

'That's no way to start a sea voyage', he said. 'Ye'll have ham and eggs and kippers same as the rest of us.'

He and my father set to with a will. I pecked at mine. I was petrified with fright and we hadn't even started.

I was in my hammock when we put out to sea and almost immediately the old tramp began to shake like a terrier coming out of the water and then to roll uncertainly like a drunken man tottering home after closing time.

There was a hanging lamp suspended from the ceiling of the cabin. My father was already snoring. Everyone else was on deck getting ready for the impending storm.

I shut my eyes, but had to open them again quickly to see whether the swinging lamp would turn upside down and set the cabin on fire.

I heard various objects slide to and fro across the floor of the cabin. I heard the wind change its note from a plaintive whistle to a mighty roar as it hurled itself at the shrouds.

I thought that I would leave my hammock and pray on my knees to God. I repeated the verse of the hymn 'For those in peril on the sea', but I dared not try to scramble out of my swinging hammock.

Then I heard the swishing sound of a wave beating up against the port-hole. The swish grew to a loud knocking like the knocking of an ogre or giant demanding to be let in.

The ship rolled so far over that it was only by clutching the sides that I was able to stay in the hammock at all. At the end of each roll, when we were at an angle of about 50°, she stopped altogether as if on the point of capsizing, then by some miracle she would right herself and roll onto the other side.

Tiring after a time of rolling from side to side she began rearing like an unbroken colt, tossing and pitching like a courting penguin.

The continued rolling and pitching soon had the expected effect. I was violently sick on the floor. The smell of my vomit made me even sicker.

I tried to concentrate on Jim Hawkins and the crew of the 'Hispaniola'. There was nothing said about sea-sickness in their travels, and yet the ships in which they sailed were cockle-shells compared with 'Marie Louise'.

I had no watch, so I had no means of finding out the time. I turned over and over and kept repeating the multiplication table. 'Twice eleven are twenty-two, twice twelve are —'. Then I found that I couldn't remember my tables. That really frightened me.

I started counting sheep. My mother had taught me that. I began to imagine the smell of their fleece and was again sick, retching till I thought that the bottom of my stomach would fall out. Fleece, mingled with oil and kippers, was too much.

The ship stopped rolling. She also stopped pitching. She stopped altogether. I immediately jumped to the conclusion that her engines had failed and that we were sinking. As I heard the mighty waves pouring and pounding overhead there was some justification for that fear.

What she really was doing was preparing herself for the next blow like a tired boxer waiting for the final knock out.

It seemed to me an age before it came, but when it did come I could feel that the ship was beaten to her knees. It was as if a whole ocean had fallen on her from above. I heard heavy weights on deck above, moving, shattered, falling overboard. I had no idea what things, but they were layers of safety. Soon, I thought, the water would be racing down the companion hatch and forcing its way into the cabin. I had no idea what to do.

I was certain that the ship was about to founder and yet I dared not wake my father. He was peacefully, happily asleep, and his snorts sounded like grunts of satisfaction. He was probably dreaming of his Yorkshire parishioners and comparing them favourably with the apathetic folk of Tansley.

I went on praying hysterically between sobs, 'Dear God', I prayed, 'please don't let there be any more waves like that last one. Please make the winds die down and the sea become calm again. Dear God, I know you can do this because it says so in the Bible, and I believe the Bible just as I believe in You. You're always performing miracles. Please perform this one for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

I stopped. I listened. All seemed quiet. Was my prayer really going to be answered?

'Oh! thank you, thank you God', I said, 'for listening to me', and even as I said it there came the second knock-out blow. I had heard of the seventh wave. So that was it. We were to be bashed to pieces, then given a short respite, but before we had recovered there would be an even more vicious attack.

Suddenly I could bear it no longer. I sprang out of my hammock, was hurled across the cabin, and somehow contrived to open the door. I was bare-footed with nothing on but a thin cotton night shirt.

When I reached the deck I found myself caught in a current of water, but not carried overboard because I had the sense to cling to the rails. I knew where the wheelhouse was and being now beyond care I made a dash for the ladder. Somehow I reached the bridge.

If the Captain was surprised to see me he didn't show it. He had to shout to make himself heard.

'And what can I do for you, my lad?' he said. 'Come to show me the lights over Lundy?'

'You said if we wanted anything we'd find you on the bridge.'

'I said that, did I? I must have been in my cups. What is it you want?'

'I want to go ashore.'

He gave a mighty laugh.

'You really are a caution. Sorry I haven't any boats for hire tonight, Sir. You'd better go back to your bunk. You'll catch cold else.'

'Is this a very bad storm, Sir?'

'I've seen worse.'

'What I mean is, is there any danger of the ship sinking?'

'There's always a danger of a ship sinking whenever she puts to sea.'

'I must go ashore, Sir. I shall die else.'

'You'll die anyway, some time. What's the hurry?'

'I've never felt so ill in my life.'

'Everyone says that when they're sea-sick. You'll get over it.'

'I shan't! I know I shan't. I'm dying already. If you don't put me ashore I shall throw myself overboard.'

'I could put you in irons for saying that', he said rather more kindly. 'You really are very frightened, aren't you?'

The sudden kindness of his tone completely shattered me.

I leaped forward, fell at his feet, and clutched at his ankles.

'Please', I said, 'please save me. I can't bear any more of this.'

He put his hand on my head. 'There's really nothing to worry about. Ships are built specially for this, to stand up to the cruel sea. You say, "Send me ashore". Where do you think there is a landing place on this coast? Anyway we're late already. We shan't get to Liverpool until the day after tomorrow. I'd be sacked if I turned off course before that.'

It must have been then that I screamed. The day after tomorrow! Why, that night would never end. A whole day and a whole night to come? No, I thought.

I edged to the port side of the bridge, water streaming from my hair and face, my sodden night-shirt clinging to my thin body. Yes—I'd rather plunge into that appalling maelstrom that was racing by with the speed of a meteor than face another minute of this.

I had let go of the Captain's ankles and was crawling crablike to the rail.

'Hi! you bloody little fool. You'll fall overboard if you try tricks like that.'

I thought of Yarde and my aunts, who didn't like me much. I thought of Tansley and the village. There really wasn't anybody except my mother who would miss me.

I suddenly didn't feel sick at all. I said quietly, so quietly that the Captain couldn't possibly have heard me above the shrieks of the gale, 'Thank you for being so patient, Captain. My father wouldn't have been so patient. I'm feeling sleepy. I feel like dropping off.'

I heard his voice from a distance. 'Drop off? You'll drop off into the sea unless you're bloody careful. I've enough on my hands without having a bloody barmy lad to look after. Stop screaming, can't you?'

That was the last thing I heard. It was at that moment that I fainted. The next thing that I remember was lying in my hammock in broad daylight and my father standing over me.

'What about breakfast?' he said.

I shook my head.

'Where are we? Has the storm passed?'

He eyed me quizzically.

'You've got quite a way with you', he said, 'you've upset my plans. It's going to cost something, this little game of yours.'

'I'm sorry', I said. What's happened?'

'You know quite well what's happened. You did something that I shall never forget. You've no guts. I don't like that.'

I once more felt like screaming. I loved my father and I thought he loved me. Yet here he was acting like an implacable Deity. What had I done?

'What have I done?' I repeated, sobbing as if my heart would break.

'What have you done?' he repeated. 'You had the nerve to beard the skipper on his own bridge.'

I couldn't resist defending myself.

'You heard him say that we could if we wanted anything.'

'Oh yes, I heard him say that. You're not really such a young ass as to believe that he meant it?'

'But surely if he said it he must have meant it.'

'All right. All right. That's not the point. The point is what you wanted. I take it that he's speaking the truth when he told me that you fell at his feet and begged him to put you ashore?'

'I was terribly sick and terribly frightened.'

'That's no excuse for making a special case for yourself. Other people were sick. Other people were frightened.'

'You weren't. You were snoring your head off.'

He let that pass.

'You actually, am I right, you actually begged him to put you ashore.'

'I felt I couldn't bear any more.'

'Well—he's putting us ashore.'

I shot up in my hammock as if I had been kicked from underneath.

'You don't mean?'

'I mean that this relative calm is due to the fact that we've left the open sea. We're due in Milford Haven in about a couple of hours. You might as well get up and dress.'

I got up and dressed and went into the saloon.

There was the Captain greedily devouring his food as he had on the previous night with his chief engineer by his side.

He held up a piece of toast.

'Had a good night, young shaver?' he said quite kindly.

I broke out into a wild outburst of tears.

'Thank you, Oh thank you, Sir', I said and ran forward to shake him by the hand.

'Thank me? Thank me for what, in God's name? What's come over the child?'

'My father says you're putting into Milford Haven.'

'Your father's right. We're putting into Milford Haven. If you look out of the port hold you'll see that we're nearly there.'

'My father says you've put into Milford Haven for my sake because—'

He interrupted me with a roar of laughter. 'You must have a mighty high opinion of yourself if you believe that. It is not usual for Captains of ships to be dictated to as to their course of action by crying babies.'

I stopped crying at once.

'Then it's not true?' I said.

'Of course it's not true. What is true is that in that gale last night the old devil developed engine trouble. So like a dog with a broken leg we're limping home for repairs. And you'll get to school a day earlier than you thought you would.'

My father all this time had said nothing.

He said nothing to me during the appallingly long train journey between Milford Haven and Halifax which took a whole day.

I was happy looking out of the window at the fresh scenery, the sheep on the Welsh hills, the green and pleasant land that was England. My head was still dizzy with the motion of the ship. I didn't want any food. I wanted to thank God for his great mercy in saving my life.

I looked across the carriage at my father's grim immobile face. He might have been a Chinaman. I was old enough to realise that I had dealt him a blow from which he would never recover. He who knew no fear had bred a son who was as full of fears as his son's mother.

The last part of our journey took us through a smoke-laden grimy industrial area of coal-pits, huge cotton and wool factories, back-to-back houses, women in shawls and clogs and men in cloth caps, all ugly as their surroundings, speaking a dialect that was equally harsh.

We arrived at the vicarage, Greetland, to find my mother, flower-pot in hand, standing at the door.

'I thought you were never coming', she said and turned to me.

'My goodness, you're looking peaky and thin. You look as if you could do with a meal. That's the best thing about Yorkshire people. They're fat and jolly and eat like hogs. Wait till you've had your high tea.'

She came across and kissed me.

'It's good to have you back', she said. 'We've missed you a lot.'

Deep down in my heart I disbelieved that, but there was genuine emotion in my mother's voice as she said it. It was of course my father that she had missed for the last two days and nights.

I felt more than ever unwanted as I climbed up to my bedroom and looked out on the dreary forest of factory chimneys and mill windows. But I was on land.

'Thank you God', I said, 'for seeing me through'.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. HENRIETTA FRANKLIN, C.B.E.

From the many tributes paid to the late Mrs. Franklin, we have chosen the following as being the most widely representative.

Dr. Monk Gibbon, F.R.L.S., author of *Netta*, the biography of Mrs. Franklin, wrote in the *Irish Times* :—

‘Henrietta Franklin who died in London on January 7 was in her ninety-eighth year and her death will be regretted by a very large circle of Irish friends. *The Times*, in its obituary, mentions her seventy-four years of service as honorary secretary of the Parents National Educational Union, a body which has a number of branches in this country, and it refers to her almost equally long connections with Liberal Judaism, the movement to which her sister, the Hon. Lily Montagu, devoted her life, and which has its adherents here also. But what it does not mention is “Netta’s” life-long connection with Ireland, beginning with a holiday-visit to Castle Goland, Co. Donegal, about the year 1908 and leading to, first, the renting and then in 1913 the purchase of the beautiful estate Glenalla, near Rathmullen, which had belonged to the Harte family. Glenalla, which before that had been let to a fiery-tempered recluse, liable to make his appearance on the doorstep carrying a gun, became one of the most hospitable houses in a highly hospitable country. Even the Elizabethan planter families, most of them committed up to the hilt to Unionism, succumbed very speedily to the charm and vitality of these exotic newcomers, who were steeped in the Liberal tradition; who numbered Lord Samuel and—worse still—Edwin Montagu, soon to be Secretary of State for India and to busy himself “loosening the bonds of Empire”, amongst their closest relatives; and who were as spontaneous and cordial as the Irish country folk amongst whom they now found themselves, and whose affection they very quickly won. For fifty years “Netta” was to be found every summer, and generally at Easter as well, at Glenalla, sometimes enjoying a few days of quiet by herself, but generally entertaining, and ruling with a firm but wholly benevolent hand a huge household of relatives and guests, heterogeneous in outlook and vocation, but welded into one unlikely whole by the force and generosity of their hostess’s personality.

‘She had a genius for friendship, and, supported by her husband, Ernest, she made Glenalla a second home for those who went there; just as her London home, first in Porchester Terrace and then at Carlton Hill came to be christened the “Henrietta Arms”. She organised, she

directed; her greatest loyalty of all was to the child guests; but she thought continually of everyone's comfort and entertainment; and her cultural interests, and the flame of her faith and idealism, though never obtruded, gave the house amongst the woods a spirit of its own which reflected the spirit of its mistress. Courage, understanding and faith were the keys to her character, together with an intense interest in human beings and a desire to be of service to them. She never faltered, despite a grave physical handicap—she had had one leg amputated when in her early forties; her handwriting remained firm and legible to the very last; and, three weeks before her death, I listened to her making a fine speech at a public dinner in London. I count her amongst the heroines of our time.'

Mr. Cedric Glover succeeded his mother, who was one of Mrs. Franklin's closest friends, as contributor to the *Parents Review* on the composers to be studied each term. His articles were later published as a book entitled *The Term's Music*. He writes:—

'It is difficult for me so soon to pass the impressions of sixty-nine years into a coherent unity. Selecting at random I should say that one of the most unusual facets of Mrs. Franklin's remarkable personality was its complete integration. She had no public *persona*; whether addressing a public meeting or engaged in quiet conversation at home, she was just herself. I have never met anybody else who so successfully combined the forceful purpose of a missionary with the real wisdom of a statesman. She always took the broad rather than the narrow view of the problem, and was therefore ready after a discussion to modify her own, often forcibly expressed, first opinion about it, sometimes to the surprise of her colleagues. That was a true measure of her stature. It was wholly in character that she was unusually intolerant of some of the venial faults in others, such as snobbery, humbug and pomposity, which most people would ignore with amused contempt. To the unpretentious, especially if innocent or needy, she imparted all her sympathy and help without reservation.

'I like to think of her as one of Marius's "happy parents . . . planting with cheerful good-humour the acorns they carry about with them, that their grand-children may be shaded from the sun by the broad oak-trees of the future. That is nature's way of easing death to us."'

From Mr. Vyvyan Richards, for many years Chief Examiner to the Parents Union School:—

'I am much grieved to hear that Mrs. Franklin has gone from us—full of honour and splendid works as she was: a great pillar of the P.N.E.U.

'I knew her personally and came to love her, not only for the great help she gave me. She was one to discuss difficulties with. Above all she cherished and advanced the great tradition of Charlotte Mason's work—wisely and so well. She took us back in memory and thought to a very notable teacher over so many crowded years which she filled full to the last.

'As always happens when a great champion leaves us one is left wondering how her work can go on. But she had secure foundations and her zeal will not pass away with her.

'She took us through a difficult period of reconstruction and left many cheered and comforted by her warmth of heart. She was a great and dear lady whom we shall not easily forget, but bless her memory for years to come.'

From Mr. R. C. Whitford, Director of the Holywell Press, Oxford, which has printed the *Parents Review* for over forty years :—

'May we ask you to accept and convey to all concerned at P.N.E.U. our deepest sympathy on the loss of Mrs. Franklin.

'To lose one who has been associated with the Union for so long must leave a great gap, and to find someone to have and maintain such an interest for a time which must surely be a record will not be easy. Such an abiding interest and service is something that must be admired and remembered for all time.'

From Mrs. Alice Wilkins, personal secretary to Mrs. Franklin :—

'It is an odd thought that had I not gone on a visit to South Africa after my husband's death in 1957, I might never have met Mrs. Franklin, for a chain of coincidences led me in June 1958 to 88 Charlton Hill via Cape Town. At that interview, with her usual frankness, she told me that her two previous secretaries had died in their early forties. As I was then in that category I was a little uneasy, but I thought (as Mrs. Franklin herself said to me) the job couldn't last very long, so I decided to take the risk!

'My first recollection of Mrs. Franklin was the feeling of awe she inspired, the 'slightly arrogant manner, and her impatience in not suffering fools gladly. But during the five and a half years I have been privileged to work for and with her I realised that under this façade was great strength of character, an innate kindness and interest for the welfare of others, as well as modesty—when reading through the manuscript of her biography, *Netta*, by Monk Gibbon, she frequently said to me that she felt it was about someone else, she couldn't believe that it referred to her. I came to respect, admire and finally love her.

'I never thought of her as "old"; she was young in spirit, and her modern outlook and progressive thought was a constant revelation. She had a quick grasp of a difficult situation, and her thoughtful, considered reply (for she knew exactly what she wanted to say) was dictated clearly and without hesitation. Even when interrupted by a telephone call she would resume at the exact place, rarely needing to ask what she had said last. What I did find disconcerting at first was her habit of reading letters and then tearing them up (having, of course, committed them to memory); and not wishing me to keep a copy of replies, except on rare occasions; but it was very good training for a retentive memory.

'She loved her children's party each year in July, and with her usual ability to get what she wanted, the weather allowed it to be held in the garden. She was intensely human, and took pride in her appearance, dashing off to the hairdresser, or wondering whether it would be extravagant if she bought herself another dress. She was truly a marvellous woman, and my next employer will have a very great deal to live up to!'

From Miss Madeline Lambert, Head of Queens Gardens P.N.E.U. School, London W.2. :—

'It is concerning the country life at Glenalla that I would make my contribution of gratitude; I knew it so well, for it was my privilege to pay a visit every summer for twelve years, and have the joy of being with Netta and her family for a fortnight.

'It was a great experience to be surrounded by so much kindness and thoughtfulness. The happiness of each individual guest was Netta's first concern; not one was neglected.

'The children were sent to the beach, quite a long way off; grown-ups to bathe, or climb or fish or play tennis. There were trips into the country and shopping expeditions. Netta knew where each one was in the morning or afternoon and had arranged for cars to be available with picnic lunches or teas. She took infinite pains to satisfy according to the taste of the individual.

'What I enjoyed so much were the expeditions in the afternoons when, after a rest on the terrace, we would pack ourselves into waiting cars to explore the wonderful country of Donegal. Netta was always with us for she knew every inch of it for at least sixty miles around and was the surest guide to an uncertain driver, whoever it might be. Every mountain, hill and valley and beach was known by name.

'And then there was her interest in, and great knowledge of birds and flowers. She loved especially wild flowers and I don't think anything gave her more pleasure than to be brought a bunch of these. Out would

come her reference books if she was not familiar with any one specimen, and we searched together. No flower was too common for her to love; and to have a well arranged vase of wild flowers on her desk gave her infinite pleasure. Her garden she would walk around (or latterly be wheeled in a chair) to visit the parts of it where her favourite trees, shrubs and flowers grew, a wonderful collection and so new to many of us, of the products of Donegal. The waterfall must be seen varying in the descent of water from day to day.

‘With all this, and her reading, her writing and her interest in people and especially in her love of children and the P.N.E.U., she never had a dull moment. Her suffering, sometimes acute, was minimized and never allowed to interfere with the happiness of her friends.

‘I can see her, sitting on a seat outside the front door to welcome her guests from the airport, one hundred miles away, her domestic staff, men-servants and maids, all ready to shake hands with their friends, for such we were.

‘We have reason to be exceedingly grateful, and we shall miss her.’

From two C.M.T.’s, retired Headmistresses of a P.N.E.U. School :—

‘It is certain that all C.M.T.’s will feel the loss of Mrs. Franklin very deeply. She was a true friend of the P.N.E.U. and of every one of us, and no one can replace her.

‘It was through her that I went to Scale How, and how thankful I am that I did go, and ever since those faraway days she has been an inspiration, an example, and a very kind friend.

‘Like many others I was a little afraid of her at first, but one soon learned that her sometimes rather cold manner was the result of her own very real shyness, and that behind it was the warmth of great interest and kindness. She was the kindest person I have ever known, and she seemed really to enjoy sharing her interests, her possessions, and indeed *herself* with those who needed her.

‘Her courage was wonderful. She suffered much physical pain, but very rarely mentioned it, and never in complaint. How comforting it is to know that she slipped gently out of life in her sleep, and with all her much-loved children (and many of their descendants too) near her.

‘To live to be ninety-seven years old is wonderful, but to have kept all her wisdom and her interests clear to the last is much more so, and those of us who were able to be at her last Ambleside Students’ Party, only five days before her death, will cherish that memory of her always.’

D.L.E.

'We all remember too her wish to share with her friends everything that gave her pleasure, and there seemed no limit to her interests—books, modern novels or biographies, classics or poetry. Then there was her love of flowers, wild or garden, and birds, insects, seashore creatures, indeed her joy in every living thing shone through her talk.

'To go with her round her Glenalla garden was to pay loving calls on all her growing friends, their tribulations and successes through the years always remembered.

'Then in London there were those special exhibitions of pictures, tapestries, needlework and the wonderful Royal Horticultural shows, all to be enjoyed, if one was lucky, *with* her.

'It was because she did so generously share all her interests with us, that, when one was away from her, so often this or that would crop up in one's reading or conversation so that one was constantly thinking, "I must tell Netta about that or show her this next time we meet". . . . But the memories remain.'

H.E.W.

The Director of the Parents Union School writes on behalf of herself and the staff of Ambleside :—

'How greatly we shall all miss Mrs. Franklin, her vivid interest and wide knowledge of all sides of the work and everyone connected with Ambleside. We remember with gratitude her wise counsel and advice in helping us to find the right path through difficulties, her stimulating comments and suggestions about the books for the programmes, the joy of sharing with her any news of particular interest—whether the formation of a new school overseas, or the success of a home-schoolroom pupil in an external examination or afterwards at public school or university; her kindness and hospitality in her lovely home when we visited London. With others she shared her knowledge of books, flowers, pictures, and aroused their interest in these things. We are comforted by the knowledge that, though her presence has been removed from us, her work will go on.'

The Editor of the *Parents Review* writes on behalf of the General Secretary and the staff of the P.N.E.U. Office :—

'Tributes to the late Mrs. Franklin have appeared in many newspapers; she has been honoured for every facet of her multi-sided public service and for her qualities as a well-known personality in social life. But we who staff the P.N.E.U. Office feel a particular affectionate pride in the unique—one might almost say "private"—friendship with

which we were privileged. She belonged to the world at large, but throughout her term of over seventy years as Honorary Secretary to the P.N.E.U. Council she became in a special sense *our* Mrs. Franklin.

'Unless she was out of London, scarcely a day passed on which she did not telephone the office to ask what the post had brought and to advise on the answers to difficult letters or the solution of problems; and every week she would pay us a personal visit.

'First she would look in on the Librarian and meticulously go through the names in the visitors' book expecting, and getting, a detailed account of the various callers (P.N.E.U. members in all parts of the world would have been touched and gratified could they have known what a personal interest Mrs. Franklin took in each one of them and in their children, even though she might never have met them personally.) From the Library she would go to the General Secretary's room where files would be studied and creative suggestions exchanged on the work of the Union in general or office policy in particular. More often than not other members of the staff were sent for—newcomers to be introduced, heads of departments to be advised and encouraged.

'It said much for Mrs. Franklin's generosity of spirit that she was always open to a suggestion, even though it might differ from her own opinion. To one member of the staff who had made what she considered a mistake she once remarked, "In all the years we have worked together, this is the first time I disagree with you"—not "in all the years you have worked for me" (which would have been true enough), but "in all the years *we have worked together*". That little phrase, spontaneously spoken, describes better than any words of mine can do, the happy relationship which existed between *our* Mrs. Franklin and *her* P.N.E.U. staff.

'Her energy, both mental and physical, was so unflagging that it was sometimes difficult to keep pace with it. Wisely she expected our interests to extend far beyond the routine of office work. The telephone would ring, perhaps on a particularly busy morning, and Mrs. Franklin would say, "There is a good lunch-time lecture at the National Book League today, and I want you to come as my guest". Occasionally the recipient of the invitation might expostulate, "I'm afraid I just won't have time—", "Nonsense, dear", would come the firm reply, "you must have lunch somewhere. I shall call for you at 12." And that, most definitely, would be that.

'Someone said of Pope John that he was crafty as well as good. The same was true of Mrs. Franklin whose ability to persuade people to do what she wanted amounted to genius. Dismayed members of the staff would find themselves assigned apparently impossible tasks. "You are to speak on the work of the P.N.E.U. at—" or "I have arranged for

you to write an article for——” she would announce. “But I *can't*, Mrs. Franklin, that really is outside my scope.” “Nonsense, dear.” And somehow the job would be done and the inevitable telephone call would come through: “Your talk (or article) was excellent. I knew it would be.” Pause: then a beguiling postscript, “I knew that *only you* could have done it so well”. Flattery? Not exactly, because Mrs. Franklin was incapable of insincerity, but she was a fine discerner of talents, buried or otherwise, and an expert at injecting a diffident personality with that extra encouragement which would enable her to do better than her best, both now and in the future.

‘It is almost impossible to believe that never again will we hear those determined footsteps making their way from the lift-gates to the office premises, and the word going round, “Mrs. Franklin’s here”, which invariably caused an extra alertness and quickening of tempo to tingle through everyone. “Mrs. Franklin’s here. . . .” While there is a P.N.E.U. Office the green memory will remain of that weekly visitation at which she was welcomed with the blending of deference and familiar affection due to one who was to the P.N.E.U. what the Queen Mother is to the nation.’

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Ceres ESPLAN ran a private riding school for the pupils of Heron’s Ghyll, Horsham, Sussex, from 1946—1949. She then took up general teaching and eventually established a home-schoolroom in the country, to which she taught all subjects, including riding and horse-care. She is now married and fully occupied with her family and freelance journalism.

S. P. B. MAIS was born in 1885, the only child of the Rev. J. Brodie Mais, Rector of Tansley near Matlock from 1890—1944. He was educated at Denstone and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took Honours in Mathematics and English Language and Literature. He taught at Rossall, Sherborne, Tonbridge and Radley, and was at one time Professor of English at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, and Examiner to the University of London. He was on the staff of the *Daily Express*, *Daily Graphic* and *Daily Telegraph*, and is the author of two hundred books, mainly on travel. He has broadcast since 1923. He now lives in Sussex and spends as much time at sea as possible.

James ROTHWELL was head of a village school for four years and in 1957 became Headmaster of St. Thomas Primary School, Blackburn. He writes, ‘This is a school in the heart of an industrial town. People often ask me if the change from the village to the brick and concrete worries me. While I still miss the cows poking their heads over the playground wall, and the view of Pendle from the classroom window, I have found many compensating rewards in the town school, and children are fundamentally the same problem and the same joy wherever they are.’

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Violet WALLIN is a freelance journalist specializing in articles, features and short stories. During World War Two she ran a club for evacuees and local children in Buckinghamshire. During this time she ran two newspaper features in Canadian papers about life in England under war conditions. She took a National Marriage Guidance Council course in connection with an advice feature which she published, under a pen-name, in a national monthly. She now lives in Surrey and lectures occasionally. She has a grown-up family and has travelled extensively.

OUR WORK

EASTER EXAMINATION

The papers will be sent out for Monday, March 16. The examination is optional, and may be postponed if necessary. The children's papers should not be sent in, but reported upon by parents or teachers. Report forms will be sent from Ambleside on request.

In order to receive their copies of Examination 218 and Programme 219, members should ensure that their P.N.E.U. subscriptions and P.U.S. fees have been paid.

MEETING FOR THE HEADS OF SCHOOLS

A meeting for the Heads of Schools will be held on Wednesday, April 22, 1964, at 2.30 p.m. in the Lancaster Room, Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, London, S.W.1. Any questions for discussion should be sent as soon as possible to: The Director, Parents Union School, Ambleside, Westmorland.

PRACTICAL STUDY COURSE

A Practical Study Course in Charlotte Mason's methods will be held at The Old Hall, Hethersett, near Norwich, from July 27-30, inclusive, by kind permission of Miss Lewin (C.M.T.).

P.N.E.U. NOTES

QUESTIONNAIRE

We should like to thank members for the wonderful response we have had to the recently circulated Questionnaire. When all the information has been sifted and summarised, we hope to include a special report on our findings in a subsequent issue of the *Parents Review*.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

I am sure all members of the P.N.E.U. and those affiliated to and interested in the movement will be greatly encouraged and heartened by the announcement of the Study Course to be held at Hethersett from July 27, evening, to Thursday evening July 30, by kind permission of Miss Lewin. We do hope that as many as possible will take advantage of this opportunity to learn more about Charlotte Mason's principles and methods of education.

Hethersett is close to the interesting city of Norwich, which is full of up-to-date hotels of varying sizes, and Miss Lewin has kindly offered accommodation at Hethersett for forty people.

A swimming-pool and tennis courts will be available, and a very warm welcome will be extended to all who come.

B. M. WHARTON
Chairman C.M.C.A.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

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REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1606—1669)

(ARTIST FOR THE SUMMER TERM 1964)

by ROSEMARY WILKINSON (C.M.T.)

It may be said that Rembrandt is to art what Beethoven is to music. Both were giants of creative power isolated by their genius; each gave to mankind a triumphal heritage of perfection, their work transcending the limitations of time so as to make their names immortal. Yet Rembrandt himself was no romantic idealist; he was independent and impractical, subject to human failings and errors, therefore perhaps all the more ready to understand the characters of his fellow men and women.

Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn was born at Leyden in Holland in 1606, the youngest but one of seven children. His father was a miller, his mother a baker's daughter. His parents chose to give him an academic education, but although he matriculated at Leyden University he showed no inclination to pursue a scholastic career, and became apprenticed to a local artist in whose studio he worked for three years. He then went to Amsterdam and studied for six months under Pieter Lastman, a more distinguished painter.

On his return home Rembrandt began painting on his own account. In 1631 he went to live in Amsterdam where he founded an art school. Three years later he married Saskia van Uylenburgh, a young woman of good family possessing a considerable dowry. By this time Rembrandt's position was well established and he settled in a large house situated in the best part of the city. The artist painted his wife's portrait many times; we see her gay and happy in the early years of their marriage and later, when her health was failing, looking pitifully worn and ill. Their only surviving child was Titus, born in 1641. The following year Saskia died at the age of twenty-nine.

In addition to being one of the world's greatest painters Rembrandt

was unsurpassed as an etcher and engraver. The distinction between these processes should be explained to children. In an engraving the design is scratched directly on to the metal plate or block of wood, whereas in etching the copper surface is covered with a layer of varnish. The picture is drawn on this with a sharp instrument, then the whole is placed in an acid bath which dissolves the lines penetrating the glaze. Prints can be taken when ink is rubbed into the indentations. *The Mill* in the National Gallery is an etching. The building must have belonged to the artist's father and is typical of the windmills forming such a characteristic feature of the Dutch landscape. It shows a masterly use of line, dense and precise in the foreground to create form and texture, looser and sketchier as objects recede into the distance. The squat old mill and its great ribbed sails convey the sense of latent power expressed by Longfellow in his poem 'The Windmill'.

Rembrandt's love of finery caused him to collect an assortment of articles with which to adorn his sitters—bright weapons, plumes, trinkets and rich draperies. The picture *Saskia as Flora* demonstrates his delight in 'dressing up'. Under her heavy wreath his young wife appears very much herself—sweet-faced, gay and delicate. The same mood is noted in the self-portrait of *The Artist Wearing a Plumed Hat*. There is more than a hint of bravado about that ostentatious upright feather secured by a flashing brooch in the centre of the black velvet cap: block it out and the picture becomes commonplace, though possibly more pleasing. The feather is added for effect and is in keeping with the arrogant pose of the shoulders beneath the rich cloak. Light touches the soft pile of the velvet, turning black to silver, and makes the gold of the jewellery and embroidery glitter. Here Rembrandt is quite a young man, looking serious and self-satisfied.

In 1642 Rembrandt completed what is in many respects his finest picture, but the one that was partly responsible for the subsequent decline in his prosperity. Known as *The Night Watch*, it would be more accurate to give this picture its original title, *The Civic Guard under Captain Frans Banning Cocq*. It was customary for members of a club to have their portraits painted as part of a composite group. Each of the musketeers contributed his hundred guilders to the artist, and when the picture was finished there was much dissatisfaction because some of the sitters could scarcely recognise their own portraits. A simple group was all that had been required. Instead, Rembrandt had been carried away by his imagination and the dramatic possibilities of the subject. He had painted a huge scene depicting the Civic Guard ready to march out of the city with flags flying and lances held aloft. Some of the faces are partly obscured in shadow, but it is a daylight scene, not night-time as was supposed until the picture was cleaned

in the nineteenth century; indeed the sun casts strong shadows on the ground and the shadow of the Captain's outstretched hand falls across the Lieutenant's yellow costume. It is a scene tense with the expectancy of departure, full of life and movement. The figures issue from an archway beside which is hung a shield bearing the names of seventeen of the musketeers pictured here. Captain Banning Cocq and Lieutenant van Ruytenburg are conversing in the foreground; the man in red on the left is charging his weapon; a small dog barks threateningly at the drummer on the right. A laughing girl with a white pullet dangling from her girdle stands on the steps. An ungainly dwarf runs forward on the left. In the background a soldier lifts a green and yellow banner into position. The grouping, appearing at a first glance so disorderly, is wonderfully composed, as is the striking effect of light and shade. Two early copies of this picture exist which show several additional figures, indicating that the original was cut down all round when it was moved to fit between two doors. Some of the children may remember Velasquez's *Surrender of Breda*, also a study of soldiers, flags and lances. It is interesting to compare the two, noting how formal is the Spaniard's treatment, how spontaneous Rembrandt's arrangement, characteristic of the artists' temperaments and nationality.

The criticism aroused by *The Night Watch* marked the turning-point in Rembrandt's short-lived period of success, and his refusal to paint the type of genre picture then becoming popular also contributed to the decline in his fortunes. But he was not a man to be influenced by public opinion, even when failure to comply meant poverty or social ostracism. His wife's death was a bitter blow to Rembrandt, but his absorption in his art upheld him then and throughout the difficult times that were to follow. He had vision and a form of expression far beyond the understanding of his contemporaries, which helped further to alienate him from the sympathy of the public. His extravagance led him to be declared bankrupt in 1656 and all his possessions were ordered to be sold in order to meet the demands of his creditors. Forced to give up his fine house, Rembrandt went to live in a poor quarter of the town. Some of the finest portraits he ever painted were of the Jewish people who were now his neighbours. He was unequalled as a painter of old people, disclosing beauty of character when physical beauty was lacking.

The Old Man Seated, which can be seen in the National Gallery, is a good example of this. It shows a venerable patriarch musing on things past; there is a lifetime of wisdom and experience behind those sunken eyes, a touch of despondency, too, as he ponders on dreams unfulfilled; but the neatly trimmed beard and fur-edged gown bespeak prosperity in his declining years. An overhead light strikes the relaxed

lines of his figure and, although his face is in shadow, the furrowed brow and modelling of the impressive nose are not obscured. The scarlet robe glows richly against the dark background. Rembrandt was not a brilliant colourist as the Venetians were, but he loved red; blue was rarely introduced into his pictures.

As a contrast to this sympathetic study of old age, look at the *Girl with a Broom*. Little more than a child, the young servant rests from her work, leaning on the handle of a heavy besom—the sort often shown in the work of Vermeer and de Hooch—used to sweep the courtyards of Dutch houses. An upturned wooden pail lies at an angle, slanting in the opposite direction to the line of the broom. The dark background and still darker foreground serve to emphasize the warm flesh tints, softly lit by an unseen source of light. The white blouse with its full sleeves demonstrates how white rarely exists except in the glare of direct sunshine—the folds and shadows are full of colour. The girl, with her reddish hair, wide brow, snub nose and full lips, emerges fresh and vital from the surrounding gloom; her hands, folded in repose, look strong and capable.

It is probable the Bible was the only book Rembrandt ever read. Religious themes feature largely in his work, characterized by the simplicity of his interpretations; he was uninfluenced by the Old Masters and rejected conventional modes of treatment, relying solely on his dramatic use of chiaroscuro and his innate sense of reverence to create some of the most moving and telling pictures ever produced. *The Nativity*, now in our National Gallery, was painted in 1646, the year when Rembrandt made a series of pictures illustrating incidents from the childhood of Christ. Here the feeling of spiritual mystery is heightened by the simplicity of the figures who gaze on the tiny Baby with humble adoration, and by the sensitive handling of light and shade. It is night-time. An old shepherd with his hand upraised carries a lantern; its beams illuminate the principal group, while flickering patches of light play on the floor and rafters. The kneeling figure with bowed head is dark against the radiance centred on the Mother and her Child. A small boy restrains his dog lest it disturb the serenity of the moment. Observe the wonderful design made by the beams and posts of the barn, and how the plaited basket above Joseph's head balances the coil of rope hanging on the other side.

In Rembrandt's landscape paintings as in his imaginary scenes emphasis is placed on dramatic lighting effects. A good example is *The Stone Bridge*. Dark storm-clouds are rent by a gleam of sunlight. Interest is focused on the central group of trees, livid in the pallid

glare, and on the low humpbacked bridge spanning a canal, where two men are manoeuvring a punt. As much of the scene is in deep shade, the details need searching out. Three figures are about to cross the bridge on the right, another drives a cow in the opposite direction; two donkeys graze close to the water. A cart is passing the building on the left and ahead of it a gleam of light strikes the bowed back of a man carrying a shovel. A church spire, almost obscured by the driving rain, indicates the site of a village. The sky occupies two-thirds of the picture, giving the scene a remarkable feeling of space and air. Rembrandt's landscapes are all quite small and are painted on wood panels, probably to facilitate handling out of doors where the changing atmospheric effects were caught as quick impressions while details were added later.

Changed circumstances did not inhibit Rembrandt's artistic output. He continued to paint with undiminished ardour while his son and his devoted housekeeper, Hendrickje Stoffles, managed his business affairs. They formed a partnership, nominally employing him to work for them and selling the pictures he produced; in this way all the profits were legally theirs and could not be claimed by his creditors. Hendrickje acted as his model, and we recognise her in many of his paintings. Her death in 1664 was yet another misfortune to shake but not to shatter Rembrandt's indomitable spirit.

Two years later he received a further bitter blow when Titus died soon after his marriage. Rembrandt, poor and aged though he was, had to provide for his infant granddaughter and her ailing mother, both of whom survived him by only a fortnight when he died in October 1669. The fact that Rembrandt, who in his lifetime suffered so many misfortunes, should later come to be regarded as one of the world's greatest artists adds pathos to the tragedies following his early eclipse of fame.

Rembrandt's unconventional mode of life may have made him open to censure, but his art is beyond criticism. A Rembrandt in an art gallery dominates all the other pictures. Humanity was his subject—not in the universal sense as portrayed by Breughel; Rembrandt found people intensely interesting as individuals. His portraits live. Yet he was not a photographic painter, nor did he flatter his sitters, least of all himself. His series of self-portraits, covering a period of forty years, reveal more of his character than can be gained by hearsay. We see in them his love of ostentation, his jollity and good-nature, his dauntless determination. His was a rugged, unrefined face, not what one might expect the face of a genius to be, but thoughtful, far-seeing and resolute.

In conclusion, I hope it is not out of place to end on a personal

note. As a small child starting P.U.S. lessons, the first artist I learnt about was Rembrandt. I still remember four of the six pictures chosen for Picture Study at that time. The impact of supreme art formed a lasting impression on someone very young. It is to be hoped the children who are now introduced to Rembrandt's work will likewise be able to recall most of this term's pictures in thirty-five years time.

'SOME OF US'

From Jamaica

I live in Jamaica but not in the big city of Kingston. Our home is in the country, near to the ruin of a castle which Colonel Colbeck built hundreds of years ago. Colonel Colbeck was a colonel in the army that took Jamaica from the Spaniards. The castle is very big and it has no roof at all, and the upstairs part of the castle has no floor, and when I go there I feel that it is going to come down on top of me. Where the castle was built and all around the area was named after Colonel Colbeck. There are dungeons under the castle with only rat-bats in them now.

I like my house and am happy in the country. I like our garden too. The lawn is big with a poinsetta hedge right round. The poinsetta blooms at Christmas and has to be trimmed in March. We have ponciana trees in the garden too. The ponciana is a very large tree and is in full bloom right now—it is completely covered in red blossoms.

I have two cats and they have kittens. I have fun with the kittens till they are big enough to be given away, because Mummie just won't let me keep another cat.

We have nightingales living in our garden too and there has been one on a ponciana tree for the last three weeks that sings and sings all day long. The nightingale is plain—he is grey and white, but there are pretty birds and his song is beautiful.

My schoolroom is downstairs and is cool even in the hot months, because it gets a breeze nearly all day.

I like History and Poetry, Writing and Arithmetic and I don't like the holidays because I have no one to play with. My big brother and sister are in the city and I don't see them very often.

Dictated by DIANA MCHARDY (aged 7)

RESPONSIBLE PARENTHOOD—III

by VIOLET WALLIN

Since a woman has shot up into space there seems no limit to what women can do in the modern world, yet adolescent girls have a confused picture of what is expected of them as women. This is not surprising, torn as they are between visions of brilliant careers and the part a woman plays in the foundation of the family as the unit of society.

Girls should be brought up to realise the part they can play in social, economic and political life and the idea should be instilled into them that they are complementary to men.

Owing to the requirements of modern times, adolescence has lengthened at both ends. Children mature physically earlier, yet because of the rising standard of living which entails longer school years, protracted periods of training for a career, they are not ready to take on the material responsibilities of life until much later. No wonder they are torn in two directions. Sexually they have matured but the economic situation makes it impracticable for them to marry and rear families until they are financially established. Add to this that television, advertising, films, plays and books today all lay such emphasis on arousing natural urges, can we really be surprised at the tragedies that overtake many young people before they have even learned to live?

We criticise them for taking part in Ban-the-Bomb and other demonstrations, for their passionate championship of 'lost causes', but in fact it is a healthy sign. They are idealists. It means they *care*; they are not concerned only with their own affairs, they want to put the world aright no matter how misguidedly they may go about it. They have the courage to court censure and unpopularity by supporting what they believe in.

It must be conceded also that they do not spend *all* their energies on what we may consider futile 'marches'. Only launch a War on Want, a Freedom from Hunger or similar campaign, and youth will be attracted in shoals. You may have heard some months ago an interview on radio with a youth who, with his friends, had started a club for lonely old people in the East End. No one had suggested this to them. Simply their compassion had been aroused and, from a small basic idea, a whole field of activity had developed. The old people loved it—and them—and the young people, instead of propping up street corners or getting into trouble, had spent their spare time entertaining, visiting and doing odd jobs for these 'elder citizens'. When censure is the order of the day these things should be remembered.

As for the much-discussed question of morality, it might be well to pause and look around before condemning too wholeheartedly. When young people are under constant fire for their lack of morals, they may well retort that adults do not set the best example. Deviation in high places has given a good deal of publicity to behaviour that would be deplored in the young. They like to have a pattern on which to model themselves and it is a failing of human nature that all too often the pattern chosen is not of the highest quality.

If young people have parents whom they can admire and wish to imitate they have a model to follow in their own home and will not look for a substitute elsewhere.

The young today are faced with many more temptations and opportunities than their counterparts in previous generations. They can no longer rely on the protection of their elders and, if they have not been trained to deal with situations as they arise, they are lost. For instance, how many girls find themselves in crises from which there is no escape and which they have probably through ignorance brought on themselves? Have they been told that if they wear provocative clothes, simply to be in fashion and behave in too free a way, they are tempting boys whose emotions are more easily aroused than theirs? A naturally affectionate girl may not realise that by too-loving embraces she is literally asking for trouble. However much they think they know, these youngsters are just short of that experience of life which warns them to go easy.

Adolescents cannot help but be aware of this great force that is proclaimed from every poster. On the other hand some get heartily sick of this insistence on sex and what ought to be done about it. Not all of them are uncontrolled. It is the others who make the news.

The education that many children receive today puts them in a mental class sometimes beyond their parents who, because discovery and invention have progressed so rapidly in so short a time, did not have access to this knowledge in their day. It is therefore important for parents to try to keep up with their children by reading, listening, viewing, or at any rate to admit generously that there are some things their children can teach them.

Intelligent young people today think deeply. While I believe too much publicity on the whole is given to their views, I must admit to being impressed by the clear thinking of many who take part in discussions on radio and television.

Family discussions on social and biological problems should be possible between the generations. Without being biased or didactic, parents should state their opinions but allow the young people to have theirs too and be willing to listen to them. Youth has a right to its say, and the older generation must recognise this. Conversely, adolescents should be brought up to accept that their elders are entitled to *their* views too.

That young people are, contrary to popular opinion, seeking advice and guidance is borne out by Mrs. Rose Hacker who has spent most of her life in welfare work for the young. She served on a London County Council reception centre, care committees and nursery schools, as well as having been on the management committee of a mental hospital. Both the London and National Marriage Guidance Council acquired her services and she became a trainer of counsellors. In her

experience questions asked and discussed by youth cover the whole range of life. When they find someone they can like and trust, they will confide their problems and seek a solution.

In a world of perfect parents no one would need to seek this outside advice. But we are far from perfection and thank goodness there are such dedicated people—though possibly not enough—who are ready to listen and understand and guide.

Mrs. Hacker's book, *Telling the Teenagers* (André Deutsch), well repays careful study. It is written mainly for teachers, club leaders, parents and in fact anyone who is closely concerned with young people. It has the value of being founded on her own experiences in handling youth.

Laziness in adolescents is a constant source of worry and irritation to parents. It is normal to feel a burst of fury when you are slaving away to get chores done in the house while your adolescent son or daughter is lounging on the sofa. But just reflect: these young people are outgrowing their strength; enormous changes are taking place in their physical make-up. At a time when they need, according to the laws of nature, more rest than at any other time in their lives, they are faced with more activity than usual. They have exams to pass, they are emerging from the chrysalis of childhood and want to try their wings. They become involved in social activities that keep them out later than is good for their health. Literally they have not the energy left to be helpful at home, and resentment at this defection does not help their mental attitude. The time will come when everything falls into place and they will regain the lost energy of childhood. Kindness and a gentle understanding when they drift off into a dreamy state will be most effective in the long run.

Maladjustments in families when children reach their teens sometimes spring from the fact that the mother is going through the menopause and is herself in a sensitive frame of mind. Fancied slights or insubordination, which she would have taken in her stride formerly, loom as major disasters. If children are brought up to understand this phase in a woman's life, they will themselves be more tolerant, and if mother can have the grace occasionally to admit that she is touchy because she is not feeling her best, their sympathy will at once be engaged.

Even with the gradual break-down of social barriers there are still differences which may be more important than they seem when boys and girls begin to 'date'. In previous generations they generally moved in a close-knit circle, meeting only their own kind. Today they leave home to take jobs elsewhere, get acquainted with others of a different social class, learn how other people live. To them this is all perfectly

natural, but parents at both ends of the social scale may be horrified at the prospect of their son or daughter marrying out of their class. What to the young appears to be a stuffy reactionary attitude has, however, more seeds of wisdom than they realise.

To them it is snobbery—sometimes inverted—but the older ones know that small things like manners, the way you speak, the kind of way you live, if widely divergent, can—when the first fine rapture dies—cause friction, disgust, even the break-up of a marriage, no matter how nobly independent and careless of convention the couple may have been to start with.

It is essential to encourage young people to bring their friends home no matter how much you disapprove, so that they may see for themselves how their choice fits in with the pattern of their own home life. It is good to encourage them to join circles and societies that cater for their own tastes, where at least they will meet others who think as they do.

Some apparent marriage misfits do turn out remarkably well but this has been largely due to an adult approach, self-discipline and unselfishness, as well as a capacity to appreciate the other's point of view, a willingness to give and take; and not everyone has the requisite strength of character to overcome the difficulties that are bound to crop up.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

There has been a Wood Pigeon hanging about for several days and strutting round the garden with a proprietorial air. Now, I rather fear that he has brought his mate and that they are setting up home in our *Macrocarpas*, which are tall and overgrown. I love the noise they make and, if we could come to a gentleman's agreement that they would not touch anything in our garden, I would be inclined to let them stay.

Wood Pigeons or Ring Doves—and I am sure they have other less polite names—are large birds and have large appetites. They think nothing of stripping a garden of precious plants. But I still like them: I love their dignity, their portly walks, their colouring and, most of all, their voices.

I would not want Stock Doves nesting in the garden. They are rarer birds and, as far as I know, they haven't the greedy habits of Wood Pigeons, but their monotonous calls are grim. They bark out a couple of short 'coo's' every now and again. There is no rhythm in their

voices at all and when I hear them in the woods I am always waiting for the next pair of barks to start. They are shy and, anthropomorphically speaking, very gentle, retiring birds, but their voices spoil them.

I would not mind having Collared Doves, except that once one has a pair there is the risk that they will start a colony. I have often heard their voices described as melancholy, but I don't find them so; and the look of the smaller, softly-coloured birds always delights me. They have established a colony in a neighbouring village, so it may only be a matter of years before they cross the river to ours.

SOME RUSSIAN COMPOSERS

(MUSIC FOR THE SUMMER TERM 1964)

by MARGARET RUSSELL

Although, in other parts of Europe, there had already been magnificent public performances of opera, and piano works of Mozart and Beethoven played by the composers themselves, the Russian public's experience of music, until the eighteenth century, was confined mainly to the Orthodox Church—which forbade the use of any kind of musical instrument—and folk-song. A privileged few were able to hear instrumental music in the homes of wealthy landowners, who were in a position to employ small private orchestras which they exchanged or borrowed from each other on occasion.

Michael Ivanovitch Glinka (1804-1857) was fortunate to be the son of one such landowner. For the first ten years of his life he had the opportunity of hearing music performed in his own home by his uncle's musicians, a small band which was borrowed by his father when he wished to entertain friends and relatives for several days at a time.

A country upbringing also brought the advantage of contact with folk-song and dance, which were to be of such vital significance in the national trend of Russian music. For Glinka it gave scope for his intense feeling for melody and rhythm. His talent was varied and flexible; brought to bear on his close acquaintance with musical instruments, it made striking use of their individual resources. Melodies in his hands were so skilfully and extensively manipulated that his music was acclaimed by contemporaries as 'daringly new'.

Subsequent education in St. Petersburg, and a Civil Service post, caused him to move in the most distinguished literary and musical

circles. He studied Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Cherubini and achieved a certain amount of composition.

At the age of twenty-four, Glinka went to Italy. For several years he was wooed by the soft, sensuous beauty of Italian music; but waves of nostalgia for the colourful music of his native land, with its strength and its sadness, broke the enchantment. Realising that the latter was indeed his first love, he left Italy. At the age of twenty-nine, having determined to write a Russian opera in language which 'would make his countrymen feel at home', he immediately set about acquiring enough technique to achieve it and went to Germany to study with the celebrated master, Dehn. The following year, on his return to Russia, Glinka began to work on *A Life for the Tzar*. This was the first of the Russian national operas composed by Glinka and his successors during the nineteenth century which had a basically Russian idiom. The music was drawn from Russian folk-song and dance, and from the Russian Orthodox Church; and the themes were based upon Russian folk-lore and history, with all its political strife, its tyranny, bondage, pessimism, bravery, devotion, suffering and patriotism, instead of being drawn—as in other parts of Europe—from classical or Nordic legend or general melodrama.

A Life for the Tzar was first performed in St. Petersburg in 1836. In this opera Glinka's aim was to contrast Russian and Polish music. It was an immediate success. His second opera, *Ruslan and Ludmilla*, in which he incorporated music of Eastern neighbours, Turkish, Polish, Tartar, was a dispiriting failure when it was first performed in 1842, although it is now an accepted part of international operatic repertoire. Furthermore, it and *A Life for the Tzar* are regarded as the two works responsible for the national trend in Russian music.

In addition to his Civil Service post, Glinka had held that of Choir Master at the Imperial Chapel from 1836 to 1839. Towards the end of his life, determined to pursue his theory that there was a link between folk songs and the ecclesiastical modes he went again to Germany to work it out with his old master, Dehn, only to die suddenly before his project was fulfilled. He left to posterity his two operas, a certain number of orchestral, instrumental and vocal works and a wealth of influence on the future of Russian music.

Before his death, Glinka had laid his mantle on Balakirev. The latter—destined to found in the 1860's the National School of Russian Music—gathered as his disciples Cui, Borodin, Moussorgski and Rimski-Korsakov. The group was known as 'The Big Five'.

Alexander Porfirevitch Borodin (1833-1887) was born in St. Petersburg, where he gained qualifications in physics, chemistry and medicine

at an early age. Science remained his life-long profession by choice but he gave all his spare time to music, which was so dear to him that all his life he was battling for more spare time to give to it; on one occasion the orchestral parts of the Polovtsian Dances for his opera *Prince Igor* were only finished on time for performance with the all-time help of his colleagues Rimski-Korsakov and Liadov.

When he was twenty-nine, his meeting with Balakirev gave decisive stimulus to Borodin's musical life. He studied composition and, from then on, produced great works in all fields of music, although his total output was small. Like Glinka's, his composition was regarded as new and original but, unlike Moussorgski's, it was accepted as it stood. In spite of this increased musical activity, scientific research, teaching and administration continued to have first claim on Borodin's time. When he was thirty-nine he helped to found the School of Medicine for Women, where he remained a lecturer until his sudden death at a ball in St. Petersburg.

His opera, *Prince Igor*, was unfinished when he died. Rimski-Korsakov completed the work, which was first performed three years after Borodin's death. Glazounov also completed his *Symphony in A Minor*. Perhaps the best known of his orchestral works is the Symphonic Suite *In the Steppes of Central Asia*. It does not follow the formal pattern of a symphony but, taking a theme, develops it in different moods.

Modest Petrovitch Moussorgski (1839-1881), like Glinka, was the son of a landowner. His musical education began at an early age, although the Army was to claim him when he left school. The year following his enlistment, he met his fellow members of 'The Five'. He was then eighteen and, as he began to study Beethoven and Schumann as well as the Russian School, the field of music opened out for him and became more and more absorbing. However, he withheld his resignation from the Army for another four years.

Not long after this, the emancipation of the serfs decimated the family fortunes and Moussorgski was obliged to earn his own living. For some reason, he had to study scientific farming, which necessitated his living in the country. This gave him the advantage of contact with folk-song and dance; it also gave him a strong feeling of the connection between daily life and music. He was continually occupied with the problems of dramatic song and, later on, wrote to one of his librettists, 'I foresee a new kind of melody, which will be the melody of life'. He was passionate in his search for a musical expression of thoughts and feelings as they occur in ordinary speech. This search caused him to break rules of composition which were sacred to his contemporaries

and much of his music was frowned on by them. It also gave rise to much of the 'editing' and 'touching up' of his music. His shortcomings and his spate of unfinished works were often attributed to the dipsomania which plagued him from the time of his mother's death in 1865 until his own sixteen years later. But his genius came to be acknowledged, and it was Tchaikovski who said, 'His absolutely original talent is revealed everywhere. He speaks a new language'.

The greatness of Moussorgski's two operas, *Kovantchina* (completed by Rimski-Korsakov) and *Boris Godounov* (ALB 1323) was not acknowledged until after his death, although their reputations are now world-wide. *Boris* was refused by the Imperial Opera until Moussorgski revised it to include a love episode, when it was eventually performed in 1874. Rimski-Korsakov's later, drastically edited version held sway during the nineteenth century, but in 1928 the original score was reproduced and nowadays audiences seem to favour this unadulterated Moussorgski.

Among his instrumental works, look out for the piano-suite *Pictures at an Exhibition* (ACL 48). It was inspired by an artist friend of Moussorgski's who, like his musical contemporaries, was striving after purely Russian art, devoid of all foreign influence.

Nicholas Rimski-Korsakov (1844-1908), whose musical talent was fostered at home, was eventually entered at the Naval College in St. Petersburg. Here he gained a commission, which he held until he was thirty. His leisure-time was devoted to music. He attended concerts, played violin and cello, met his fellows of 'The Five' and began composing. His first symphony was significant as being the first Russian symphony. He broke with 'The Five' on the subject of formalism, holding it important where others had tried to get away from it. When, at the age of twenty-seven, he was appointed Professor at the Conservatoire in St. Petersburg, he insisted on a thorough, systematic training in all branches of music. He thus divorced himself from what he regarded as the amateurism in his colleagues. Perhaps because of this, his music often lacks the originality of the others'.

After a period of orchestral composing, Rimski-Korsakov turned more and more towards operas, of which he wrote fifteen, using fairy themes in addition to his native legends and history. In this connection, he gave different (e.g. chromatic) sound to the supernatural beings, reserving music related to Russian folk-song for the real people. Of these operas the last, and the best known in our time, is *The Golden Cockerel* or *Coq d'Or* (ACL 43), which was first performed in 1907.

Rimski-Korsakov's songs are important, but he is better known for his orchestral achievements. Whereas his predecessors and colleagues

of 'The Mighty Handful' used the orchestra to develop pictorial music and musical thought, Rimski-Korsakov developed it as an instrument of sheer sound, having regard to the peculiarities of each individual instrument, with great craftsmanship. His symphonic suite, *Sheherazade* (ACL 153), is frequently performed and, although full of melodic repetition, is a veritable show-piece for the orchestra.

Before Rimski-Korsakov died, Tchaikovski had run his life-span and Serge Rachmaninov (1873-1943) had been born. I mention Tchaikovski (who will be dealt with fully in a later article) because he was the first of the great Russian-born composers to write music of truly international scope. He completed the break-away, begun by Rimski-Korsakov, from the Russian national tradition, and this was wholeheartedly followed up by Rachmaninov, who first came under his influence when they were both living in Moscow.

The young Serge was another musical prodigy, educated at the Conservatoires of St. Petersburg and Moscow. He was a brilliant pianist and, at the age of nineteen, won the gold medal for his opera *Aleko*. The same year he sold the copyright of his piano *Prelude in C Sharp Minor* (ACL 139) for something like four pounds, little knowing that, for two generations, it was to be a household sound among musicians and non-musicians alike.

These successful compositions seem to have been a flash in the pan. A few years later his first piano concerto, played by himself in London, and his first symphony in Russia were given chilly receptions. These reverses so badly affected him that his power of composition dried up altogether. Rachmaninov, unlike Glinka, did not rush off to a fresh environment but sought medical help at hand. A Dr. Dahl, with hypnotism, released the creative inspiration which resulted, almost immediately, in Rachmaninov's *Second Piano Concerto* (ACL 6). Dedicated to Dr. Dahl, it is a lyrical, passionately romantic work, which very soon captivated the public, the press and musicians, and is probably the most widely-played work in the world. A third *Piano Concerto* (ACL 21) followed, together with symphonic works, a number of beautiful songs, another opera and, finally, his famous *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* (CLP 1072) for piano and orchestra.

Rachmaninov spent a good deal of his life in world-wide concert tours, escaping from Russia after the Revolution to settle finally in U.S.A. He revisited Europe to give concerts, periodically. He died in Beverley Hills. He was, above all, a virtuoso pianist-composer, equally popular with his own colleagues and the public in general.

Igor Stravinski was born in 1882, the son of musical parents who encouraged his musical talent, at the same time entering him for a

classical education. It was Rimski-Korsakov who subsequently persuaded him to give up studying Law and devote himself entirely to music. Having taken this advice to heart, Stravinski began to publish his compositions. As a result of hearing one of these early works, Diaghilev, who was striving to restore the artistic standards of the Russian Ballet, which had degenerated during the nineteenth century, gave him a commission. It was for a ballet, based on a traditional Russian fairytale, and Stravinski forthwith produced the music for *The Firebird* (ACL 78), which at once established him, at the age of twenty-eight, as a composer. It is still one of his best-known works.

Stravinski's musical development continued with phenomenal rapidity in this field, through *Petroushka* which was composed in 1911 (ACL 31), and reached its culmination in *Le Sacre du Printemps* (LXT 5388) which was so original that it caused a riot at its first performance in 1913. Prompted by a vision which Stravinski had while at work on *The Firebird*, he chose the theme of pagan fertility rites, with the sacrificial virgin dancing herself to death. His aim was to reproduce some of 'man's panic-stricken fear of eternal beauty. . . .' To this end his inventiveness pushed brutal, violent harmony and rhythm to unsurpassed limits. A year later, the public came down wholeheartedly on the side of genius and this work is now regarded as epoch-making in musical history.

Most of Stravinski's instrumental works date from after the 1914-18 war and bear the stamp of his economy of sound, having special regard to the peculiarities of each instrument or group of instruments, and his imaginative development of form as the music unfolds, rather than adherence to established patterns. Unlike Moussorgski, he believed that 'fine poetry gains nothing by being set to music', which perhaps accounts for the fact that some of his songs are set to words which have neither beauty nor sense. Stravinski lived much of his life in France and Switzerland, eventually becoming naturalised in the U.S.A.

Sergei Sergeivitch Prokofiev (1891-1953) can only be mentioned, in limited space, for his music. This is notable for the intensely individual stamp of Prokofiev. It shines with brilliant thought rather than feeling. Most of his early works, gay, witty and often satirical, were totally unromantic, although veins of lyricism do appear, as in his *Third Piano Concerto* (COLH 34) and *Second Violin Concerto* (LXT 546). His best-known, though not his greatest, work is the fairytale *Peter and the Wolf* for orchestra with narrator (BRG 72016). On returning to his home-land in 1933, Prokofiev began leaning towards the realism of the Russian School and when in 1948 the Communist Party pronounced his music 'full of formalist perversions . . . and errors', he further modified his style.

'I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER . . .'—III

A WALLED GARDEN, THE BLACK GOAT, AND LIFE WITH A CAPITAL 'L'

by ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF

When anybody says 'Malta' I hear bells ringing, not as the church bells ring in this country, but clashing all together, tossing and falling and fountaining above the roof-tops and through the narrow streets; and I see the blue of a night sky through a mosquito net; and somehow superimposed upon that, the top of an orange tree, triumphant with flaming golden fruit, peering at me over the broken coping of a sunlit wall.

It isn't, I suppose, surprising that my memories of Malta should be only a series of small, disconnected and, to anyone but myself, unimportant cameos, because I was barely three and a half when we went there ('we' being my sailor father, my mother and I) and not much over four when we came home. Perhaps 'cameo' isn't the right word, though, and nor is 'disconnected', for the memories do in fact form a kind of pattern, a mosaic made up of small brilliantly-coloured pieces, laced together with the bright filigree of the bells.

At the centre of it all, I remember our house in Sliema, rented furnished from two very great and gracious ladies, who refused at the end of our time there to have the inventory checked, saying that they should not dream of so insulting my mother. The outside of the house is gone from me, but the inside was grey—a greenish under-water grey filled with shadows and coolness, with quiet, tall, immensely dignified rooms whose stone floors were washed daily with paraffin in the water to discourage the ants and other creepy-crawlies. Washed by our maid Azzipadi, whom I remember for one historic pronouncement, made with hands on hips and flashing eyes, in some time of strife at home: 'My fader, he *debbil* man!'

The walls of our house were lined with portraits of cardinals and archbishops, all relations of the two great ladies, through many generations; and their eyes used to follow us through the day; eyes out of dark subtle faces under cardinals' hats, resting on us whatever we did, wherever we went, until my mother turned them all round with their faces to the walls, and we lived quite happily thenceforward with their brown canvas backs.

Unfortunately one could not turn round in the same way the window of our dining-room, which looked directly into the street and through which, consequently, the street looked directly into our dining-

room. When too many Maltese urchin noses became glued to the glass, the grown-ups within cried, '*Impshi!*' with no appreciable result. When the concentration of noses became unbearable, the grown-ups cried, '*Impshi Gehenna!*' which got instant results, but had such a blighting effect that nobody had the heart to use it unless and until driven to frenzy.

I remember our garden, so tiny and so high-walled that it was like a room spread with a ceiling of blue sky. A garden framed for the most part, and with three steps leading down into it—I am sure that there were three, because I remember sitting half-way down them with one step behind me and one step still to go, watching the spread-fingered lizards darting about the cracks—and just space in it for a well, a frangipani climbing up one wall, and a lemon-tree. In the mornings our garden was cool in shadow, and Mrs. Patterson from across the street who, I was told, was expecting the stork quite soon with a baby, would bring her needle-work and come and sit with us on the steps, while the strip of shade grew gradually narrower and the sunshine crept towards us like a bright blasting curtain. In the afternoon, when our garden had become an oven in which the heat danced like a swarm of midges, and the shade had all gone across the street, we went across the street too, and sat on the steps in Mrs. Patterson's garden.

There is the centre of the mosaic, and the rest falls into place around it. I remember a road clouded with dust that I thought led right across the island in one ruled line, and which seemed to me (though I scarcely think this can have been so, just as I scarcely think I can ever really have seen respectable Presbyterian Mrs. Patterson sitting up in bed in a black lace nightdress) to be bordered as far as the eye could see with stone jars of some blue flower with a sticky and hairy stem, probably borage. I remember the streets being full of priests and goats in about equal quantities; the priests, though this also seems on reflection to be unlikely, with the ends of white crochet lace petticoats showing under their cassocks; the goats led from door to door to be milked into jugs that the women brought out for the purpose, or merely wandering unattended with no obvious aim in view. Old mangy billies, gaunt nannies with their kids at heel, and generally a rotten cabbage-leaf or a paper bag hanging half-eaten from their mouths. The children of the garrison and the lean pale grey warships in Valetta Harbour never drank goats' milk for it carried the Malta fever; and since there were no cows, another of my memories, less pleasant than most, is of condensed milk well coloured with tea to disguise the horrible taste, which somehow it never did. Of the goats themselves, or rather of one in particular, I have a really shattering memory. My mother, not realizing how implicitly I believed her lightest word, once told me that if I was naughty the Black Goat would come and eat me. Shortly afterward,

she left me parked in my pushchair outside a friend's house for a few minutes, whereupon, up the street, came a whole herd of goats in every stage of dilapidation and of every colour, including black; and my mother, recalled by my terrified shrieks, came flying out to find me hanging by a hair from the pushchair on one side, while a kindly old black billy, with his hooves inside the chair on the other, nibbled at me with an air of vaguely wondering what all the uproar was about. Maybe he had mistaken me for a particularly succulent paper bag, though I think, looking back, it is much more likely that he only wished to be friendly. But I certainly thought at the time that not only death but damnation was upon me.

Goats were not the only carriers of illness; there was the sand-fly. But against sand-fly fever one could be inoculated, and I remember, also vividly, seeing a great menacing brute of a doctor sticking a Thing that ended in a vicious needle into my mother. Mad to defend my own, I scrambled off my father's knee on which I was sitting at the time and flew to her rescue. I fixed my teeth in the doctor's horrible hairy wrist and hung on like a terrier, so that my father had practically to force my jaws to get me away. Afterwards everybody said how wonderful the doctor had been because he continued calmly giving the inoculation while I was prized off him, instead of breaking the needle in my mother's arm. But nobody said how brave it was of me, only three years old when all is said and done, to take on such fearful odds for the sake of love.

There were nannies in Malta, approved nannies who had no surnames of their own but were known by those of the families they were attached to. Nannie Kendal, who was starchy and Scottish and kept Patsy crackling with cleanliness, and crowned, as it were, with the splendour of lace on her drawers! She was the only child of my acquaintance who had lace on her drawers, for children's underwear was for the most part depressingly plain and serviceable in the days when I wore it. Nanny Dornville, large and bosomy, whose charge was slightly 'odd' (he grew up, I believe, to be quite normal) and who attributed this to the fact that he was taken at the age of eighteen months to see his grandfather in court dress, complete with sword and cocked hat. And what sight was that, Nannie Dornville demanded indignantly of my mother, for any sensitive child? As grandfather was generally spoken of by his friends and well-wishers as 'Monkey Dornville', and Baby Dornville apparently took one look at him, screamed wildly and fell in a fit, one can see her point. All my friends had nannies, which shows how much the world has changed in well under forty years, for we were the children of very ordinary Naval and Army officers with nothing but their pay. But I never had a nanny of my own. That was because I was ill—ill in patches and better in patches

and sometimes very ill indeed—during all the time we were there, and my mother would not trust me to anyone else's care; and so we shared our Malta far more closely than did most mothers and children. And of being ill, I remember chiefly the long hot nights when it seemed that the sirocco was always blowing and yet there was never any air inside the mosquito net; and my mother sitting up with me and telling me stories. These generally had their origin in the Old Testament but had come a long way since. There was one in particular, about how Miss Lot failed to catch the Ark when the Flood came, because she was so busy enjoying herself at a tea-party, and was turned into a pillar of salt as a punishment. 'And that,' said my mother, 'is why the sea is salt. It is Miss Lot down at the bottom, still melting.' Later my father tried to explain to me the real reason, but I didn't believe a word he said.

To those nights, also, belongs the small, infinitely clear memory of the colour of a night sky seen through a mosquito net when the light is on in the room. A wonderfully gentle blue, a little like the colour of wild hyacinths, but not quite. Not quite like anything that I have seen since.

I wish I could truthfully fit some picture of the Fleet at anchor in the Grand Harbour into my mosaic, because it is a sight that I must have seen so often, and I feel that it should be there. But alas, it isn't; and that is that. The only memory I have of even my father's ship, 'The Iron Duke', is of a children's party on board, and the only thing I remember about that is the crystallized orange and lemon slices, off which, so far as possible, I made my tea. But there must have been more parties than one, because I know there were several times of being inserted much against my will into a blue and white pierrot suit with a black ruffle which pricked my neck. The very thought of it makes me want to rub the place even now. And the grown-ups, even my normally understanding mother, never properly understood why I made such a fuss about having that wretched pierrot suit put on.

My mother and I, for all our nearness to each other, did not always see eye to eye; and it was in Malta that we had a full-blown battle of wills, in which neither of us in after years were able to decide which was the victor. It concerned the direction we should take for an afternoon walk. My mother's choice was Saint Julian's Bay, where there was nothing but sea and rocks and solitude, and nothing to do but sit on the rocks and watch the sea and feel the solitude breathing down the back of one's neck. I wanted to go along the Harbour Front. (It had a proper name, but since it was in Arabic I have not the remotest idea how to write it down. It sounded like Ahra-Doot, but *being* Arabic, probably began with an almost silent 'G', too subtle for my

English ear.) Here there were guns going off and dogs barking and other children and nannies, and sometimes peculiar smells and always Life with a capital 'L'. My mother went on and on towards Saint Julian's Bay, and I in my pushchair abandoned myself to ear-splitting grief and fury. Half-way there, feeling I suppose that her reason or her eardrums would stand the strain no longer, she stopped and put two alternatives to me. She said, 'Either we will go quietly to Saint Julian's Bay and spend the afternoon there, and have chocolate biscuits for tea when we get home again, or we will go home now and have a hard smacking, and then go along the Harbour Front.'

The offer seemed to me a fair one; and I chose the smacking and the Front.

We went home in frozen silence, and in the cool grey dignity of our hall, I received the hard smacking promised me. My mother was an efficient smacker, and I always used to feel, for a good hour afterwards, as though I were sitting on a hot-water bottle. Punishment over, I said between hiccups of grief, 'And now we will go along the Front.'

My mother was a woman of her word, and along the Front we went.

What else do I remember of Malta? Oh, so many things. The taste of blood-oranges still warm from the tree. A piece of pumice-stone I loved, which was stolen from me by a wicked boy. The string of amber that my father brought me back from Constantinople, made up of odd beads from many Mohamadan rosaries, smoky-coloured with nicotine from the stained fingers of the Faithful telling over the ninety and nine names of Allah. (Only the camel knows the hundredth, and that is why he looks so supercilious.) The brother and sister who looked after the officers' bathing pool, both of them sea-blue-eyed and with hair bleached dusty pale by the sun and salt, and a kind of harsh and strenuous beauty about them that I recognised even then and have not forgotten since. A boy friend I had, who believed in caveman tactics and used to hit me over the head with the nearest blunt instrument, generally his wooden spade, every time we met, by way of showing his affection; and who, when the time came for parting, a time which comes so soon and so often to service children, cast himself upon my distinctly unresponsive stomach, wailing, 'Oh Honey-bun, Honey-bun, say you won't forget your Henery Cot!' And I never have.

And I remember a saint's arm, Saint Francis Xavier's or Saint Paul's, I am not sure which, in a golden casket, being carried through the streets in procession, with crocus-flamed candles and swinging censors, and the Archbishop-Bishop in jewelled vestments and a mitre as tall to my eyes, as the roof-tops, going in front and all the faithful and devout and unwashed of Malta swarming behind; and all the bells of

Malta ringing for the festival, clashing and clanging and ringing and swinging and jangling in a bright spray of tumultuous sound that seemed to rock the tall houses and come cascading down the narrow streets into the Grand Harbour.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Rosemary SUTCLIFF was born at East Clandon in Surrey, but had no settled home for the first ten years of her life, as her father was a naval officer and she and her mother followed him from one dockyard and naval station to another. When he retired, the family settled in North Devon, where Miss Sutcliff attended a P.N.E.U. school. She then went to Bideford Art School, where she specialised in miniature painting and was eventually elected a member of the Royal Miniaturist Society. Towards the end of World War Two, she began to write. Her first book, *The Queen Elizabeth Story*, was published in 1949. *The Lantern Bearers* was awarded the Carnegie Medal for 1959; *Dawn Wind* was awarded the New York Book Festival Prize; and her latest novel for adults, *Sword at Sunset*, was chosen by the Literary Guild of America. Miss Sutcliff now lives in Sussex with her father, 'looked after by a kind but despotic Golden Labrador bitch'.

Violet WALLIN is a freelance journalist specialising in articles, features and short stories. During World War Two she ran a club for evacuees and local children in Buckinghamshire. During this time she ran two newspaper features in Canadian papers about life in England under war conditions. She took a National Marriage Guidance Council course in connection with an advice feature which she published, under a pen-name, in a national monthly. She now lives in Surrey and lectures occasionally. She has a grown-up family and has travelled extensively.

OUR WORK

MUSIC FOR THE SUMMER TERM 1964

The following records are recommended:—

- ALP 1818—Prokofiev, Love of Three Oranges; Khatchaturian, Gayanek; Rimski-Korsakov, Capriccio Espagnol.
- ACL 123—Glinka, Overture Russlan and Ludmilla; Borodin, In the Steppes of Central Asia; Moussorgski, A Night on the Bare Mountain; Prokofiev, Classical Symphony.
- 33CX 1645—Borodin, Prince Igor; Moussorgski, A Night on the Bare Mountain; Rimski-Korsakov, A Russian Easter Overture.
- LXT 5655—Prokofiev, Symphony No. 1, Love of Three Oranges; Borodin, In the Steppes of Central Asia; Glinka, Overture A Life for the Tsar and Kamarinskaya.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

The Poetry Society, 21 Earls Court Square, London S.W.5. holds examinations in Verse Speaking, Verse Drama and Prose Reading for children, grouped according to age: Juvenile up to ten years; Junior from ten to thirteen years, inclusive; Senior from fourteen to seventeen years.

OUR WORK

This year the Society is arranging a Special Shakespeare Verse-Speaking Festival to be held on Saturday, 18 July, 1964, at 7 p.m., at their headquarters. Examination syllabuses for Verse-Speaking and that for the Shakespeare Verse-Speaking Festival are obtainable from the General Secretary of the Poetry Society. These may be of interest to P.N.E.U. schools in or near London.

MEETING FOR THE HEADS OF SCHOOLS

A meeting for the Heads of Schools will be held on Wednesday, 22 April, 1964, at 2.30 p.m. in the Lancaster Room, Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, London S.W.1. Any questions for discussion should be sent as soon as possible to: The Director, Parents Union School, Ambleside, Westmorland.

PRACTICAL STUDY COURSE

A Practical Study Course in Charlotte Mason's methods will be held at The Old Hall, Hethersett, near Norwich, from the evening of Monday, 27 July, to the evening of Thursday, 30 July, by kind permission of Miss Lewin (C.M.T.).

PORTFOLIO OF STORY AND VERSE

Prose: Seniors (9 years and over): A story entitled 'The adventures of a Cuckoo (or a Swallow)' or 'A real adventure of my own'.

Juniors (6 to 8 years): 'A conversation between a Rabbit and a Squirrel' or 'A conversation between a Robin and a Skylark'.

Verse: Seniors and Juniors: 'Spring magic' or 'A tree' or 'A daisy'.

The closing date for entries is 6 May.

For full particulars of the Portfolio of Story and Verse, please send a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. B. M. Jeffrey, Kilcop, Balcombe, Haywards Heath, Sussex. For those who, having studied the particulars, wish to become members of the Portfolio and send entries, the membership fee is 1/6 for individual pupils and 3/- for schools.

PORTFOLIO OF PAINTING

Seniors (9 years and over) and *Juniors* (6 to 8 years): 1. An outdoor picture in colour. Include at least three figures and give your painting a title. (Teachers may suggest suitable subjects.)

Seniors: 2. A simple 'still life' group in colour or black and white. Use three or five objects of varying shapes, with a background if desired.

Juniors: 2. Some flowers in a vase or jug. Large, bold flowers should be chosen, if possible.

The closing date for entries is 6 May.

Entries should be sent to: Miss Joyce Powell, A.T.D., Stanford House, Upper Ladyes Hill, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, from whom particulars may be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The membership fee per annum is 1/6 for individual pupils and 3/- for schools.

BIBLE READING

We should like to draw the attention of our members to a new series published by The Bible Reading Fellowship, 12 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London, S.W.1. It is entitled *Bible Time* and is designed for small children and published in two half-yearly parts, undated, at 1s. 6d. each. It comprises a short passage from the Bible with a note for each day, together with short prayers, pictures, Bible puzzles and suggestions for things to do.

OUR WORK

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the way that Form I examinations are dictated. MSS should be sent to the Editor, *Parents Review*, Murray House, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1.

Children whose contributions are chosen for publication will receive a copy of the *Parents Review* in which their items appear.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

BRANCH AND PARENTS' ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH celebrated New Year's Eve with a morning meeting at which a talk was given by Police-Sergeant Burton on 'The City Police Dog Section'. He was accompanied by a handler with his dog, Remus, who gave a short demonstration in obedience. The children were thrilled to hear that Remus had caught fourteen criminals in 1963.

On 20 January members of the Branch were audience to an armchair conversation between Mr. T. A. Hamilton Baynes, M.A., J.P., and Lady Burman, J.P., in which they discussed moral values in the light of their experience as Magistrates in the Juvenile Court.

At the Annual General Meeting on 4 February, Mrs. Violet Wallin gave a talk entitled 'Do we understand our children?'. Her talk was as absorbing as were her articles on the same subject in the *Parents Review* and must surely have included something for everybody.

FLEXLANDS PARENTS ASSOCIATION held its Annual General Meeting on 30 October, 1963. The speaker was Mr. G. E. T. Holloway, former headmaster of an L.C.C. school and now at the Sydney Webb Training College. His subject was 'New Ideas on the Teaching of Mathematics'.

BOOKS

Holidays with Children, 1964, edited by the *Nursery World* and published by Messrs. Purnell at 1/6d., is a most useful guide to family holidays of every variety, including holidays for children without their parents, and for parents without the children. For good measure, this indispensable handbook includes a list of country-wide attractions for families who have to stay at home.

The Independent Schools Association Year Book, 1964, and The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book, 1964, price 21/- and 30/- respectively, are now available from Messrs. A. and C. Black.

Children's Books

Kingdom of the Elephants, by Alan C. Jenkins, illustrated by Victor G. Ambrus (Blackie, 12/6) is an outstandingly good story for children aged from eight to twelve. The author knows his India by heart and so vivid and alive are his descriptions of the jungle and its inhabitants, human and animal, that the reader lives for himself through the adventures of Tumbi, who eventually earns his ambition to become 'a full mahout'. Kipling would have praised this book. Victor Ambrus's black and white illustrations are a perfect complement to the text.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

Vol. LXXV No. 5

MAY 1964

‘PRAY FOR THE CHILDREN TO PROSPER IN GOOD
LIFE AND GOOD LITERATURE’—Dean Colet
(THE P.N.E.U. MOTTO)

by DEIDRE VYSE, L.T.C.L., G.T.C.L.

It will always be a mystery why we call that rare quality, which only great minds possess in abundance, ‘common sense’. Perhaps the only thing that qualifies it for the name is that it always strikes a chord in us all that makes us recognise it as something we all understand, and we think that we could have thought of it ourselves. It is certainly true that many of the most wonderful ideas of the great thinkers of the world from Jesus Christ down have an immediate appeal because of their simplicity and common sense, they seem so obvious, and sometimes people undervalue pearls of wisdom because they think they possess them already.

A newcomer to the works of Charlotte Mason will find himself thinking repeatedly, ‘What profound common sense!’, and so it is, but it is no less original for that. At a glance he might even decide that the P.N.E.U. motto from Dean Colet is an obvious statement, but when we look more closely into it we see that it sums up in a wonderful way all that Charlotte Mason’s work stands for, which is in many ways a classic ideal of education, but which remains today the most up-to-date idea of enlightened educationalists. Dean Colet himself was a man of such originality that he won the frowns of his contemporaries in the church, but the common sense of his words is undeniable.

Let us see how his prayer symbolizes the aims and methods of Charlotte Mason. If it were not for the fact that the P.N.E.U. way stands for a number of principles beyond the reading of great books, followed by narration, we might re-word the prayer for the children ‘to prosper in good life through good literature’ and this would indeed cover

a very large part of the ground, but not all. In order to know and enjoy the good life fully Charlotte Mason shows that we owe the children a certain training which will develop their characters in such a way that they will benefit most fully from the liberal education which should be offered them. Of course these two streams of their education run concurrently, and often merge. It is well to remind ourselves that a liberal education meant to the Greeks the education of a free man. Today we all appear to enjoy freedom in this country, but the liberality of our education is really the measure of our freedom and we must see that the children inherit their full freedom.

Charlotte Mason opens many doors for those in search of right paths to take in bringing up a child, and the key to the first is that the child is a person. This tells us something very important about children, but it also establishes our attitude towards them. This is something so fundamental that we cannot over-estimate its importance. I always recall my feelings when as a music student I was taught that every child is a potential artist. This brought a sense of great expectancy and excitement (and still does) with each new pupil I encountered, and, even if they are not all in fact artists, I have always felt that this attitude tends to bring out the best in them. Now this is one facet of the potentialities of the child, and if we accept the whole, the child as a person, like ourselves in every respect, only more so, we have a formidable task in dealing with him, but a thrilling one.

Here we have someone with every faculty of mind alert and active, but very ignorant and weak, needing food in plenty for mind and body in order that both may grow; and by having this right regard for the child we are able to meet his needs more completely than we could otherwise have done. One feels too that the child responds to this attitude because he senses it unconsciously and in some way is freed by it. I have seen so many times the way in which a child reacts to the unspoken thoughts of those he is near. He seems from the earliest age to be aware of what is felt towards him, whether it be real love and understanding, or indifference or disapproval, and he acts accordingly. The grown-ups get what they expect or deserve, good or ill.

Charlotte Mason also shows how a child has tendencies which must be watched and how in physical constitution, or in character, dangerous inheritances may be lessened or nipped in the bud and we may build up what is healthy and worthy, thus increasing the child's capacity for the good life which we would have him know and enjoy.

Her teaching on authority and docility is as profound and as simple as that from which she takes her example—the Gospel story of the centurion; and we can see how enriching it is for a child to learn self-

discipline—to develop a sense of duty, to know the meaning of 'must' and to know himself to be under authority even when he appears to be in command. If he retains this self-knowledge throughout life he will be more ready to serve God and his fellow men through an understanding of his true position.

To carry out this most important part of the training of young people requires great self-sacrifice on the part of the parent or teacher, constant watchfulness and self-control, for the habit of obedience is the most valuable of all habits and is not to be given easily.

The cultivation of habits constitutes an important part of the method of the P.N.E.U. and this is common sense indeed. The way to the good life is strait and narrow, but for one who has been given the power of cultivating good habits it is less stony. Those who will not fall by the wayside on account of sheer disobedience and who do not become ensnared by the brambles of dishonesty or laziness, or inattentiveness, to mention only one or two faults of character which can be guarded against by careful habit training in childhood, will have much to thank their parents for, and should in turn give greater gifts to the world as a result of this advantage.

All this training goes hand in hand with the more scholastic side of education, and both aid each other as will be seen later.

The training of the will, the conscience and the reason will continue right through school-life and beyond it, because these need time and experience to develop fully and they only reach maturity as the person is able to take a mature view of life, which a child cannot do because of his lack of knowledge and experience. Conscience, will and reason should always take first place in our minds in our work for the children, because these have more effect on his character than anything else. Given a powerful and informed will, a good and active conscience and an understanding of the uses and limitations of reason, a man has more hope of achieving the good life than if all intellectual riches should have been bestowed on him while those qualities were neglected.

As far as physical training and handicrafts are concerned, the P.N.E.U. offers nothing that differs from the now generally accepted idea that general physique and skill of hand should be developed to the fullest degree.

Great importance however is placed on an outdoor life, especially for young children who are free to spend long hours in the open. This might be taken for granted as the only sensible thing by many enlightened people, but there remain many whose children would profit enormously if a real effort were made to get them out whenever

possible. A child who spends much time in the open air becomes sensitive to atmosphere and is likely to have a taste for outdoor life which is one of the most beneficial conditions for him physically and mentally. At the same time he will come to know and love the world around him (especially of course where he is taken into the countryside). All that is to be learned in field and hedgerow and in the skies above becomes a source of enjoyment which may grow into a healthful interest of a lifetime. It will do much to instil a sense of wonder so essential to later scientific studies, which can be so dry when this first-hand knowledge has not been available.

The idea of the Nature Notebook to be kept throughout school-life is one of Charlotte Mason's most delightful. Through painting specimens collected on nature walks, a child comes to see natural objects far more accurately than if this were not demanded of him and so will come to know things around him in intimate detail—a very enriching experience.

The above is an example of the fusion of the cultivation of good habits, open-air life, observation and so on with some of the subject matter for study necessary for the growth of the mind, i.e. the natural sciences, botany, biology, geology, astronomy and geography.

So far the aspects of training mentioned have tended towards the definite aim of producing a person of character who will be able to live at a high level, and this side of his training rests very much with his parents and teachers; but his best qualities will be further developed by the inspiring ideas which he will gain from reading widely in good literature. It is here that he will acquire values and standards by which he can learn to choose not only the good but the best and refuse the mediocre. Good literature should be almost exclusively the stuff of the child's education, although the arts of painting, music, sculpture and architecture must also play their part in presenting the ideas of great minds.

In order to lead a child into fullness of life Charlotte Mason knew that his mind must be fed so that it should grow. The mind must know in order to grow, she says, and there are two interesting definitions of knowledge in her works. The definition more readily grasped is that knowledge is ‘information touched with emotion’, and this immediately shows a need for gaining information from books of a literary character. She also says that knowledge is a state into which we may come and from which we may pass at any time. This state is essential to the good life and it may only be retained as long as the mind is nourished. If we cease to fulfil this need, the mind starves and the person suffers—we are less than we were.

Most of Charlotte Mason's teaching deals with what is the right

aliment for the mind and in what form and manner it can best be digested. Her concept of the mind as a living organism is very vivid and helps us to understand the processes involved in its welfare. She knew the diet for the mind should be, like that for the body, varied, plentiful and nutritious. It is generally accepted that the mind, running too much in the same grooves, thinking on the same topics, becomes unable to think otherwise and this is a dangerous state. This consideration leads to a broad curriculum and also to short lessons—the mind is rested by change of thought. The very fullness of the curriculum ensures plenteous food, though she provided still further for this need by recommending reading from many books, rather than using a minimum for each subject. In order to retain its nutritional value, the food should not be predigested as given to invalids, nor in tabloid form. The mind is unable to digest and to assimilate what is presented in this way. Information given second-hand by a teacher, or from a text-book, or a watered-down simplified edition of an original literary work, or taken from a compendium of facts, is unacceptable. With much effort the memory can retain such information for a limited period, as when it is crammed for the passing of an examination, but there is no enrichment from this process.

The need for good literature is plain : information must be touched by emotion in order that it may become knowledge; it is only through literature, in which the ideas are clothed in language which stirs the imagination, and which bring the powers of reason and judgement into action, that the mind can assimilate knowledge.

Great books must be found then for teaching the many subjects which the child as a person has a right to know. When this is done, the books themselves become the true teachers and the children are educated through direct contact with the great minds who wrote them. The teacher's rôle is thereby changed to that of guide and counsellor and is no less demanding than that of the conventional teacher, but in a different way.

Charlotte Mason often quotes Matthew Arnold's classification of all knowledge as knowledge of God, of man and of the universe, and she bases her curriculum on these headings. She saw that the child is born with natural affinities to these three branches of knowledge and she expands this idea by defining education as the Science of Relations. The child, she says, should be put in touch with these relations, making as many as possible valid to him.

While the chief literature of the knowledge of God lies in the books of the Bible, we see many other approaches throughout the curriculum which illumine our understanding of Him—the study of great books,

and the sense of wonder at His creation which is aroused by practical scientific studies. By Charlotte Mason's method, all things become inter-related and subjects are not separated into watertight compartments. One of her most delightful practical ideas, 'A Book of the Centuries', helps greatly to achieve this ideal. Outside the P.N.E.U., how many schoolchildren are able to connect the Thirty Years War with the paintings of Chardin and the music of Bach? (Even if they are lucky enough to have made their acquaintance). And how enriching it is to think of these things together and against a backcloth of the architecture of the period and some contemporary literature, and possibly to have the whole enlivened by an exciting work of fiction set in the same period. To this may be added some picture of the scientific work of the age. All this fires the imagination of the child.

There are few books to be found which correlate many subjects in the study of one, but when one teacher is responsible for most of a form's work, then it is possible for links to be made between one subject and the others. This is a great lack where children are taught entirely by specialists. Personally, I am always grateful for one book which does give a picture of the philosophical thought, art, architecture, and the political and social forces at work forming the background to the study of music, *Music in Western Civilization*, by P. H. Lang. Other writers on music have copied this approach, but it is rare to find a history of any other art dealt with so completely. A book of this kind could only be the work of one who had come to see how vital are the relationships of all things to man and to each other, and perhaps it is the fault of conventional education that such people are so rare.

While it is not for everyone to know about everything, the kind of broad basis offered in the P.U.S. provides a background against which any detailed studies, which may be undertaken later, can be seen in the right perspective, and a sense of proportion is more likely to be gained.

This kind of approach to education requires very wide reading, and Charlotte Mason's remarkable discovery of the powers of attention of which every individual is capable has made this possible. A single reading followed by narration enables one to read many books in a given time and with great profit and enjoyment. In this way both the method of study and the books themselves serve for delight and the children do indeed 'prosper in good literature'.

Charlotte Mason further defines education as 'an atmosphere, a discipline, a life'. If it is a life, then the good life certainly includes a process of continual education. Where the children have been brought up to prosper in good literature and have acquired the habit of wide and regular reading they are sure to prosper in good life, for the continuance of education is essential if a man is to retain his state of knowledge

and if his mind is to continue to grow in power and maturity. Rarely does one hear of a great man or woman who was not an avid reader, for reading is a necessity to a healthy mind. Great minds cannot exist on trivialities, and a mind well nourished seems to be capable of endurance and unlimited activity at an age when many people have entered their 'second childhood' (a very misleading term!). There is little likelihood of deterioration in a mind which is well fed and kept active.

This is indeed true prosperity and it is well to keep it in sight in these days of status symbols, of mass-advertising which holds the outward symbols of success ever before our eyes. These are full of dangers for the young, since commerce would have them believe that the only prosperity lies in material riches and that fleeting pleasures constitute enjoyment. Our aim should be to present a different kind of prosperity to be respected and enjoyed—an enrichment of the mind with treasures that cannot decay and joy which no man can take away.

To pray for the children to prosper in these things is to pray for their divine heritage, and divine support will be received wherever that prayer is offered. Only as he thus prospers can man live at the highest possible level.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

Thirty-five years ago I started my big green P.N.E.U. Nature Notebook with its alternate lined writing pages and plain drawing pages. Almost the first entry is about fruit blossom, for although our P.N.E.U. school was on the outskirts of London, in Upper Richmond Road, East Putney, in those days there were plenty of open spaces. I remember going with my class to a large orchard in the grounds of the Royal Hospital for Incurables and being entranced, standing high on the top of the donkey's shed, to see the different varieties of apple-trees. Cox's, I made a note even then, stood out because of the pinkness of their blossom. Charles Ross (does anyone still grow it?) was far whiter. Pear blossom had fallen on 6 May, 1929, all except from one great orchard-flanking tree and Quince blossom wasn't out, so that the row of Quince trees at the bottom of the orchard 'looked all-green', according to my Notebook.

I have a tremendous lot to thank my P.N.E.U. headmistress for. She added so much to my great enthusiasm for natural history by encouraging note-taking. I much preferred drawing. There are no blank drawing pages, but a few sparsely started writing ones. She gave us all good leading questions to answer and so much to look out for. I do not

think she was even a naturalist herself, but just a fine teacher full of guiding ideas to start off young, enquiring minds. How I have longed for my own son to meet someone like her, but not one of his schoolmasters has had the same patience or inspiration.

Most summer week-ends were spent in Sussex and I kept lists of wild flowers then in bloom. I still do this but I no longer classify them as I did then into Natural Orders. This again was Miss Morony's idea and one that she did not force upon her pupils, but it proved extremely useful to me when I 'took' botany for Matric and 'Inter'; I found I had acquired a basic knowledge of the characteristics of the different families.

There are a few flowers in my list for May 1939 that I remember as being very common then. Early Purple Orchids and Green-veined Orchids often empurpled the downland slopes. Nowadays I am pleased to find single specimens or indeed to come across an unspoilt, short-turfed slope. As for the cornfield weeds, it is years since I saw a plant of Shepherd's Needle with its curious long-pointed fruits, but both it and Corn-cockle were easy to find then.

INTENSIVE WRITING

by RAYMOND WARD

Like the Molière character who was surprised to learn that he had been speaking prose all his life, I have been unaware of the fact that for years past the children in my classes have been practising a form of composition known as 'Intensive Writing'.

I made the discovery through reading a challenging little book called *Let the Children Write*, by Margaret Langdon, published by Longmans. Mrs. Langdon's thesis, briefly, is that a child, writing in the grip of an emotion he can understand through previous experience, such as fear, joy, wonder, grief or compassion, or a vicarious feeling of warmth, cold, loneliness, hunger or pain, can safely leave grammar and spelling to look after themselves. The deeper the emotion and the keener the feeling, the more readily will the child find words with which to express them; and this expression will be far more vivid, genuine, revealing and meaningful than in the more conventional composition exercise.

Mrs. Langdon's experiments resulted in children's writing that was often pure poetry, sometimes blank verse or a style of prose that looked uncommonly like free verse, and nearly always, since it was an expression of the children's true feelings, full of beauty, originality and directness. Many children showed such a grasp of words that it seemed 'as if the emotion itself supplied the right word almost without thought'.

A recent exercise that I conducted with my own class of ten- and eleven-year-olds can serve to illustrate Mrs. Langdon's methods. In common no doubt with other teachers, I have myself used basically the same technique in an endeavour to enliven the familiar, conventional composition lesson, which too often results in the children writing page upon page of dull, rambling, mis-spelt and ungrammatical sentences, without a spark of life in them. I have only made this experiment occasionally though, and without the dedication, enthusiasm and carefully planned procedure adopted by the author of *Let the Children Write*.

Here then, are some of the results of one of my forays in the field of what Mrs. Langdon, who felt the need of a new term for her experiment in fostering the creative impulse, calls 'Intensive Writing'.

The children sat ready, pencil in hand, blank page in front of them. I told them that they were to try to believe that what I was about to tell them was true; and that after I had explained the basic situation in which they were to imagine themselves placed, they were to write down quickly the first thoughts that came into their minds—thoughts that would express what they *felt* about it. They were not to worry unduly about neatness, spelling or grammar, but were to aim at getting their thoughts down quickly and clearly. They were not to be bound by formal grammatical sentences. If a single phrase or word best expressed their feelings, they were to put it down. Each new idea, phrase or sentence, however, must begin on a new line. Mrs. Langdon found that such natural breaks were felt instinctively by her children; that they succeeded in giving the phrase or sentence its right emotional value and balance. They were 'satisfying and right because the number of words used was fitted to the feeling'.

I then provided the stimulus, the right emotional push-off, 'so that the expression should come as a result of emotion rather than thought'. I said, 'I hear a noise in the corridor outside. I go to the door and open it'. I did this. 'I am confronted with a mad dog. See, there it is!' I called out urgently, and started backwards, pointing. 'It's there all right. Now—quickly write down what you feel about it.'

The children started. There was no pencil-biting, head-scratching, window-gazing, restless fiddling or doodling, but quiet intensive effort. There was not a sound in the class. One could almost hear the heavy breathing of the mad dog.

Then I said, 'Begin a new line. Write down what kind of a dog it is. Say something about its eyes, its jaws, what it looks like. Remember to start a new line for each new idea.'

Off they went again, quietly industrious as before, completely possessed by the strength of their feelings. With emotion as the driving force, there was no stopping them.

From the academically brighter children in my class, the lively minded, the bookish, the literate, I have come to expect some spark of originality, some evidence of a feeling for words, and a familiarity with properly constructed sentences—a grasp of orderly narrative flow even in the hoary old favourites of classroom composition like ‘A Holiday Adventure’, ‘Three Wishes’ and ‘A Day at the Seaside’. The work of others ranged from ungrammatical scribbles to dull catalogues of second-rate thoughts expressed in third-rate style. But on this occasion things were different.

The value of a real emotional stimulus was apparent first of all in the children’s attitude to their task, which they set about with real enthusiasm and sense of purpose, and later in the natural, terse, vivid language of their expressed feelings. Without exception, each child produced at least one good and memorable phrase or sentence, ranging in quality from ‘It’s teeth were tightening together’, from a girl at the bottom of the class whose normal work is full of spelling mistakes and empty of ideas, through ‘Eyes full of hatred’ from an average boy, to the short, sharp phrases, ‘Powerful and dangerous’, ‘Fierce and uncontrollable’, with which the top girl of the class led up to the mature reflection, ‘A little ashamed of being afraid, and wondering what will happen if it should bite anyone’.

That boys and girls would react differently to the sudden appearance of a mad dog was to be expected, but I was surprised that so few girls seemed moved to *do* anything. All felt completely powerless and at the dog’s mercy. With the boys, however, the picture was different. Instead of the dumb petrification evinced by the girls, there was instinctive movement. The same fear was felt, but almost all the boys wanted to do something, even if only to run away; but there were bolder spirits among them who would resist attack.

Certain phrases and words recurred frequently in both boys’ and girls’ work and took on the appearance of clichés; but, knowing these children as I did, I was satisfied that, far from being overworked adjectives and hackneyed phrases to them, they were as freshly minted as when they were first used. The dog was foaming at the mouth, fearful, horrible, terrifying, snarling, growling, snapping, pouncing, bounding (all spelt correctly) and had eyes that were bloodshot, red, glaring, gleaming with madness, anger, rage or hatred.

There was a ring of truth about many of the phrases and sentences. Those children must have had a very vivid impression of a mad dog who

could write:— 'It looked as if it was about to kill.' 'Its eyes just kept staring and staring at me, and its jaws were wide open.' 'Its eyes were gleaming wickedly.' 'It didn't bark like any other dog.' 'It had big sharp teeth, and ragged, ruffled fur.' 'It had huge teeth and great red eyes'.

These then are some of the not specially notable, perhaps, but to me revealing results of an isolated experimental exercise in 'Intensive Writing'. Adaptations, extensions and improvements, and ways of following up the work will readily present themselves to teachers. In the meantime, to quote from the Foreword to Mrs. Langdon's book, I am all in favour of 'letting the children write what they need to, want to, and can write, here and now'.

A JUNIOR MUSEUM CLUB

by MARION TROUGHTON

Two hundred and thirty children have a treasure-house of leisure-time activities in Bagshaw Muscum, Batley, Yorkshire. They are members of the Junior Museum Club and their happy voices echo through the large building every Saturday morning.

The Club was founded in the autumn of 1962 by Mr. Graham Teasdill, F.R.S.A., F.R.N.S., Curator of the Museum and Art Gallery and of Oakwell Hall, Birstall, which, incidentally, was portrayed as Fieldhead in Charlotte Brontë's novel *Shirley*. The Club is a novelty in West Riding because it is not attached to any school, and provides facilities for all children to pursue their various hobbies.

'In fact I could be called the product of such a club', Mr. Teasdill told me when it started, 'for as a schoolboy I was an early member and first secretary of the Ilkley Museum Club. But we merely attended lectures

and did no practical work, nor did we organise excursions as we are doing here.' Following upon this early experience, Mr. Teasdill was in charge of the Schools Museum Section while he served as Assistant Curator of Cheltenham Museum, so he knows how to make the dry bones of museum exhibits come alive for children

used from earliest days in local shoddy and woollen industry. The Marine Room at the top of the building contains a panoramic cliff scene, complete with stuffed seabirds, their nests and eggs.

The Club is grouped according to ages, the first group catering for boys and girls of fifteen or over while the lowest group serves the nine-year-olds and the few even younger members.

Four groups were at work one Saturday when I called. Some children were working in a downstairs display room, busily painting show-cases in attractive pale green and lavender blue. Previously they had fitted peg-board backs to some of the cases. When the show-cases were completed they would learn how to display the different objects and label them neatly. They had already transformed the formerly rather dusty cases of butterflies.

In two small rooms a number of boys were sorting portfolios and listing material loaned from schools, supervised by the Assistant Curator. 'They do well', he said, 'and although sorting out is not an interesting job they seem to enjoy it.'

A costume class was being held in a room at the opposite end of the landing. Even though some were clad in trows and jackets, the girls concerned displayed unashamedly feminine appreciation of the fine period costumes they were handling. These had been neglected and were very fragile, and the group was doing invaluable work in repairing them and re-housing them in plastic wardrobes.

On the top floor a fourth group of younger children were preparing to start work in a room cluttered with stacks of pictures, boxes, plaster busts and the hundred and one exciting things to be found behind the scenes of a well-equipped museum. 'I don't know what half the store-rooms on this floor contain', said Mr. Teasdill, 'they are so well-stocked. It's fun finding out, and the children feel it is rather like a Treasure Hunt.'

But before the Treasure Hunt started the children paid their respects to Percy the Polecat who lived in a cage in that room. Percy was given to the Club as a mascot when members visited Belle Vue Zoo. He was presented to the Zoo when he was a baby so had never had to fend for himself in the wilds. 'We often let him out of his cage when all the doors are closed', said Mr. Teasdill, lifting Percy from his home. 'If he had been used to running wild, the Park would have been ideal for him, but as it is he would simply perish.'

Wilton Park in which Bagshaw Museum is situated is well wooded and an ideal training-ground for young naturalists. But the children interested in natural history are also taken on rambles and excursions. One group explored the Huddersfield moors, while another visited Haworth and were shown round the parsonage and church before going on to see the 'Brontë waterfall'. A more ambitious outing was that to Belle Vue Zoo, when a special train was chartered and the Zoo experts gave undivided attention to the young visitors, both during the tour and at a question-time session afterwards.

Membership of the Club is free, but the children pay for the excursions, which are entirely voluntary. They also pay half-a-crown if they want one of the Club's attractive blue and silver badges.

The success of the Club proves that children, given the chance, are eager to use their spare time in acquiring more knowledge in their personal fields of interest. There is nothing to prevent other towns and villages from establishing Junior Museums, provided there is sufficient demand from the young people, supported by their parents and teachers. Even if the adults lack enterprise, any interested group of children could start in a small way to make a Museum Club of their own by pooling their various collections to form miniature 'departments', which will expand as the young curators develop in research, knowledge and experience.

'SOME OF US'

FROM PERSIA

I live in Hamadan, which is high up in the mountains of Persia and not far from Baghdad.

In winter it is very cold and there is a lot of snow. The wolves come down from the mountains to look for food. One year they ate one of our puppies.

We ski here every winter and sometimes we also go to Ab-ale (ab means water in persian) near Tehran. Once Mummy just missed banging into the Shah as she was coming down the slope at full speed.

In summer we swim and water-ski at the dam which the Austrians built near here and play tennis and golf in the garden. We have many walnut, almond, peach and apricot trees and in May, with daffodils, tulips and irises in bloom also, it is very pretty.

I have two rabbits, two dogs, a duck, a turkey, a hen, a bird, and a fish as pets.

I do school alone. I like reading, writing, picture study and painting the best.

My friends are American, Hungarian and Austrian. I speak Persian to the gardener and Russian to the Armenian maid.

Hamadan is said to be the oldest existing city in the world. Esther's tomb is here and three thousand years ago the Persian Emperors had their summer palaces here.

My Daddy is French and he buys Persian carpets which are sold in big shops all over the world.

CLAIRE NICOLE CROS (aged 8)

'I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER . . . '—IV

BEFORE I WAS SIX

by ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

'I remember, I remember'—but not 'the house where I was born', for we left it when I was only six months old. My father, a regular Gunner, was stationed at Norwich demobilizing troops at the end of 1918, when I arrived rather earlier than was expected, and was just in time to join the rejoicings at the Armistice.

A few months later he was invalided out of the army and went to take a degree in agriculture at Reading University. This was a two-year course: one, theoretical at Reading; and one, practical, at Basildon. During this time we lived in a tall house called Lyndhurst looking out over the green at Goring-on-Thames in Oxfordshire. It is usually difficult to date one's earliest recollections: but I can date all mine from Goring with confidence, since we left at the beginning of May 1921 when I was exactly two and a half.

There are recollections of the couple who lived nearby who became close friends of my parents. These were Patrick Chalmers and his wife. Patrick was a writer of some small celebrity in those days, for whose delicious verses and prose fantasies the readers of *Punch* looked eagerly each week. They were signed 'P.R.C.' and usually illustrated by Ernest Shepard. I had thick auburn curls, and Patrick swore that my ears were pointed and that I was really a Faun who had been 'changed at nurse'. He wrote one of his poems about Isis, the goat on whose milk I was fed, and a fantasy called 'A Pointed Ear or So' about a babe of high

degree who was changed for a little while for 'the dearest little copper-knobbed faun'; and I sat also for the hero of his most famous story 'The Little Pagan Faun', which gave its name to the collection in which the other story appeared.

My last recollection of living at Goring is leaving it. I have the most vivid picture of being lifted up to look into the furniture van and seeing with strange wonder such familiar objects as the big drawing-room mirror and the sofa in unexpected proximity.

After that my recollections are all of the old family house, Poulton-Lancelyn in Cheshire, in which I am now writing. Although my grandfather was still alive, he made the estate over to my father who then brought us to live here and farmed the Home Farm himself.

At once it becomes more difficult to date the recollections, for I spent all my childhood at Poulton and indeed managed only three terms at a prep. school before ill-health drove me home again to a shared governess, and later a few terms as a weekly boarder in Liverpool, until I went to Oxford.

Early farm recollections are chiefly of thrilling rides on agricultural instruments: lying at full length on the harrows—I can still see the dry earth moving under me and feel the unbroken clods bumping me from time to time between the bars; riding on the pony-waggon behind the old white farm pony, Dolly, who also drew the 'trap' in which I was taken to Birkenhead four miles away before we had a car; and, most exciting of all, sitting on the tool-box of the almost prehistoric Ford tractor behind my father.

But the supreme delights of the farm came at hay-harvest. Out to the field on the empty cart, which was still horse-drawn; then the strange pleasure of lying on the ground and being dragged along by the rope which trailed behind the cart while it was loaded; and finally being lifted up onto the loaded cart after the loose hay had been roped in position and riding back to the yard on this glorious, swaying elevation.

After the harvest the hayloft became a favourite resort on wet days, particularly when my sisters were old enough to join me. There were many beams in the old loft and, as the hay settled, dark passages were left beneath them along which we crawled to make the annual 'hay-house' in the furthest corner. But these were rather later delights, and I have tried to recapture them and some of the games we played in and about the house and loft and farmyard in my stories of Mereford, such as *The Luck of the Lynns* and *The Theft of the Golden Cat*.

Indoors, my earliest recollections from when I was three or four are of the long passage going from end to end of the house on the first

floor, all carpeted in red. And at one end, in the three-hundred-year-old part of the house, the stairs leading to four old, dark, disused attics behind a bolted door. I must have ventured into the attics alone and been scared, for they haunted my dreams for a long time.

With that dread came a fear of shadows and of seeing myself in the mirror. There were mirrors to the ground at dark angles in the passage, which was dimly lit even in the daytime. At night, with normally only one acetylene gas-light halfway along, great daring was needed before one ventured from the nursery at one end to the little dressing-room at the other which was my bedroom during those early years. Very soon I learnt to shut my eyes while passing the mirrors, and could run the whole length of the passage, closing my eyes at the right moments, without touching walls or mirrors even at corners.

At that time I usually played alone—which dates these recollections fairly accurately to the time before I was five, when the sister (two years my junior) began to take a subsidiary part in some of my games.

Not only was there my father's Army background and the visits of men in uniform, but also the shadow of the Great War still making itself felt. A very early memory is of my father in his full-dress uniform—sword, helmet, medals and all—going to the dedications of the War Memorials at Port Sunlight and Bebington. I was taken to see these wonders, and followed suit on my own, without any very clear understanding.

A favourite play-corner of the dining-room was by one of the French windows and up against the big radiator. There I put a small pedestal table with a tin bucket of sand on top into which I could stick the cane to which my Union Jack was fastened. This I barricaded on the three outer sides with chairs: these, I declared, were the 'three chairs for the Red, White and Blue!' Moreover the site by the radiator was chosen intentionally: for I was making a 'Warm Memorial'.

But War palled quite soon, and new games grew out of the books which were read to me. The Beatrix Potter stories came first, the two favourites being *Tom Kitten* (I could find the whole Twitchit family in the garden, and the Puddle Ducks in the yard) and *Mr. Tod*, because he carried a gun like old Mort the game-keeper.

But much more potent were *The Jungle Books* which my father read to me again and again. Both he and my mother had been in India (her father had been a Political Resident in several States) and there were many trophies. Nag and Nagaina climbed up the two oil lamps in the

billiard-room, and the horns of Mysa the Buffalo hung on the wall, alongside an eighteenth-century fowling-piece which did duty for Budeo's tower musket. There was a stuffed bear from Ceylon, but he never seemed to have any connection with Baloo; nor could the leopard-skins in the sitting-room and the lion-skin in the drawing-room really serve as Shere Khan's hide.

This had to be on the Council Rock, which I located in the open hall up two steps at the bed-room end of the first floor passage, by the steep stairs leading to the attics. Before starting to 'play Jungle' I would collect all the red doormats, numbering about twenty, and solemnly arrange them on the Council Rock to form Shere Khan's hide. As soon as this was done, the whole house became my Jungle (for, needless to say, I was Mowgli): if my parents came to see what I was doing, they turned into Father Wolf and Mother Wolf, as my sister did into Grey Brother. But the earliest Jungle games really demanded to be played in absolute solitude. Occasionally my own stuffed animals found their way into the Jungle, and sat on the stairs leading to the attics (the rocks below the Cold Lairs): but usually they were reserved for other games and uses.

Some of them deserve a mention, for they meant a great deal to me and have found a place in my own favourite of my children's stories, *The Land of the Lord High Tiger*. Sir Timothy the Tiger came to me on my second birthday while we were still at Goring, and my first lion when I was three: but he got lost. Squit-Squirrel ('Squit', as I could not pronounce the word squirrel, having a bad stammer) when I was four, and Foxy when I was five. The first lion having disappeared, Leo arrived when I was six and was always the favourite: all his fur had worn away and his wire bones stuck out in several places so, during a long illness when I was ten he was operated on too, and came to join me at the nursing-home with bits of fur-coat sewn over most of him. That too had worn down to the leather before he was finally exiled from my bed: but he still exists, in good condition, together with Foxy and Squit, and of course the Lord High Tiger himself. I made clothes for the other two, so that their fur did not suffer as Leo's had done; but the Tiger had an iron frame and once ran on wheels, so he could not be cuddled but always stood aloof and mysterious, glaring fiercely with his round green eyes.

The earliest 'naughtiness' I can remember was stealing sugar out of the cupboard in the dining-room. I could dispose of several glorious spoonfuls before Nanny or the nursery-maid missed me and came in search: but this always meant dry bread and a smacking from my father: he had a very heavy hand, and I used to sympathise with Mowgli at the end of 'Kaa's Hunting'.

But the most glorious naughtiness occurred one summer afternoon when there was a tennis party which I was supposed to be watching as a treat. (Nanny and the younger ones were far away in the old walled kitchen garden.) But I slipped away up to the bathroom, drew up a chair before the basin to stand on, and 'played with water' to my heart's content. Nobody came to look for me, so I grew bolder. There were many bottles on the washstand, and these I emptied one by one into half a basin of water, and added the 'blue-bag', some 'soft soap', the vim and a little jar of Jeyes Fluid. . . . It was a glorious brew, and I can still remember the Eno's fizzing, and my delight at getting rid of my pet aversion—the Syrup of Figs.

The rag-bag of recollections from before I was six must end with the summer holiday in Beaumaris, Anglesey. We stayed at the Bulkley Arms Hotel, and I remember vividly how my younger sister, still a baby in a high chair, bit a piece out of a wine-glass—and the terrible fuss when the whole mouthful could not be recovered and reconstructed. (It only struck me that it would be very difficult to mend that glass: that it might be dangerous to swallow some of it never entered my mind.)

It rained for much of that holiday and my father and I spent most of the time in the castle—still, in those days, covered in ivy and not yet the property of the Office of Works. The wall-passages were really dark, and each garde-robe fenced off only by a bit of wood nailed across the entrance. We crawled under, and my father dropped lighted matches down the pit, chanting in eerie tones: 'Dungeons deep, and dungeons deep, and dungeons deeper still!'

From that holiday at Beaumaris dates my love of castles and ruins and dark passages. It still seems the best of all castles, and I tried to pay my debt of gratitude in *The Secret of Rusticoher*.

Beaumaris, summer 1924, marks the end of the next division, for I can date all the recollections jotted down above to 'before Beaumaris'.

The next year, when I was six, begins a new epoch. For I began 'going to lessons'—with some friends who had a governess; going to dancing class and 'gym' glass; visiting my first play, *The Windmill Man*—and falling in love.

The latter activity was suggested solely by *Stories of King Arthur* and Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. It was high time I had a Lady to fight for—and to rescue her from caitiffs, villains and other such creatures added wonderful possibilities to the stories I was now telling Leo every night about the amazing doings of 'Sir Gilbert de Lancelyn'. So, as I was not allowed a knife to carve her name on the trees in the garden, like Orlando, I wrote 'Mary' with soap on all the mirrors in the house—and decided that I was now grown-up.

MR. M. L. JACKS

With the death of Mr. M. L. Jacks on 20 January, the P.N.E.U. suffered a second loss early in this year. He had been a member of the P.N.E.U. Executive Council from the late 1920s and a Vice-President until 1946. From 1957 until 1962 he was Chairman of the Charlotte Mason Schools Company, a position which he only relinquished when failing health made frequent journeys to the Company's schools an impossibility. As he was convinced that a Chairman should be in close touch with the work of the schools for which he was responsible he felt that the Chairmanship should pass to more active hands, a decision which the Company accepted with the greatest reluctance. In 1963, just six months before his untimely death, he was invited to become a member of the P.N.E.U. Council.

When Mr. Jacks became Chairman of the Charlotte Mason Schools Company in 1957, he took over at a critical period in its history and as a distinguished former Headmaster of Mill Hill School (from 1922-37 and again from 1943-4) he brought to the many problems facing him an unrivalled knowledge of educational problems and a very real sympathy with the difficulties facing the teaching staff at that time. His energy and enthusiasm and his wide knowledge were always unreservedly at the service of both schools. To this period belong the details of the expansion of Overstone, the improvement of the buildings and equipment, the inauguration of a Junior House and the construction of a Science Block so that the teaching syllabus might be extended, while among his plans for the future was a block for the teaching of domestic science. His understanding of the needs of the school was great and his visits were always the starting point of yet more improvements.

To the period of his Chairmanship also belongs the launching of an appeal for funds to build a school hall at Burgess Hill and it was fitting that his last visit to Burgess Hill should have been made on 6 June, 1963, to preside at the opening of the Hall by Lady Brabourne when he opened the proceedings with one of his characteristically witty speeches. On that occasion Miss Morris, speaking of the history of the School Hall Fund (which had been in existence for over thirty years), paid tribute to Mr. Jacks' enthusiastic determination from 1957 onwards that Burgess Hill School should have a Hall and to the unswerving devotion with which he pursued this aim in spite of numerous setbacks which would have daunted many a more doughty champion.

As a distinguished educationalist (he had been Director of the Department of Education in Oxford from 1937-57) the P.N.E.U. Coun-

cil was delighted when he consented to join their ranks in 1963, and looked forward to a period when their deliberations would be constantly enriched by his advice on educational matters through his unrivalled knowledge of the educational world and his own high standards of scholarship. As has been stated elsewhere '... (he) was a passionate believer in the ideals for which Charlotte Mason stood, the unity of education, and the development of the whole person. He was concerned that ... schools in his care should stand firm in these ideals and at the same time fit into the pattern of public schools. ...' If he seemed somewhat austere and withdrawn on occasion, his lively work for education countered this (who does not recall the stimulating correspondence in the national press on the education of girls which a letter from Mr. Jacks sparked off?) and those who had the privilege of his friendship will remember with gratitude his unfailing courtesy, his sense of humour and his infectious laugh.

D.M.M.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Roger Lancelyn GREEN was educated at Dane Court, Surrey, and Liverpool College. He went to Oxford in 1937 and took an honours degree in English Literature, followed by a B.Litt., for which he presented a thesis on Andrew Lang. For a year or so he was a professional actor, one part being that of the pirate Noodler in *Peter Pan*, which led to the writing of *Fifty Years of Peter Pan* (1954) and *J. M. Barrie* in the Bodley Head Monographs. He was also an antiquarian bookseller for six months, and Deputy Librarian at Merton for five years, before settling at Poulton-Lancelyn in 1950. The old house and the recollections of his childhood there formed the background to the four adventure stories for children published by Methuen, *The Wonderful Stranger*, *The Luck of the Lynns*, *The Secret of Rustikoker* and *The Theft of the Golden Cat*. More recent stories, however, grew out of the stories told to his own children.

Marion TROUGHTON has run the Children's Corner of *The Wakefield Express*, Yorkshire, for the past twelve years and also edits the Women's Column in the same paper. She is also a contributor to *Yorkshire Life Illustrated*, *The Home Owner* and *The Contemporary Review*.

Deirdre VYSE studied at Trinity College of Music from 1947 to 1951 and then for six years taught music and various other subjects in state technical, secondary modern and grammar schools in the London area. Since settling in Sussex in 1957 she has continued teaching privately and has taken the P.N.E.U. Study Course as a preparation for running a P.U.S. home-schoolroom for her daughter and one or two other children next year.

Raymond WARD teaches at a Primary School in Glasgow and is also School Librarian. He has been a freelance journalist for a number of years, contributing articles to *Books* (the journal of the National Book League), *Parents*, *Homes and Gardens*, *The Glasgow Herald*, *The Scottish Educational Journal* and *The Writer*. His chief hobby is stamp collecting.

OUR WORK

THE FIRST WORLD BOOK FAIR

Sponsored by the Publishers and Booksellers Associations of Great Britain, the first World Book Fair will take place at Earls Court, London, from 10-20 June this year.

Among other attractions, there will be a special feature on Shakespeare in honour of his quatercentenary year. Other features will range from Graphic Art, Hobbies and Gardening to Natural History, Science and Photography, and from Education and Religion to Sport and Travel. There will also be a Children's Book Pavilion.

A varied programme of celebrity appearances, talks, discussions and other events will take place in the Lecture Theatre from day to day, and many well-known authors will participate in the proceedings.

All books at the Fair will be on sale to the public.

Further particulars are obtainable from: Miss Maureen Duck, Press Officer, World Book Fair, 5 New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4. Tel CITY 4815.

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the way that Form I examinations are dictated. MSS should be addressed to the Editor, *Parents Review*, Murray House, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1.

Children whose contributions are chosen for publication will receive a copy of the *Parents Review* in which their items appear.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

BRANCH AND PARENTS' ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH held a meeting on 9 March at which Dr. Margaret Adams, O.B.E., M.A., gave a talk on 'Education in Communist China'. She stressed the importance of fostering all contacts that would help to bridge the gap between the Western world and a country whose education was based upon Marxist doctrine.

FAIRFIELD SCHOOL, BACKWELL, SOMERSET, held a Parent Teacher Association Meeting on 4 March at which Miss Lambert spoke on Charlotte Mason's principles. This was followed by an account of the school's development from the days when it was a home-schoolroom of eight pupils to the present school consisting of seventy children.

KERRYWOOD PARENTS ASSOCIATION was entertained at the annual Show of Work at the school on 17 March. Mrs. Whitley, who has completed her first year as Head-mistress in succession to Mrs. Ruth Hardman, referred to the pupils' successes in the Kent examinations. Among other school activities during the year, there had been visits to the Horniman Museum, the London Museum and the Little Angel

Theatre. At Christmas the children gave a stage version of *Alice in Wonderland* to an audience of parents and friends, the proceeds being devoted to charity.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

HENRIETTA FRANKLIN MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS FOR OVERSTONE AND DESMOOR

My family has been asked by many people what form they think the most fitting memorial to my mother should take. We have met and have come to the conclusion, prompted by the advice of many of my mother's friends and fellow workers, that she would have liked best to be able to help some of those who would greatly benefit by an education at either the girls' public school or the boys' preparatory school, both of which she founded.

It is proposed, therefore, that if sufficient money is forthcoming to give three scholarships of £150 each for Overstone and one scholarship of £100 for Desmoor. (The Desmoor scholarship will be one to enable a boy to stay at the school one year longer than he otherwise could have done.) Candidates will sit for an examination for Overstone, but in accordance with Charlotte Mason's conviction that examinations in themselves are not the supreme test, decision will largely rest on character and this will be judged both by interview and reports by parents and previous teachers.

It is suggested that the scholarship will be managed by representatives of the Governors of both schools and of our family. For the first management committee we have asked, therefore, Colonel Greenhalgh who is not only a governor of the Charlotte Mason Schools Company, but lives at Overstone, and the Chairman of the day of both schools, Miss Charlesworth of Overstone, and Mr. Donald Ferrier of Desmoor. I will be the representative of the Family. I also happen to be a member of both Governing Bodies.

The subscriptions lists are, therefore, now open. Cheques and further enquiries should please be sent to the Secretary, 88 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

MICHAEL A. E. FRANKLIN

The Flat, 20 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Dear Editor,

Inspired by your contributors in 'Some of Us', my daughter, Claire Nicole, thought she would like to emulate them. It took her many days to write her contribution.

Incidentally, every month when the *Parents Review* arrives she never fails to mention that the Editor has the same names as herself!

May we say how much we enjoy the magazine, which never fails to contain interesting and stimulating articles.

SYLVIA I. CROS

Amarat Soukhte, Hamadan, Iran, Persia.

BOOKS

Children in Chancery, by Joy Baker (Hutchinson, 21/-), is an account of the author's successful struggle for the right to educate her children at home. Unhappy

memories of her own schooldays led to Mrs. Baker's determination to spare her young family from a similar experience and this involved her in a battle with the Norfolk Education Authorities which lasted for seven years. She took her stand on the liberty of the individual against State pressure, while the Authorities based their case on Section 36 of the Education Act 1944, 'It shall be the duty of the parent of every child of compulsory school age to cause him to receive efficient full-time education suitable to his age, ability and aptitude, either by regular attendance at school or otherwise'. Finally, Mrs. Baker's ability as a teacher and her tenacity in her own defence won the day. The Authorities were forced to concede that the education given to David, Robin, Sally and Wendy by their mother fulfilled the meaning of the Act. This book will be of interest to all teachers for its stimulating and very individual sidelights on the meaning and purpose of education, and should be a particular encouragement to those in charge of home-schoolrooms.

With holidays in view, Messrs. Blackie have produced three useful guide-books: *Students' Guide to Europe*, *Holiday Courses in Europe* and *The Young Europeans' Travel Guide*. These are compiled by Peter Latham and priced 25/- each.

The Ochre People, by Noni Jabavu (John Murray, 21/-), is the story of the author's return to childhood haunts in South Africa and her reactions to the changes she finds in her native country. A member of the Xhosa tribe, Miss Jabavu—whose family have been Christian for two or three generations—was educated in England and is married to an Englishman. It is an inspiration to read of the innate courtesy of the Xhosa people, that puts our casual manners to shame, of the leisurely and civilised way in which their family tensions are resolved, of how in utmost affection children are brought up to shoulder responsibility and take their place in the world of adults.

It is a sad reflection on so-called progress that their pattern of life is changing in the cities now and many of their splendid traditions are becoming obsolete. Yet throughout the book there sounds a note of hope. 'People survive and surmount wonders', says one character, 'they are indestructible'.

The book is a very fair exposition of conditions in South Africa at the present time. The distinguished author's wry but restrained comments on the Verwoerd régime and its effect on her people and their legitimate ambitions have far more impact than the rantings of other less reserved writers. This unusual and instructive book is highly recommended.

The Realm of Algebra, by Isaac Asimov (Gollancz, 15/-), is sub-titled 'A Guide to the Theory behind Equations'. The teacher who has struck difficulties in the classroom may find it useful to compare what has seemed to the author to be a hurdle with what has in practice been a hurdle to his own class, and to compare Mr. Asimov's approach with his own.

Exploring Mathematics on Your Own, by Donovan A. Johnson and William H. Glenn (John Murray), is a series of eighteen books of which six are now available (priced 4/9 limp covers or 8/6 boards). It is 'designed for students who want to go beyond the textbook'. Students and teachers, who can afford the time outside the rigorous pursuit of their main course, will find here much to stimulate them and give added point to the study of mathematics. There are glimpses of the great mathematicians, a useful discussion of the use and misuse of statistics ('Graphs don't lie but liars use graphs'), triangles in which the sum of the angles is greater than 180°, a lucid introduction to the concept of 'sets' which is appearing in the new syllabi, and a good list of books which reflect new approaches.

A Two-Year-Old Goes to Nursery School, by Marjorie Graham Janis (Tavistock Publications, 25/-). Sub-titled 'A Case Study of Separation Reactions', this is a survey undertaken at the instigation of the Bank Street College of Education, New York City, and therefore presumably claims to be a serious attempt to reach constructive psychological conclusions. Every word, action and temperamental vagary of a rather tiresome two-year-old, over a period of one year at a nursery school, is analysed, docketed and explained. Childish conversations of the utmost futility are recorded and, at the end of her first school year, the small girl appears to have become a thorough neurotic. The obvious solution would seem to have been to restore her to her home life. This is an interesting study of the humourlessness and lack of proportion which are the occupational diseases of some exponents of psychology.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Shackleton's **Valiant Voyage**, by Alfred Lansing (University of London Press, 10/6). This exciting tale of a classic expedition can be warmly recommended for children aged from fourteen upwards. It relates in a good straightforward style the saga of men who endured formidable hardships—frost-bite, ulcers, sores, hunger, thirst and near-drowning—for the sake of an ideal.

As always, the Ladybird books can be recommended without qualification. The latest titles are **The Seashore and Seashore Life**, by Nancy Scott, illustrated by Jill Payne; and **Aircraft**, by David Carey, illustrated by B. Knight (Wills and Hepworth, 2/6 each).

The Voyage to Africa, by Marielis Hoberg, translated by R. J. Hollingdale, illustrated by Jochen Bartsch (Abelard-Schuman, 13/6). This is a very lively and attractively written story for children aged from eight to ten. It is with great sadness and misgivings that the little boy Heiner leaves his happy orphanage at Hundemunde to take the long sea-voyage to Africa, where he is to become the adopted son of an unknown husband and wife; but on the ship he meets Elsie, who is also to be adopted by the same 'parents', and the friendship struck up between the children minimises the fears and doubles the excitements of their adventure. The descriptions of the visits *en route* to Rotterdam, Leixoes, Lisbon and Seville are extraordinarily vivid and colourful, and there is a charming surprise for Heiner and Elsie at journey's end.

Elin's **Amerika**, written and illustrated by Marguerite de Angeli (World's Work, 12/6) is a very simple tale for children aged from six to seven. In 1648 a Swedish family—Elin, the small girl, with her Moder and Fader, and her brothers, Bror and Knute—go to the 'New Sweden' in Amerika. The day to day doings of this happy family and their gradual adaptation to new surroundings are pleasantly related with the sort of detail that children love. It is a pity however that this author always tends to 'write down' to her readers.

Codes and Ciphers, by John Laffin (Abelard-Schuman, 13/6). The sub-title of this book is 'Secret Writing through the Ages', and it will be an abnormally dull-minded boy or girl who withstands the fascination of the subject. The author gives many examples of codes used in espionage during World War Two, and his narrative is copiously and clearly illustrated with samples of 'secret writing'. This volume will be the perfect leisure-time companion for any child aged from twelve years old onward.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

Vol. LXXV No. 6

JUNE 1964

THE TYRANNY OF THE OLD SCHOOL TIE*

by JOHN LE CARRÉ

I shudder when I think of my own education. I seem to have been educated to believe that contentment is unrealistic: give it them at school and they'll want it later on, *then* what will happen? I grew old very quickly at school because I was taught the conclusions of old age. That is what critics of the English private school system mean by mediaeval: I was educated to be a stockbroker's apprentice, and it has taken me a good fifteen years to get over it. I wasn't a weed at school but an athlete: I belonged by construction, talent and serpentine cunning to the favoured class of boy. I accepted the judgement of my prep-school mentors that my attempts at fiction-writing were immoral because I was trying to write 'trash'; I accepted the judgement of my colleagues at public school that my poetry resulted, like spots, from an absence of Christian restraint. I always accepted their judgement. Only Oxford, healing, tolerant Oxford, showed me that fiction need not be trash and that there were other interpretations of Christian behaviour. Oh well, they'll say, it would never have come out if we hadn't beaten him.

Therefore I approached the education of my three sons with a kind of embarrassed hostility. At thirty-two I am not an angry young man but an apprehensive, badly taught parent. I know about teaching: I taught at Millfield and then at Eton. As a boy I went to four different boarding schools. I know the signs of a bad school, and I know how few, how wretchedly, terribly few good ones there are. I can spot, I think, a prep-school on the downward path as quickly as any other ex-beak or ex-pupil: the tennis court that will be laid next summer, the lavatories that must wait till the holidays for repair, the roof that gave way in a storm (they promised to come *months* ago) and that list of results which, like the list of staff qualifications, is never *quite* back from the printers.

* © David Cornwell 1964.

Those who have been in the racket (I exclude my two schools of employment) know that Evelyn Waugh didn't say the half of it where some prep-schools are concerned, and that Benedictus, Alec Waugh and that traitor Le Carré and all the rest of us have not really touched on the potential of repressive evil which is latent in all public schools.

I am, of course, the clown parent of private education. I disapprove of both prep-schools and public schools but all my sons are down for them. I am weak: or is it axiomatic of the system that its products, like the old, old men they are, adjust from an early age their social consciences to expediency? I find nothing comic in the presence of public school men in the Socialist Party; after a public school education a man must take a very cool look at the mess he has got himself into.

I know, too, about the shadowy backyard of the public school citadel, the crammer; I have seen from the inside (again I exclude Millfield) some of these murky places which, when they are bad, are very, very bad, and trade so sweetly on parental despair. I know what a journey can await the child who is pushed off the private 'bus. I know how casually children are accepted by some schools and how casually superannuated to others. Oh yes, the bad ones provide a service: that is one of the bull points of the public school argument. I often think of it as the educational counterpart to the argument in favour of euthanasia.

Private and public schools would be much better, and a great deal less over-rated, if parents treated them with the same philistine persistence with which they treat, for instance, their solicitor, their bank or their accountant. Only a fool washes his hands of his own legal or financial affairs: why do so many parents, then, accept without question trumped-up or exiguous reports, poor examination results, drafty dormitories, bad food? Heaven knows, they are paying more than they would for any other professional service. A housemaster wrote some years back in a history of the distinguished school which employs him that the cost of a public school education was no more than that of an expensive motor car. Accepted; and if that is to be our criterion, let us raise Cain if the car doesn't run: let us equate skimmed correcting or sub-standard results with poor craftsmanship or a dud engine. A school reserves the right to select entrants: it must accept responsibility for its choice, and responsibility for failure. This is presumably one of the purposes of paying for a child's education. But alas, it is a part of the public school ethic, and convenient to many parents as well as to schools, that you no more question the disbursement of your money than if you were to put it in a collection box. There are too few Very Difficult Parents, their names are quickly known and passed with a snigger round the common-rooms; there are too many who live in the blessed relief of having got the child in, and wait in obedient terror until they have

got him out. There are parents who pay a fortune to give their children what they were themselves denied, and fear to raise their voices in a world they do not comprehend.

Home Education under the guidance of P.N.E.U. does more than teach the child. That, we are all more or less agreed, it does very well. Above all it educates the parents to intelligent participation, creates in us a confidence and a familiarity which equip us to deal with lapses in the schools we later employ; children taught at home know that their parents are part of the scheme, and do not feel, if they eventually go off to public school, that they are being sent away like young ponies to be broken of their spirit.

I have watched with excitement and admiration the partnership which P.N.E.U. instruction has established between my wife and our eldest son: teaching is fun, learning is fun, and both create a bond which the vicissitudes of later years will not destroy. And we *know* what Simon can do: no school, good or bad, will ever know better. That puts us in the category of Very Difficult Parents: but it is not we who are going to school.

A good school today can be a rotten one by the time our children go there. Home Education is a lifeline to children whom we shall be sending into uncertain waters. Nothing can be more valuable than that. For Heaven's sake let us hold it firm, and when we leave our children at Paddington Station, with their trunks full of expensive clothes, let us not leave our responsibility there as well, for to do that would be to make an ass of the P.N.E.U., and the P.N.E.U. is anything but that.

THE QUATERCENTENARIES

by SHIRLEY TOULSON

Most schools by now will have planned, if not performed, their own tribute to the 1964 Shakespeare celebrations. Many of them will have attended public performances, professional and amateur, of the plays, and they will have spent some time on a background study of the Elizabethan theatre. There are also schools which have found the time to remember the other quatercentenary which falls this year; and even if they have not had the chance to see one of Marlowe's plays, they will at least have studied some of his poetry—the favourite 'Passionate Shepherd to His Love', for instance, and perhaps the less well-known fragment from *England's Parnassus* (a miscellany of poems published in 1600). This poem, a pastoral lyric of twenty-four lines, describes a stream in summer. It breaks off abruptly after the following quatrain:

Their leaves, that differ'd both in shape and show,
 Though all were green, yet difference such in green,
 Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,
 Prided the running main, as it had been—

What is there left to do? Although some of the national celebrations are over, there will still be many going on during the summer and autumn terms in various parts of the country. The Royal Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford is presenting chronological series of seven of the historical plays, until the end of the year, but other more local performances have been less widely publicised. At Bath the New Shakespeare Company will be playing *Twelfth Night* at the Theatre Royal from 8-13 June; at Canterbury there will be a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Marlowe Theatre from 14-24 October; at Chichester the National Theatre Company is giving *Othello* from 6 July to 29 August; in Shropshire at Ludlow Castle there will be performances of *The Merchant of Venice* from 21 June to 5 July; *King Lear* is to be put on at the Victoria Theatre, Stoke-on-Trent, during the autumn; and in Edinburgh, apart from the Shakespearean performances during the Festival, *As You Like It* will be played at the Gateway Theatre from 22 November to 5 December.

In some ways, however, the performances of the lesser playwright may prove to be the more exciting experience for the child. For many good reasons teachers are generally shy of introducing Marlowe before the start of Advanced Level work, and only then if *Dr. Faustus* happens to be a set text. It is a pity that this should be so. Marlowe was a greater poet than a dramatist, and by neglecting the plays we also lose much of the poetry which should be the common inheritance of our children.

In Canterbury, where Christopher Marlowe was born, the son of a shoemaker, the Marlowe Society Drama Company are giving *Edward II* for one week during August; in London at the Aldwych Theatre the Royal Shakespeare Company will be adding *The Jew of Malta* to its repertory when it returns from its world tour in the late summer; and in the autumn there will be a performance of *Tamburlaine* at the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham.

The biographies of both Shakespeare and Marlowe are still largely conjectural. We know when and where they were born, and that, while Shakespeare died an established country gentleman as well as England's acknowledged leading playwright at the age of fifty-two, Marlowe was killed in a brawl when he was twenty-nine. We know something of their schooling. Marlowe, the more academically brilliant, went from King's School, Canterbury, to Corpus Christi College at Cambridge, whence he graduated in 1583. It is possible that he went immediately from the University to the wars in the Low Countries. His first play,

the spectacular *Tamburlaine*, was certainly written by 1587. For the remaining six years of his life, Marlowe appears to have lived and worked in London.

Of Shakespeare as a man we know equally little. Ironically, it would probably be a much easier task to compile a biography of the worthy John Shakespeare, yeoman and leading citizen of Stratford, than of his illustrious son. The certain facts of the poet's life are that he was baptised on 26 April 1564; educated at the free Grammar School at Stratford; married Anne Hathaway in 1582; came to London about 1586; achieved full acknowledgement as an important playwright by 1598, and virtually retired from the theatre after the first performance of *The Tempest* in 1611. From then until his death (although he bought a house at Blackfriars in 1613) he spent the greater part of his time at Stratford.

Scholars have tried through the internal evidence of the plays and the sonnets to fill in the details of his life, and to give flesh to these bare bones. This is legitimate research, but fortunately a real appreciation of the plays is in no way inhibited by our lack of knowledge about the man who wrote them. It is much more important to have a good understanding of the sort of people they were written for, and the conditions under which they were first produced.

Several exhibitions organised for this summer will prove invaluable aids towards this understanding. Chief among them will be the Shakespeare Exhibition, organised by Richard Buckle, which is at Stratford until 5 August, and at the National Theatre Site on the South Bank in London from 26 October. It sets out to illustrate William Shakespeare's career against the background of Elizabethan and Jacobean England. Dr. Frederick Sternfield has selected the programme of Elizabethan music to be played during the exhibition.

It is pleasant that so much of the celebrations will be devoted to music. Londoners will be especially fortunate during the City of London Festival in July. On 6 July at Skinners' Hall there is to be a programme of Shakespearean music by the Julian Bream Consort; Thurston Dart will give a lecture recital at the Great Chamber, Charter House, on 8 July, when his subject will be the music used in the performances of Shakespeare's plays during the playwright's life-time; and on 10 July at the Apothecaries' Hall the Jaye Consort will play sixteenth- and seventeenth-century songs and stage music on contemporary instruments.

A similar programme of music from Shakespeare's plays, performed on instruments referred to by him, will be presented at the Harrogate Opera House on 20 July, where on the following night dances from the plays will be performed, introduced by Thea Holme.

For those who prefer a more academic approach, the British Museum is compiling a Shakespeare and Marlowe Exhibition from manuscripts

in its possession, and this will be on view until mid-July; while the history of the designs for Shakespeare's plays can be studied at the Victoria and Albert until the end of August. A special Marlowe Exhibition will open in Canterbury on 27 July.

This year provides a unique opportunity for us all to reconsider the way in which we present Shakespeare to our children. Various questions arise. Which play is the best one to start off with? Should we expect young minds to make a three-month textual study of a play which only takes as many hours to perform? Should we stop behaving as though Shakespeare were a lone voice crying in the wilderness and, if so, how can we best introduce his contemporaries into our schools? If we choose Marlowe to represent them, is *Dr. Faustus* the best play to select? I still think it is, but a case could certainly be made out for the rich poetry of *Tamburlaine* and the poignancy of parts of *Edward II*. Certainly the performances, exhibitions and concerts attended by teachers this summer should have a lasting effect upon the teaching of English Literature in the schools, quite apart from the immediate pleasure which they will bring to the children.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

Along a sandy bank, not far from where I live, it is possible to watch the comings and goings of Bumble and Humble Bees. I do not know which of these names is correct—I suspect that both are onomatopoeic! Anyway, we watch, from spring onwards, large heavy-bodied Queen Bumbles going into holes and sallying forth again in search of nectar. I never know whether Bumble Bees sting. Certainly the queens, striped with orange, lemon or soft ash-grey, or even all-black, according to species (of which there are over eighteen in Britain), look too blunt-tipped to produce a sharp sting.

Once, in a dry spell, part of the bank broke away and the curious nest was exposed. The tunnel, I saw with interest, was short and opened out into a round chamber. Bumble Bees are 'round' creatures—their bodies and their cells, built from wood-pulp, are as rounded as the excavated nesting-room. There was no mass of cells as there is in a Honey-Bee's comb. Only a stalked cluster of cells looking like still round, but withered grapes, hanging from the centre-ceiling. I have no idea whether the owning Bumble Queen had excavated the tunnel and the chamber at the end of it. If so, her countless journeys may have been to dispose of unwanted soil. I rather feel that she possibly took it over from another creature, a burrowing field-mouse perhaps. She may have improved or enlarged, of course.

Last May, Blue Tits, already sitting on eggs in one of our nesting-boxes, had a disaster. Both parents disappeared. We suspected a smug-looking, ingratiating cat-friend, but had no proof of his guilt. The eggs went cold and no other birds appeared to rebuild and start another nest, *but* a Bumble Bee took over and soon had constructed her neat cluster of cells. We watched her flying in and out of the nest-box's hole and in a few weeks her daughters, small copies of her splendid orange-striped self, were in and out too. There was also another type of bee. We couldn't make it out at all until we noticed precise half-moon bites out of a rose-bush's leaves. Then we suspected that the nesting-box contained the cylindrically rolled rose-leaf bits of a Leaf-Cutting Bee as well as the Bumble Bee's family.

This year Blue Tits are again interested in the nesting-box. We removed the Bumble Bees' and the Leaf-Cutting Bees' cells last autumn, but just lately I have heard the zoom of a Bumble Bee Queen near the box as well. I doubt if she starts building if the Blue Tits are about. I would rather have the birds, but she and the Leaf-Cutting Bees were very interesting second-bests.

'WHENCE THEN COMETH WISDOM?' (Job)

by W. F. EWBANK

Job has asked a question which is of great practical interest, not least to those who are engaged, or are likely to be engaged, in the profession of teaching.

If we were to ask Job's question in a staff-room I think that most people present would agree in the answer that they would give. They would say that wisdom is to be found in many different ways, and that each of the subjects which are taught in school gives some partial insight into it. The Classics, Modern Languages, English, History, Mathematics, Physics, Biology, whatever it may be, conveys to those who study it some knowledge of the world in which we live and some understanding of our place within it. As Christian people we need not find ourselves in disagreement with such a view. All subjects that are taught in schools impart to the pupils some elements of truth, and the truth, as we may readily remind ourselves, is one of the names of God. Although we must fully accept that all subjects convey wisdom, to some degree at any rate, yet we must also be sure as Christians that the knowledge of our Christian faith has a particular importance in the matter. 'The fear of the Lord', said Job, 'that is wisdom'. That fear of the Lord, no less than any kind of knowledge, must be taught to those who are to receive it.

The particular teaching of our religion takes place in two ways, partly by example and partly by instruction. I do not mean to lay any weight at present upon the importance of the personal example of those who teach divinity, important though this must be in the eyes of their pupils. Such example is a personal matter for each teacher. I do wish to lay emphasis upon one thing upon which the Newsom Report also lays great emphasis. The fourth of the recommendations to chapter seven in that most interesting Report re-affirms the value of the school act of worship as a potent force in the spiritual experience of the pupils. In the body of that chapter the authors underline the remarkable influence that the act of worship has been found to have. The conduct of such an act of worship is necessarily the responsibility of the Head, but any members of the staff to whom a part of that responsibility is delegated should never underestimate the importance of what is entrusted to them. Whether it concerns the preparation of a pupil for reading from the scriptures, whether it concerns the choice and delivery of the prayers, or whether it concerns the music and the singing, these are all things which build up the act of worship itself; and, beyond that, the personal demeanour of any member of the staff attending at that worship will have a far greater influence upon the boys and girls who are present than he or she may easily be aware of.

Apart from the act of worship the main part of the instruction in religion must take place in the classroom; and here we are faced with a paradox. It is commonly held that scripture is a soft option, a subject easy to teach and to learn. In reality, the opposite is true. This is one of the more difficult subjects to teach. It certainly requires no less training and experience than any other. The difficulty of the subject is vividly shown by the lack of success with which it has so often been taught. We have now, as a result, more than one generation of pupils whose knowledge of the Christian religion at the end of their school days is sketchy indeed. You will understand that I am speaking in general terms and that there are many notable exceptions to what I have said, many excellent scripture teachers and yet far from enough.

In one way the task of teaching scripture is easier now than it has been for generations. The subject has been be-devilled for a hundred years by the most bitter disputes between Church and Chapel. We find now that these disputes have not only died down, but that Church and Chapel have even gone so far as to enter into conversations towards the reunion of the one with the other. The scripture teacher who had once to tread so warily that he hardly dared to proceed at all beyond the bare text of the Bible is now free to teach his subject as it ought to be taught.

The subject is indeed a wide one in itself. It includes a knowledge of the Bible and of the background of the Bible. It includes Church history, worship, doctrine, ethics, and other things as well. In some of its aspects,

however, it seems to children to be remote and, therefore, not very interesting. If you try to teach about the Hebrew prophets, or even indeed to tell them the narratives of the gospel, they do not spontaneously respond with interest. But I suspect that any scripture teacher will have discovered that the interest of the form is kindled at once when questions arise which touch the pupils’ own lives and experiences directly. Whereas it was dangerous for a teacher two or three generations ago to venture into the field of dogma, that is the very side of religious instruction which now catches the interest of a class. If you speak about proto-deutero-trito-Isaiah, your form will be restless and yawning. If you speak about some practical question of right and wrong, about the Judgment and who will go to Heaven and who will go to Hell, the difference in the atmosphere of the form-room will be felt immediately. This is a piece of counsel I would like to leave with you, that you should teach religion primarily as doctrine and that you should teach especially those sides of it which directly touch the children’s lives.

If a teacher is to cope effectively with the interest of children in the dogmatic declarations of Christianity there is one particular and difficult art that he or she will need to develop. This is the art of answering a profound question in the simplest and the shortest of terms. A boy will come up to the desk when the period is over and will say, perhaps, ‘May I ask you a question?’. When you answer ‘Yes’, he then replies, ‘I do not quite understand the doctrine of the Trinity. Would you please explain it to me?’. Now the boy does not want a long treatise on the Trinity. If you launch out into many words, or use technical terms of theology, he will only suppose, at best, that you cannot explain yourself; at worst, that you do not know yourself what you do mean. Your answer must be in no more than two sentences and in terms which seem to a twelve-year-old to have some meaning. Such an answer will be incomplete, of course; but it must never be misleading. So far as it goes it must be dead right, and that is not an easy thing to attain, especially on the spur of the moment. There is this one practical comfort, however; the questions of this kind which children ask recur from year to year. The same problems arise in their minds and the same questions come to the teacher. Therefore once you have formulated an answer that is adequate you may expect to be able to use it quite often.

As soon as you start to teach religion in this way you throw yourself open to a simple and devastating question. You speak of God in eternity, perhaps, or of Jesus being both God and Man, and some little girl will hold up her hand at the back of the room and will ask you with round and innocent eyes, ‘Please, how do you know?’. It is necessary to recognise that this is a serious question to which a direct and honest answer must be given. The answer may sometimes lie in a statement that Christianity is not a system of knowledge, but of belief. We talk about

the Christian Faith, not about the Christian Knowledge. This can be explained further by saying that there are some things which you prove first and afterwards believe—for example, you prove that the interior angles of a triangle are equal in size to two right angles and, after you have proved it, you believe that it is true: there are other things which you must believe first, and the proof only comes afterwards—you must believe first in the living God and only afterwards can you experience, by way of proof, an actual communion with him.

A most important element in the teaching of scripture in the way that I have been outlining is the personal conviction of the teacher in the truth of the things that he says. There is nothing more certain than that a class will be aware of any personal insincerity in the teaching that they receive about the doctrines of our religion. St. Paul uses somewhere the phrase ‘from faith to faith’ and that would be a very apt motto to write over a blackboard in a scripture lesson. As the pupil will be aware at once whether or not the teacher is master of his subject, so too the pupil will be aware instinctively whether or not the teacher believes what he says.

You will notice that I have not yet furnished a complete answer, adequate for every case, to the child’s enquiry ‘How do you know?’. I now want to suggest to you the way in which you can normally meet that most penetrating question. You can answer it by appealing to three authorities. Firstly to the Bible, secondly to the teaching of the Church, and thirdly to your own convictions. When you appeal to the Bible, you must appeal to the whole Bible, not to some particular text or to some arbitrary selection of texts. When you appeal to the teaching of the Church, you must explain in these days of divided Christendom that different denominations sometimes teach differently about any one matter; and you must be equipped to say what in fact each main group of Christians do believe about it. When you appeal to your own convictions (and these almost always will carry great weight with your pupils) you must be absolutely honest with them. If you do not believe what you find in the Bible, or if you disagree with the teaching of the Church, then you must not hesitate to say so. The answer then to the question ‘How do you know?’ will be stronger in some cases than in others. If the Bible teaches something and the Church teaches the same thing and you yourself are convinced of the truth of their teaching, there is a threefold ground of assurance for your pupils that they should believe it too. If teaching of the Church diverges from the teaching of the Bible then there is an element of uncertainty in the matter and, similarly, if your own judgement hesitates and does not concur with Church and Bible.

In an age where knowledge of the Christian religion is so confused, in which there are many direct antagonists of Christianity, and many ready

to mock at its teachings, its worship and its practice, the task of Christian teaching is one of exceptional importance. It is to this task that many of you may perhaps be called. If you are so called you should feel ready to take no end of pains to qualify yourself in the highest degree. It is worth remembering that what you say, and how you say it, may affect the lives of your pupils not only in this world but in the next.

'SOME OF US'

OPEN DAY AT FLEXFORD HOUSE P.N.E.U. SCHOOL

On Saturday, March 7th I woke early. Even then, in the early morning, there was great excitement in the air. This was to be our first Open Day at Flexford, and everybody was determined to make a success of it.

The morning was taken up with preparations. The rooms were swept, furniture moved, and the cookery class was busy making cakes and sandwiches. Everyone was helpful, including those who from time to time did not have much to do—they kept themselves well out of the way. As the cleaning and moving of furniture was done, the exhibition of work was arranged. This was displayed very well; every girl in the school was represented by at least one piece of work.

As 12.15 the bell went for a buffet lunch, after which everyone, including the staff, had time for a little rest. Everything was ready for the great moment. The weather was sunny although there was a bitter wind.

At 2.30 the first set of ushers appeared, looking very neat and tidy, and wearing rosettes to distinguish them. In the hall was a blackboard showing where different displays of work and demonstration lessons were to be held.

Three classes were held during the afternoon—Form III History of Literature, Form IV Picture Study and Form V Geography. These were to show the parents the P.N.E.U. method of teaching. They found it very interesting, and said they learnt quite a lot themselves!

There were some particularly good pieces of handwork on show, among them some Italian quilting and dresses made by Form V. Among the art was the work of two girls whose pictures were entered and accepted for the Schools Exhibition at the Bladon Gallery, which is nearby at Hurstbourne Tarrant.

At 3.30 tea was served, made and prepared by the cookery class. Although parents had complimentary tea-tickets, everyone was most generous, and the money given has gone towards the School Hall fund.

Visitors began to leave about 5.30 p.m. It had been a most successful day. I think this was not only because the girls put on such a good show, but also thanks to Miss King, the headmistress, and all the staff, who worked extremely hard to make it a happy occasion. We shall remember our first Open Day, and look forward to the school's happy and successful future in its new surroundings at Highclere.

CLARE CANDLER (aged 15)

Flexford House P.N.E.U. School, Highclere, Newbury, Berks.

KNOW YOUR SON

by BRUCE TUCKER

I was tearing along the wing—at least, that was *my* impression—with the ball at my feet, when a penetrating treble soared imperatively above the background rumble of village support:

'Come on, Dad!'

The effect was immediate. My stride faltered, the ball ran loose, and my ears tingled warmly in sympathy with the groan from the crowd.

It was the first time my ten-year-old son had made his presence felt. The fact that his vociferous support had publicly and pointedly drawn attention to advancing years and parental status made it quite stride-checking.

But I soon shrugged off any feeling that dads and football might be incompatible entities. The incomparable Stanley Mathews—very much a dad—could give me a year or two. It didn't seem to bother him.

And as we strolled homewards, with my number one fan and critic swinging my boots by the laces in dandelion-decapitating arcs, sharing in retrospect the highlights of the match, I felt a warm glow of satisfaction. My son and I were friends.

A recently conducted nation-wide survey amongst American children produced a majority opinion that the average American father is a 'real all round guy and a pal'. In view of the high incidence of juvenile delinquency which prevails in the U.S.A., the findings of this survey are open to more than one interpretation. Nevertheless, I believe that the 'pal' relationship between father and son can produce nothing but good for both parties, provided that it is judiciously and delicately handled. And I think it can be safely claimed that in the majority of juvenile delinquency cases concerning boys, analysis would reveal that father and son have drifted apart, or were never in touch with each other.

The heavy Victorian father-figure, with his stern admonitions to 'spare the rod and spoil the child' and 'children should be seen and not heard', has no more place in contemporary family life than a hansom cab on the M.1.

There are two reasons for this. Firstly, fathers today are considerably younger than their counterparts at the turn of the century. Secondly, the modern child is more informed in a worldly sense, far more sophisticated and mature, than a child of comparable age of even a single generation ago. Radio, television, the huge increase in printed periodicals since the war, and other means of mass communication, have ensured that our children are almost precociously well-informed. The age-gap, therefore, between father and son has narrowed to a point where companionship may be enjoyed at a much earlier date in the child's life.

Hero-worship is a vital and necessary phase in a boy's mental and emotional growth. This is the stage when masculine ideals and standards begin to develop and crystallise. Who better to serve as catalyst

than the boy's father? But just as the Oedipus complex of infancy must be brought gently but firmly to a realisation that father is not a rival but a person to be respected, so must this later phase be brought to mature conclusion.

Herein lies the danger. We all like to bask in the warm, self-indulgent rays of hero-worship; but sooner or later the responsible father must guide his son to an awareness that the focus of his adulation is neither omniscient, omnipotent, nor infallible. And to bring about this recognition, in such a way that his idol is not revealed as one with feet of clay, requires considerable tact and sense of timing.

The first essential is to create a sense of companionship—something shared. This is the starting-point if any emotional bond is to mature between father and son. In my own case, I am fortunate in having been blessed with an enduring physique and a love of sports and athletics. These appeal to the majority of boys, and are interests which I have been able to share with my two sons. But the older father, and the not so robust parent, has no need to be discouraged at the prospect of matching the bubbling, virile energy of his son. There are other things which can be shared to the profit of both.

Fishing, stamp-collecting, keeping pets, model-making, exploring, and a host of other things make up the pattern of life for a growing boy. Somewhere in the mosaic of shifting interests is *something* which every father can share with his son, and a field where he can *offer* companionship.

Companionship should never be arbitrarily imposed; this would simply breed resentment. And when the offer is accepted there are two pitfalls which the wise father will avoid—intrusion and imitation.

There are times in all our lives when we feel the need for solitude, or the company of our contemporaries, or the need to 'go it alone'. These feelings are just as important to the young as they are to the adult. To intrude upon these needs is a violation of privacy which, in the very young, could have a smothering effect upon individuality and developing personality. If father suggests a fishing trip, which his young son turns down in favour of a bird-nesting expedition with his contemporaries, it is a wise father who swallows his hurt pride and goes fishing alone.

To insist upon his son joining him, or to join the boys in their bird-nesting would be, in either case, a gross violation of privacy; but the latter course would be a twofold mistake.

Mothers may rightly claim that all men are basically small boys at heart, but to the very young this is far from apparent. In their eyes,

father is a grown man, a giant whose stature they wonder if they will ever attain. And the father who tries to enter his son's world too literally will only succeed in making himself look foolish with consequent loss of prestige.

Bowling hoops, for example, is a boy's pastime—not a man's. Men make the hoops, fathers provide the guidance and help, and boys bowl away happily and independently.

Perhaps the American thirteen-year-old, who disagreed with the survey's findings, summed it up quite well when he said: 'If I treated him like a pal, I'd tell him to shut up and he'd knock me for a loop'.

What that boy was really trying to convey is that boys do not want a father who is a grown-up imitation of themselves. They do not want to lead, but to be led by a father who is an 'all round guy' because he has time to spare for them when they need it.

Mystics and philosophers through the ages have used the axiom 'Man—know thyself' as a basic principle for successful living. Fathers today might beneficially adapt the saying to 'Man—know thy son', and make it the principal ingredient in the recipe for successful and responsible fatherhood.

PRODUCTIVE LEISURE

by GRACE CAREY

As the modern world moves ever more rapidly towards the concept of higher pay for less working hours, a big problem confronts the adult of the future: what to do with the enormous amount of leisure that will fall to his share?

This subject was raised at the last Annual General Meeting of the P.N.E.U., and there was general agreement among those present that training for constructive use of leisure was a vital part of education.

It is odd that when people had far less time to spare, they could have filled it twice over. Two old proverbs say, 'Idle people have the least leisure' and 'He hath no leisure that useth it not'. Generally speaking, those who today are faced with more leisure than their parents ever dreamed of, have not learned what to do with it and, since these hours have to be filled somehow, the result is either abortive idleness, crime and violence, or noisy demonstrations, 'just for kicks'. This is a thing to remember when one is tempted to censure the habits of the young today.

The value of leisure is that it gives an opportunity to do something entirely different from the workaday round. This is good, for it switches

the mind into a new channel and gives the brain a rest. The hobby or pursuit may be strenuous—even tiring—and this is not a bad thing, for the physical tiredness will cancel out the mental fatigue. Conversely, if the daily round is physical labour, a mental activity for leisure will stimulate the mind and relax the body. ‘Leisure’, said Ovid, ‘nourishes the body and the mind is fed thereby’.

Activities of all kinds are there for the asking if only the bored ones would give thought to what they *want* to do. You have only to study the syllabus of adult educational courses to realise their scope—languages, arts, crafts, every subject from archaeology to dress-making, from pottery to ballet—they are all included.

It is the state of mind that has to be cultivated, the excitement of exploring new fields of thought and action. In other words, one must learn to cope with leisure and realise the value of time, for time lost can never be recovered.

Once people have grown up with the habit of wasting time it is difficult to teach them to make use of it. Therefore it is in early childhood that the move must be made to build up spare-time interests and hobbies. The signal for action is the moment a child says, ‘I don’t know what to *do*!’ for this tendency towards boredom is likely to persist through life unless it is counteracted by encouragement to constructive action.

I cannot reconcile myself to the sight of children wasting precious hours on second-rate television entertainment instead of making their own fun. To the busy mother today television is a godsend, I am told. It keeps the children quiet and out of the way for at least an hour or two so that she can get on with other things. But is she doing the best for them in encouraging this thirst for entertainment in which they are only passive spectators? I would give a denifite ‘No’ to that. As a long-term policy she is doing them a disservice. *Now* is the time to teach them the proper use of leisure.

Of course it is all too easy when you are busy and the children ask for help, to say, ‘I’ve no time now. Run along and amuse yourself somehow’. Small children need a little guidance, and if you sacrifice an hour or two to help them with their hobbies now, you will be called upon far less often later on.

By studying a child’s tendencies very early, a parent can guide him towards a full, rich adulthood. Time spent on this is not time wasted. A child who is taught to think about what is interesting and fun to do, and to plan his own activities, will never join the legion of the bored.

Children with a *penchant* for art or music or literature can be led to the knowledge and appreciation of these so that in after years they will

never have to kill time. By taking them to concerts and art galleries, encouraging them to listen to good music on the radio, they can be weaned from an exclusive diet of 'pop'. Putting good books in their way will teach them to discriminate between literature and trash.

The child interested in drama can be encouraged to produce his own plays, even to write them. A puppet theatre is a good introduction and will provide endless hours of joy.

Children with good singing voices, who have been encouraged to use them, will later find a fruitful use for their leisure in choral and operatic societies.

Mastering languages will stimulate the student to visit other countries and put his study into practice, and once he starts travelling all sorts of exciting possibilities open up.

Girls who have a flair for sewing and dress-making will later be able to turn their talents to stage costumes for the local drama club, for instance. 'Artists' will be in demand for stage scenery. Constructive hobbies serve the double purpose of making leisure enjoyable and bringing one in touch with others who have the same interests, affording opportunities for making new friendships.

In these 'do-it-yourself' days, lessons from father in carpentry, cabinet-making and decorating will pay big dividends in pleasure and usefulness later on. Model-making can be an absorbing hobby too.

The wide range of sports will attract children who enjoy outdoor activities, but even in this sphere they must learn to plan for themselves after a time and not expect everything to be laid on for them. As long as they have been encouraged in their own special line they should have the initiative to get together with their friends for batting or bowling practice, making up a set for tennis, planning bicycle rides, and so on. These last can be combined with a purpose. For instance, I know of two boys in Canada who had taken up rock collecting, and at the ages of eleven and twelve cycled a total of sixty miles in one day to search for some particular specimens of stones, pebbles and rocks.

The gathering of botanical specimens can be another objective for walks and bicycle rides. Collecting is a hobby which in later years may become not only absorbing but profitable. Beginning with stamps it can be carried on to china, silver, brass, antiques, pictures. In the process, research will absorb hours of leisure and provide a new interest.

Spare-time activities built up over the years make retirement an excitement instead of a cause of frustration. There will be less heard about the loneliness and boredom of old age when people have learned,

as the Rev. Nathaniel Howe, a divine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, said in his *Chapter of Proverbs for Common Life*: 'Leisure is time for doing something useful'.

'I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER . . .'—V

AN INDIAN CHILDHOOD

by FÉLICITÉ NESHAM

For the greater part of my life the word 'Lansdowne' has had for me all the qualities of a magic charm; it has conjured up the feel of hot stone in the sun and wet leather when riding in the rains; visions of white dust and distant snows; the sound of tree-frogs as a permanent background noise of which you were often unaware; and smells—pine-trees, eucalyptus (Ayah always put the leaves into my bath when I had a cold) and the more pungent bazaar smells, perhaps not appreciated at the time, but valued in retrospect because, to smell that smell, you have to be in Lansdowne and ever since I was eight years old Lansdowne has been inaccessible, a Paradise to which I can never return.

Oh, Lansdowne is still there—and people do go back—but, even if I did go now, I wouldn't find *my* Lansdowne again. I was born there, which naturally makes it mine in a very special way, but we went home on leave when I was eighteen months old and I can remember nothing of that first visit.

My memories of Lansdowne really begin when I was six and my mother and I went out to join my father for the last time, two years before he retired. I was old enough to know it was for the last time and to realise a little what this meant and so I shut my mind to what lay beyond those two years and lived every moment as fully and as consciously as I knew how.

Lansdowne was a wonderful place to be six in. You were old enough to do things and were among the oldest children in the station. At home, we would have been very small fry but here we were the natural leaders by right of seniority and, perhaps because there was no one to put us in our places or look down on us as silly little kids, we were our natural selves.

The background of our lives was, of course, the Regiment. We took parades, band nights, the pipes and the buglers for our lullabies as a matter of course. The band, I remember, was a matter of considerable pride and, whatever else we might do on other nights of the week, on Wednesdays we always rode to the Club to be there when the band played and for that heart-stopping moment when one heard the skirl

of the approaching pipes—*our* pipes (the Gurkhas hadn't any!)—with their dark green plaids and the drums that throbbed right through one.

At six, we were too old to break twigs from the hedge to conduct the band as the three-year-olds did, but we enjoyed the occasion although we had to go home before it was over. I, at least, could still hear the band in the distance as I ate my supper, with Ayah sitting on the floor beside me, and when we heard 'God Save the King' strike up we both stood solemnly to attention.

Later, sleepless under the stifling mosquito net, I heard the mess-calls ring out on the bugles:—

There isn't a minute to spare,
There isn't a minute to spa-a-are—

and I would remember the story of the man with the bear's head that haunted the *nullah* the buglers had to pass, so that they insisted on coming in pairs; I rode that way only yesterday and it *was* a dark and gloomy place. I had every sympathy with the buglers and was very glad of the light and noise in the dining-room next to my bed-room.

And the next thing I would know was that it was morning and Ayah was calling me for *chota hazri* and telling me a snake had been killed on the verandah last night. Yes, I could see it when I was dressed. A snake which still wriggles although twelve hours dead makes a good start to a day. The tree-frogs are croaking and it is going to be too hot to do lessons. I did say it was Paradise, didn't I?

Once, during World War Two, we gave a children's party at home and, as each child came up the drive to the house clutching a bottle of rationed milk, I had an uncanny feeling of 'I've been here before' until I remembered that, whenever one went out to tea in Lansdowne, one naturally took one's own milk.

Going out to tea was a great feature in our lives. As well as frequent get-togethers with particular friends there were tea-parties at which everyone was expected to forgather as a matter of course. During our last year in Lansdowne we had a weekly session at Flagstaff House, when a man came up from the Lines to teach us P.T. and, later, rifle-drill. A three-year-old presenting arms with a wooden rifle, under expert tuition, is quite something. It was great fun and of course everyone stayed to tea.

Everybody naturally went to everybody else's birthday parties although the host's age might range from one to eight years. Michael Barlow celebrated his seventh birthday by inviting everyone, dressed as cowboys, to the Club. Some very realistic Red Indians were laid on and the party

ended in triumph, with their leader being hanged in the approved style. I still have the specially made doll that was substituted at the last minute.

These parties were only incidents in the elaborate games we were playing all the time. We did not have many toys and no 'outside amusements' but we did play—steadily, seriously and continuously—alone or together, long, long games of cowboys and redskins, pirates and, later, Robin Hood, as endless as the serials in the children's papers sent out from home, and far more blood-curdling.

Lansdowne was then one large playground for children. The only real danger was snakes and we were all so snake-conscious that I think that it was more imagined than a real one. There was no traffic. I can only remember one car in the whole of the two years I lived there. I had to dismount as it went by because Shaitan was bobbery and Ayah was afraid I would fall off.

To get anywhere, we either rode or walked. (We would, of course, have scorned to be carried on a *doolhi*). When I learned to ride properly and had transferred from Shaitan to Lalu I preferred riding, but before that I used to walk more often than not, although *syce* and pony always came too in case I wanted transport. And, as we went up and down those dusty roads, we inevitably ran along the low walls that bounded them.

This is one compensation for the fact that my own children are growing up without knowing Lansdowne. I don't think I could bear to know they were running along those walls above the *kħud*, jumping the gaps left for the sweepers, stumbling perhaps, recovering and running on. Of course, we weren't supposed to. Nannies and ayahs were united in forbidding it, but this was one command even the best-disciplined of us could not obey. We had to run along those walls and jump those gaps—that was what they were there for.

What else did we do?

We went to the cinema. At least, that was what we called it. Every now and again, someone showed some Charlie Chaplin, Rin-tin-tin or cowboy films at the Club and all the children sat on the floor in heaps to watch. Our TV-fed children of today wouldn't think much of it. . . . But, I wonder . . . the programmes mine have enjoyed most on television are Charlie Chaplin, Rin-tin-tin and Westerns. We had all these—and Lansdowne too.

After we came back from India, I shared a bedroom with a cousin and one of our regular evening entertainments was my 'telling-about-Lansdowne'. She found the whole saga fascinating, not least the fact

that there we so seldom went to church. (We were both living at my grandmother's then and went to church every Sunday as well as learning the collect.)

In Lansdowne, we went whenever we could of course, but the only thing I can remember about the church in which I was christened is that, whenever we did go, I always wore my *topi* on the way to church, and it was changed in the porch for a panama pudding-basin which, I suppose, was considered more suitable ecclesiastical headgear. Maybe it was, but the unaccustomed elastic cut so tightly into my cheek after the comfort of a loose, leather chin-strap, which only fitted if I dropped my jaw as far as I could, that I could not give as much attention to the services as I might have done. On the other hand, if it had not been for that tight elastic I probably wouldn't remember going to church in Lansdowne at all.

You never know what odd thing is going to impress some fact on your memory out of all proportion to its importance. I can remember visiting the only house in Lansdowne with two storeys, and going to see someone who had a room upstairs—but only because of the terror that overwhelmed me. After nearly two years of living in a bungalow, I had forgotten what it was like to go upstairs and was immediately convinced that the apparently unsupported upper storey would fall with a crash, burying us in its ruins. I spent the whole time we were there creeping miserably on to the landing and hovering by the stairs to have as much chance of escape as possible, if the disaster should occur.

Funnily enough I never felt this terror again and went upstairs without a qualm as soon as we returned to England. At the time, however, I wondered how I would ever be able to live in England again: the date of our return to the land of two- and three-storied houses was drawing near and here was I, terrified of going upstairs!

Yes, the two years were nearly over and we would soon be going home. Wonderful to be going home, of course, to see my brother again and all our relations, but we couldn't go to England without leaving Lansdowne and leaving Lansdowne was something so cataclysmic that one could not really visualise what lay beyond. Of course, every child knows changes, after which nothing is quite the same again, but these are usually more gradual and not so clearly signposted in advance. It was like waiting for an operation—rather a drastic operation, like an amputation, necessary, but entailing the loss of something for ever. It was, I think, a little like dying.

I began to dream that we were leaving—nightmarish dreams in which I was always remembering too late that I had not said goodbye to Ayah

or Lalu—dreams from which I woke with relief, 'It was only a dream, we're not going yet!'

And then suddenly, incredibly, we were doing everything for the last time—going to the Club, the Mess, riding Lalu, climbing the oak-tree *for the last time*—and the morning came when I woke to look at the mosquito nets and the wire-netted windows with the fir-trees outside, for the last time, and thought 'We are going today'.

Of course there is always a certain amount of excitement about a departure and that carried us through. There were a lot of people to lunch that day, and my father was late for it because he had been taking down our black-and-white name-plate from the gate. Then the goodbyes began. And it wasn't until I put my arms round Lalu's neck and she unconcernedly nibbled at the wreath of flowers round mine that I fully realised what was happening.

It was at this point in my recital to my cousin that I broke down again and sobbed into my pillow. She was unmoved.

'What happened next? Go on.'

'I c-c-can't!'

But she waited calmly and I recovered somehow and told her the rest as quickly as I could.

The worst goodbye of all was to Ayah; then we were in the train rattling to Bombay, to the ship, to England—and leaving Lansdowne for ever.

Of course, one day I might go back, but even if I did I knew it would never be the same.

And eight years old is very young to learn what 'never' means.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Grace CAREY began her writing career on a Canadian provincial newspaper, for which she reported anything from marriage to murder, and eventually became editor of the woman's page. On her return to England, she was for a time on the staff of *Woman's Own*. She has contributed fiction, articles and features to many other journals in England, South Africa, Australia, Scandinavia and the United States. She is the author of *Stagecraft for Small Drama Groups* and three novels.

W. F. EWBANK is vicar of Raughtonhead, Carlisle. He is domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Carlisle and in charge of the ordination candidates in this diocese. He was formerly vicar of Casterton and chaplain to the pupils at Casterton Girls' School, Westmorland. He is married and has a family. His article is an abbreviated version of an address given to the Students' Christian Movement at Ambleside.

John LE CARRE is the pen-name of David Cornwell, who was born in 1931 and educated at Sherbourne, Benic University and Lincoln College, Oxford. He

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

taught at Millfield and Eton and subsequently took the late Entry Examination into the Foreign Office. His published works are *Call for the Dead*, *A Murder of Quality* and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. He is married and has three sons.

Félicité NESHAM (*née* Berryman) was born in India and married into the Regiment, but Indian Independence prevented her returning to India as an adult. She now lives in the country and has published two books of fairy tales, *The Magic Horse* and *The Lost Prince*. She has four children.

Shirley TOULSON is married to Alan Brownjohn, poet and school-teacher. She read English at London University and taught for four years in London secondary schools. She is now a freelance journalist specialising in education and sociology. Her poems have appeared in various journals, including *The Listener*, and one book of verse, *Shadows in an Orchard*, was published by the Scorpion Press in 1960.

Bruce TUCKER was born in 1923 in the West Riding and was educated at Honley Grammar School and Huddersfield College. He was in the R.A.F. during the war, and is now employed as a civilian radio officer, which entails extensive travel. He is also a freelance journalist whose short stories have appeared in publications all over the world. He is married and has two sons and a daughter.

OUR WORK

CHARLOTTE MASON COLLEGE ASSOCIATION STUDY COURSE

The attention of members is drawn to the Programme for the Study Course which is enclosed as a loose insert in this number of the *Parents Review*.

SUMMER EXAMINATION 1964

The papers will be sent out for Monday, 29 June.

In order to receive their copies of Examination 219 and Programme 220, members should make sure that their school fees and subscriptions have been paid to the P.N.E.U.

FORM III: BIBLE LESSONS I

The pages to be taken in *A Guide to the Bible*, by Alice Parmelee, are 3-86, as in Form IV.

MEETING FOR THE HEADS OF SCHOOLS

The meeting for the Heads of P.N.E.U. schools was held on 22 April in Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1. The Heads of twenty-eight schools attended, including one from overseas. Apologies for absence were received from fifteen Heads.

Among the subjects discussed were Number and Mathematics throughout the school for pupils aged from five to sixteen and science work for pupils from six to eleven years old. Suggestions were made for aids in French—gramophone records, films, etc.

There was a stimulating exchange of ideas of constructive value to schools and to the P.N.E.U.

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

OUR WORK

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the way that Form I examinations are dictated. MSS should be sent to the Editor, *Parents Review*, Murray House, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1.

Children whose items are chosen for publication will receive a printed copy of their contributions.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

BRANCH AND PARENTS' ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

FLEXLANDS PARENTS' ASSOCIATION held their meeting for the spring term on 12 February, 1964, at which Mrs. D. O. Paterson spoke on 'The Psychology of Handwriting'. Having made a study of graphology, she gave various interesting examples of the way in which character is shown in handwriting. Numerous questions were asked by the audience after the talk.

POSTS FOR C.M.T.'s

The General Secretary of the P.N.E.U. Office would like to remind C.M.T.'s that the number of posts available both at home and overseas far exceeds the supply of teachers.

Even if they are not seeking change of employment, C.M.T.'s everywhere are asked to keep in touch with the General Secretary and to visit the P.N.E.U. Office personally whenever possible, in order that they may be kept *au fait* with the list of jobs available.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

I always look forward to receiving my copy of the *Parents Review* and have been specially impressed recently by the articles on 'Responsible Parenthood' and the one in the May issue by Deidre Vyse. It is very cheering these days to read a paper which sets such high standards and is full of that 'common sense' so aptly described by Deidre Vyse.

(Mrs.) EMILY M. LEONARD

The Corner, 34 Buchanan Gardens, St. Andrews, Fife.

BOOKS

Pity My Simplicity, by Paul Sangster (Epworth Press, 30/-). This is a well-documented survey of Evangelical education from 1738 to 1800. It presents a macabre picture of fear and repression, although we are assured by the author that many children subjected to it grew up to be happy and fulfilled. Little boys and girls were made to believe from babyhood that they were depraved sinners, and encouraged daily to weep for their transgressions and meditate on the awful fate that awaited them. The contemplation of death and the viewing of corpses were considered salutary exercises conducive to sanctity, and condign and constant punishment was the order of the nursery day. 'From the age of a year', said John Wesley's mother, Susannah, '... make him do as he is bid, if you whip him ten times running to effect it.' Mr. Sangster has made a valuable contribution to the history of religious education, and his book underlines how radically the psychological approach to teaching has changed.

Quest for the Dead Sea Scrolls, by Geoffrey Palmer (Dennis Dobson, 13/6). This beautifully produced book, with imaginative illustrations by Peter Forster, will be of great value to any intelligent child aged between ten and fourteen. It is the latest in the publisher's series of 'Quest' books, which aim to stimulate the interest of young people in the marvels of historical and contemporary discoveries. The fact that the existence of the famous Scrolls was first discovered by Muhammad, nicknamed 'the Wolf', a young boy belonging to a Bedouin tribe of smugglers, makes the story of special appeal to children. This is a tale of adventure and hidden treasure—all the more exciting for being true—combined with concise information about one of the most fascinating discoveries of our times.

A topical treasure-trove of information has just been produced by Messrs. Dent. **Everyman's Dictionary of Shakespeare Quotations**, compiled by D. C. Browning, price 25/-, is an invaluable reference book for school libraries or private pleasure.

Teenage Tyranny, by Grace and Fred M. Hechinger (Duckworth, 21/-) is a courageous and constructive critique by two Americans of the current transatlantic cult of the adolescent. 'Dating' between children aged nine and ten is not only prevalent but encouraged, so that the qualities proper to childhood have virtually vanished from the United States. The book is a reasoned and vigorous attempt to rouse parents to rebel against the pressures—conformity, advertising, television, films, magazines—that have created the tyranny the authors deplore. It is strongly recommended to parents and teachers in this country, if only as a warning, since unfortunately the follies condoned in America today are only too apt to become the fashion in Britain tomorrow.

Children's Books

Penny's Way, by Mary K. Harris (Faber, 15/-). It is a curious phenomenon that among all the excellent children's writers of today not one has produced a first-rate school-story. The book under review is pleasantly written, readable and fairly credible, but lacks distinction.

Little Plum, by Rumer Godden, illustrated by Jean Primrose (Macmillan, 15/-). No child aged between seven and nine should miss this enchanting story, in which our old friends, Miss Happiness and Miss Flower, the Japanese dolls, are the anxious and sympathetic spectators of a feud between the irrepressible Belinda Fell and Gem Tiffany-Jones, the poor little rich girl in the House Next Door. It is impossible to fault this book: every character is a personality, drawn in depth with that intimate understanding of human nature that is one of the most endearing facets of this author's genius. And, interwoven with the main plot, are deft, delicate, detailed descriptions of home-making in a Japanese dolls'-house.

Missing Matilda, by Carol Vaughan, illustrated by Constance Marshall (Blackie, 12/6), is an exciting and well-constructed story that will appeal to most children, particularly horse-lovers. A boy and a girl kidnap a Percheron mare to save her from the slaughter-house. The author grew up with ponies, so the atmosphere and setting are authentic, and the children are recognisable characters. The only reservation to be made is in regard to the ethics of presenting theft as a heroic deed, but in spite of this one can feel nothing but sympathy for the children throughout their adventures to the satisfactory denouement.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

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PEN CRUNCHERS

by H. O. EMERSON

There they sit, gazing glassily at the question paper, crunching their pens from time to time and filled with a sense of their own inadequacy. Who? Hundreds—maybe thousands—of candidates who are taking their G.C.E. examination. The look of dejection on their faces is so painful that even the supervisor, who has in his time gazed on many a stricken field of this sort, cannot quite repress a feeling of sympathy for the little victims, even though a good many of these glassy-eyed youngsters are now getting—as the saying goes—just what was coming to them. For most pupils school is a place where they live and labour; for a few it is a place where they live but do not labour.

Now in all schools there are pupils of a special kind whom we must now consider. They work well, they learn well, they have everything necessary to guarantee success in the G.C.E. except one thing—examination temperament. They can prove the theorem of Pythagoras, they know the causes of the American War of Independence, they can write out the equation for the preparation of oxygen, they know the capital of Peru and the products of the Netherlands—and, if, the night before the examination, you asked them any question relating to these topics, they would answer it without hesitation. But once they get into an examination room, virtue seems to go out of them; their minds become blurred and all they want to do is to get out of the room and go home to their parents.

Now these parents, if they are wise, will not scold. In particular they will not tell the children of their own examination successes when they were at school, nor will they refer to Jane or Johnnie along the road who sails into the examination room with all flags flying and emerges from it with a look of triumph.

No : the parents concerned will probably have realised the lack in the child's make-up and will want to do something about it. They will know, of course, that good teachers always take a class through the whole of the examination process before the actual examination starts. Even so, some pupils forget all this when the shadows of the examination room darken over them; so a parent may reinforce the school instruction with a little homily of his own. In addition he may even let a child read these notes by a Chief Examiner who sees, in the course of a year, scores or even hundreds of scripts which have failed because the candidates who wrote them were victims of their temperament.

Now, candidates, just listen to me for a moment. I know something about this business of temperament. I remember that when I was a boy of seventeen I got through to the final of the school fives tournament. I should have won the final, but for some reason I felt flat on the day of the final. I played badly. I lost. I deserved to lose. The following year I got through to the final again. This time I did not feel flat : I knew I would win. I treated every hand as it came. I kept my nerves under control and I won. Ask your father, if he plays or has played cricket, how he feels when he goes in to bat. You may well find that he feels like death warmed up as he walks down the pavilion steps on the way to the wicket. But then he will probably add that as soon as he has taken guard, glanced round the field and taken his stance, he feels that he would sooner be waiting for the bowler than doing anything else in the world and, as the first ball comes to him, he takes it on its merits and either parries it or pushes it away for his first scoring shot. You see, a very great many people have temperamental difficulties in work or in play. They realise perfectly well that they will probably never lose them, but they learn to control them.

Now I can add a few notes which will help our pen crunchers. Have a definite plan before you go into the examination room. Go through all the preliminary motions : write your examination number, then the Centre number, then the subject. Then put your pen down and don't take it up again until you have been through the examination paper twice. Be specially careful to study the instructions at the top of the paper, so that you know if any questions are compulsory and if questions should be tackled in any particular order. By the time you have read through the questions a second time, you will have formed a pretty good idea of which are, you might say, up your street. You can then make a tick on the examination paper to indicate those you propose to do and the order in which you will do them. Experts differ about the following suggestion, but I believe it to be a very sound one : first of all do the questions which seem to you to be the easiest. Even go so far as to spend a little more than average time on them. To be able to start with three questions out of five well done will give you a wonderfully

warm feeling. You may very well think that you are on the way to success, and you probably are.

But let us look at the question of time. When you have worked out the number of minutes you will allow to read over a question when you have finished it, and then the number you will allow for a complete revision when you have written the whole paper, you will be able to calculate the number of minutes you have for each question. You know your own speed of writing, so you will be able to decide on the number of lines you can cover in, say, the twenty-five minutes or so you have for each question. You will know that you can make your answers consist of, say, about six paragraphs—an introduction, a conclusion and four intermediate paragraphs. Let each paragraph deal with a specific point, the examiner will then feel that he is dealing with a candidate who has definite and relevant knowledge and his mind will run on how many marks he can give for this definite information.

Then go through your answer. Correct all the spelling mistakes, insert the necessary stops, alter a mistaken date—and you are ready for the next question. Use exactly the same technique for this and the succeeding one and, if you have really prepared for the examination, you will have set down a series of points which will carry you a long way towards success.

But not the whole way. You still have to do two questions and here you may very well require to do a little pen crunching. But if you read the awkward questions over once or twice and if you sit back and let your mind range over them, you will probably find that something will emerge. It will not be a complete answer to the question, but examiners are very fair-minded men and women and they will not hesitate to give you a proportion of marks for a good try. Do the same for the second difficult question, and you can then probably feel that you have done well enough to go home with the idea that you have made the grade.

I would make a further point here. Some candidates feel that there is a special kind of English called 'Examination English'. They seem to be obsessed with the idea that examiners want long words and long-winded sentences. Not at all. Examiners want information conveyed in short, properly spelled words in fairly short sentences. So write to the point in short words and short sentences.

But look at the time! You have only got ten more minutes. Don't do anything fresh. Go over all that you have written, correct mistakes in spelling and dates and figures. You will then hear the supervisor say, 'Please put your pens down and blot your papers. The examination is now over'.

And good luck to you!

NATURE HANDWORK OUT OF DOORS

by CERES ESPLAN

It is sometimes a very good thing to have a purpose for a walk. Nature walks in the old days used to be rambles in which the guide, parent or teacher hoped that there would be plenty to watch and find. Now that man has so much curtailed the countryside and its contents, there is nothing like the former abundance of material available; therefore, at all costs, leaders of young people must inculcate the principle that picking and collecting of live materials must be avoided.

Discarded or useless materials do not matter, of course, and interesting collections can be made from the remains of wild creatures' feasts. Hazel-nutshells, for example, bored and cracked by nuthatches, holed more neatly by the long-tailed fieldmouse and split in half by squirrels, offer clues to the presence of these creatures. Such 'finds' may start a child off on the real treasure-hunt of using his eyes. Finding things is always exciting and the search is made all the more rewarding by the presence of someone who knows something about it.

The finding of discarded nutshells, of 'conkers' that have been gnawed, acorns that have been partially eaten, may lead to the discovery of tracks of other creatures. In woods, the finding of dug-up bluebell bulbs may point to well-trodden paths that can be followed to badgers' homes or setts. These wide-mouthed burrows, usually with a pile of soft earth at their entrances, are one of the most profitable sites for quite young naturalists to study. Badger hairs, so typically coarse, wavy and ringed with black and white, are often found in the pile of front-door earth together with good badger footprints. Footprints are a subject in themselves and can be sketched, singly and as a trail leading to the creature's home and, if clear enough, can have casts taken of them.

Plaster casts are easy to make and provide endless fun. If you plan to go on a tracking walk, you need to take a tin of plaster of Paris, an old spoon, a bottle of water, a cup or basin and some strips of narrow cardboard and paper clips. All these can be comfortably stowed in a haversack. The footprints must be firm and clear (it is useless, unfortunately, to attempt to take casts of tracks in the snow) and on fine, not too soggy mud. It is as well to practise on some familiar prints, like those of a dog, at first, rather than ruin a five-toed badger print or neat deer-slots.

Having found the footprint, the method is to mix up some plaster of Paris (putting plaster to water, not *vice versa*) so that it is still just pourable, then encircle the print with a rim of cardboard-strip and slowly pour in the plaster. The thicker the plaster, the quicker it will set. It must not be lifted until it is set. The plaster cast can then be taken home as

a record of the footprint that was found. The place of discovery, the date and the identity of the creature which made the 'spoor' should be written on the flat side of the cast; any mud which adheres to the print side can be brushed off when it is completely dry.

Plaster casts can also be made of other things. Fallen leaves, greased with a thin coat of vaseline, can be pressed into plasticene, so that their veins are clearly defined, then removed. The plasticene, used as a mould, can then form the base of decorative plaques or plates, the slightly raised imprint of the leaf being painted in natural colours. Twigs, wild fruits and even feathers can be moulded in the same way, and some people find one of the builders' pastes, 'Serafyte' or 'Alabastine', smoother than plaster of Paris for use in fine work.

But one of the best collections can be made by making moulds of various tree-barks. Some trees are very smooth, others are rutted, pitted, flaked and deeply grooved. All bark varies in colour on different trees and it is well worth while trying to colour the casts to match the trees from which they were taken.

How does one get the mould? The plasticene should be well warmed and then toughly hammered against the trunk of the tree which is to be recorded. The plasticene, needless to say, must be moulded into a nice compact shape. It can be hammered into place with the heel of a shoe or a flat stone.

Peel the plasticene off gently and wrap it up before taking it home. Encircle it with a rim of cardboard strip, and pour the plaster of Paris into it. When it is dry, brush off the surplus plaster before returning to the tree with your painting paraphernalia to see how effectively you can colour the bark-cast to make it indistinguishable from the parent trunk.

Less than two hundred years ago everyone relied for light upon lamps and candles. Most country people made their own candles, and it is surprising what trouble they had to take to get a small light which only lasted, at the best, for an hour or two. Their candle-wicks were made from rushes, and this opens up another line of experiment. Look out for thin, green, soft rushes, growing in damp, infertile fields and collect some of the longest. Leave them in a stream or shallow pond for an hour or so and then peel off the green outer layer, thus exposing the white pith. Take home the longest pieces of pith, which will need very gradual drying before they can be coated with fat.

After a day or two, warm some fat (dripping is the best) in a jam-jar and then insert the pieces of white rush pith and twiddle them round and round. Keep an inch or so of pith at the top to hold between your thumb and finger: this will be the wick that you will light. It is not

easy to get an even coat of fat on the pith, which needs to be immersed several times and hung up to dry between 'dousings'.

When the rush candle is as big as you want it, hang it up for a final drying. Now comes the satisfactory moment when you apply a match. Try lighting your room with one of these home-made candles, and compare the soft glow it gives with the brilliant glare of the electric light bulb.

'SOME OF US'

FROM ST. LUCIA

I live in St. Lucia, one of the West Indian islands. This time of the year is the rainy season and we are getting a lot of rain. My parents are pleased when it rains because all the water we use in our house is rain water we collect in tanks.

My father is a manager of Geest Bananas. Sometimes he goes up to Vieux Fort and takes us with him to spend the day at the beach. Vieux Fort is a town at the south end of the island, where bananas are sent on a ship to England. We stopped at Soufriere one day which is a town on the way to Vieux Fort, where there are some sulphur springs. Daddy took us to see them. The sulphur springs are boiling water which comes out of holes in the earth, and you can pick up yellow sulphur from the ground.

I have a sister who is eleven; her name is Maranne and she goes to boarding school in Barbados. We have a little brother who is one and his name is John.

RACHEL HAZELL (aged 8)

Once we were nearly hit by a hurricane but we were very lucky. The hurricane's name was Edith. We were expecting the hurricane at three o'clock.

We packed all the china.

We nailed all the windows with pieces of wood and we all slept with Mummy and Daddy.

Martinique was hit quite badly and 25,000 people were left without homes.

In St. Lucia on our Estate 6,000 bananas were blown down.

Daddy has lots of horses and a donkey and he has a sawmill. He makes copra and sells it.

I have a little garden and I grow in it flowers.

ROSALIND SHINGLETON SMITH (aged 10)

I live by the sea near Castries which is the capital of St. Lucia. There are palm trees along the beach, and almond trees, there is a tree that I can climb.

Across the sea we can see Martinique—it is a French island. My Daddy has a yacht and goes over to Martinique quite often and takes me sometimes.

We have four Corgi dogs. Two of them have just had puppies.

There are lots of fruit trees. Some of the fruits are bananas, cocoa, plaintains and mangos. My Daddy has a plantation and grows bananas and cocoa.

I have three brothers at school in England and they come out for the summer holidays.

On our beach there are lots of beautiful shells and there is a reef and we go out on it to dive for sea-eggs and other fish.

RAIN BARNARD (aged 9)

One day we were having our break and we saw a humming-bird in its nest with one baby bird. The nest was very small, round and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep—it made the nest out of little bits of dry grass and cotton and leaves and then it laid its egg in the nest. The nest was made on a creeper hanging down from the roof. We saw the humming-bird taking food to its baby—the humming bird flies to a flower very fast and then it flutters its wings very hard and takes the honey from the flower by its long beak and then it flies back to the baby. This humming-bird is green and black and when you look at it, it shines. It likes hibiscus flowers—there are red, and pink and yellow and orange ones.

Dictated by NICHOLAS COMPTON (aged 7)

We now live in St. Lucia and I like here very much. I live half a mile from the beach and often go sea bathing. I go to a private school and there are four other pupils. My best subjects are History and Geography.

I went to Dominica and I stayed in the country. There is a beach near by. Some times I go to the swimming pool or I go to the beach. In Dominica there is a boiling lake it's very hot and some people have got killed.

Daddy's estate is in St. Lucia and its name is Mandalay, its forty acres. There was a hurricane and its name was Edith. It damaged most of Daddy's bananas.

DEREK PERRYMAN (aged 8)

MATHEMATICS WITH UNDERSTANDING

by WILLIAM DAGNALL

'Ambition, distraction, uglification and derision.'

Do our branches of arithmetic mean no more to children than the Mock Turtle's words did to Alice? The old emphasis upon a child's ability to perform long and difficult calculations is fading. In its place is a realisation that he may have the skill to manipulate numbers knowing neither the principles involved nor being able to apply his skill to solve a problem. Both manipulation of abstract symbols and the ability to compute quickly and accurately are important, but of equal importance is an increased perception and appreciation of the world around him. All these will come if a child's understanding of mathematics is developed. This understanding requires experiences related to his interests and needs. By starting with situations in his environment, a child will progress from the real and the known to the confident understanding and use of abstract ideas.

A child does not need to search far for mathematical experiences; they are all round him—parallel lines on a railway or telegraph wires, the shape of a soap-bubble, the spirals on a fir-cone or the pattern of a trellis fence. All these can be used in the home and classroom to build up an awareness of the order and pattern of the physical world. To teach children to manipulate abstract symbols does not necessarily lead to mathematical understanding and often brings the attitude that mathe-

matics is devoid of rhyme or reason, two of its most important properties. If children are to be taught numeracy, as important in our modern world as literacy, then they need to learn skills and techniques. They need also to know how to search for relationships between things; to see that the curve of a suspension bridge, the path of water from a hosepipe or a ball thrown in the air, and the section of a radio telescope or car head-lamp are all parabolas. Order and pattern is found in numbers too. Consider the successive odd numbers $1 + 3 + 5 + 7 + \dots$ (the three dots mean 'continue as far as you like'). By building up inverted L-shapes with 1, 3, 5, and 7 dots, etc., a square can always be made. The sum of successive odd numbers is always a square number.

What can be discovered about the multiples of 9? These multiples are 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, $\dots$ and in every case the sum of the digits is 9 or a multiple of 9, $2 + 7 = 9$ and $5 + 4 = 9$. A general rule has been found by discovering a pattern in the symbols used.

What are these symbols that are used in mathematics? They include the symbols for numbers, 5 or 23 (these marks are not the numbers), and symbols called operators that tell us what to do with numbers; symbols such as $+$, $-$ and $\sqrt{\quad}$. There are also symbols to express relationships between numbers, $3 + 2 = 5$, and $3 < 5$, (three is less than five). The symbols are about abstract number. We cannot have a group of 'three' in the physical world. Groups are of three somethings, shoes or ships, cabbages or kings. Yet children need to manipulate these symbols if they are to solve problems that occur in their life. Arrangements of numbers do have a beauty of their own, $1 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{8} + \frac{1}{16} + \dots = 2$, but if they are to have meaning children may need to interpret a pattern in the light of the original situation. Do we write $7 \div 2 = 3\frac{1}{2}$, or 3 remainder 1 or some other answer? It all depends, as a bright child may truthfully say. If I divide 7 cakes between 2 children, each child can have $3\frac{1}{2}$ cakes. If I want to divide 7 books between 2 children, each child can have 3 books and one is left. If I want to hire enough tandems for 7 children. I need 4 tandems.

The intention with young children is to provide those experiences that will lead to an understanding of shape, form and size. One of the methods of stimulating children's thought is to provide challenges. Challenges that are of interest and capable of solution so that the attitude towards mathematics will be one of pleasure and confidence. From such activities as sorting buttons and matching beads, fitting shapes into holes and building with blocks it is hoped that abstract ideas will develop. Young children spend most of their time in or near the home, so that they should be given the chance to investigate problems involving home-made materials in home-made situations. They may ask, 'Will this jar hold more than that vase?'; 'How much flour do I need for the

cake?'; 'How many wagons on my train?'; 'Is this ribbon long enough to go round my doll's waist?'. All these are vital mathematical problems that could be multiplied a hundred times in the home. In most cases the amount of computation is not great. Here it should be remembered that children no longer need to be trained as clerks with long tots and cross tots to add. Most computation in industry and commerce is by machine, and most computation in normal everyday life involves only small numbers. Try keeping a record for a day, as older children are asked to do, of all the occasions when you use divisions or fractions and then ask why so much time has been devoted to these in school. What is done must be accurate, but the time saved here can be used to build up a mathematical appreciation of the world and an understanding of the symbols invented to try to explain its mysteries.

In the classroom we cannot always give first-hand experiences, yet children need to see and handle if they are to understand abstract ideas. In the past few years teachers have been making increasing use of analogues for practical experiences; materials that differ in structure but perform the same function. These analogues are often sets of coloured rods, Stern, Colour-Factor or Cuisenaire. The idea of using rods of different lengths and colours to represent relationships between numbers seems simple. Good ideas are simple. Consider how much thought Einstein needed before arriving at the simple equation $e=mc^2$, an equation from which arose the ability to split the atom. These structural materials are not intended to replace all other apparatus and cannot replace the varied experiences of the child's everyday world. They are intended to aid the formation of ideas and understanding of mathematical principles. Just as we educate children to be independent of us, so this material is used until it can be put aside when abstract ideas are understood. The introduction of coloured rods brings a different approach from that of many teachers and textbooks. The start is not through counting, but through relationships between colours, lengths and numbers. This is indeed a change in outlook. In the past, children have been taught number names in a sequence, one, two, three, four . . ., each number being one greater than the preceding one. In this way children have learned to count, but they can have number sense without being able to count. Number sense involves the question, 'Is this group larger than, equal to or smaller than that one?', and young children, like primitive people, compare by matching.

'How many eggs do we need for breakfast?' 'One for daddy, one for mummy, one for Simon and one for me.' Four eggs selected, but without counting. Such correspondence is found when an aborigine matches stones with kangaroos, or a cricket umpire stones with balls in an over. Tally sticks and the notches on a desperado's gun handle show number sense without counting. Once children's ideas are sufficiently developed

the rods are used to compare lengths and colours. With the Colour-Factor material four pink rods are as long as a crimson rod. Children learn that $4p = 1c$ by fitting the rods alongside one another. Once they know this relationship the pink and crimson rods can represent many numbers or concrete quantities. If a pink rod is (represents) 1 then the crimson rod is 4; if pink is $\frac{1}{4}$ crimson is 1; if pink is a quart then crimson is a gallon. Are young children expected to do algebra? Certainly. Why should $3x + 2x = 5x$ be regarded as difficult when in money sums a child writes $3d. + 2d. = 5d.$? The universality of mathematical relationships is shown as well here as in the calculus. Children do learn to count by using structural material. They count rods, make steps and compare groups in many of their activities. By using the rods and talking about their use proficiency in computation can be built up.

In our schools children write too much and talk too little in their mathematical lessons. If understanding is to be developed there must be discussion with the teacher and with one another about experiences and discoveries. This means that the teacher and parent need to use the language of mathematics whenever possible; words about number and size that apply to day-to-day living. As with any other language, words should be used correctly. Division is often referred to as 'sharing', but sharing is only one aspect of division. The statement $8 \div 4 = 2$ could come from the sharing aspect, 'Share these 8 sweets among the 4 children'. Each child has 2 sweets. The statement could also come from the measuring aspect, 'How many children can have 4 sweets from this pile of 8 sweets?' The answer, 2 children, does not involve the units to be divided. In fractions, the division into equal parts of a whole may not be stressed, so that children speak of big halves and little halves. Again, to tell children that multiplication makes things bigger will cause confusion when they come to $4 \times \frac{1}{2}$. Parents can help to develop a child's understanding by using the vocabulary of mathematics. Opportunities should be given to weigh, measure, sort and count and to talk about these activities. 'This cake is the largest.' 'Your tricycle has three wheels.' 'We have three bottles of milk each day. How many do we have in a week?' Listening to children's rhymes when skipping or 'counting out' will show their interest in number. By fostering this interest we can lead them towards an appreciation of more abstract ideas.

Negative numbers can be introduced by showing that if numbers increase in one direction then they will decrease in the other direction.

- 3 steps forward, (+ 3), now 5 steps back, (- 5); where are you?
- 2 steps back, (- 2).
- 3 steps upstairs, (+ 3), now 5 steps down, (- 5); where are you?
- 2 steps down in the cellar, (- 2).

3 pounds earned, (+ 3), 5 pounds-worth of food bought, (- 5);
how much have I?

I owe 2 pounds, (- 2).

By teaching children to look for patterns we can let them solve the often-asked question, 'Why does a minus number multiplied by a minus number give a plus number?'

We know that :—

$$\begin{array}{r} +3 \times +3 = +9 \\ +3 \times +2 = +6 \\ +3 \times +1 = +3 \\ +3 \times 0 = 0 \end{array}$$

Numbers in second column going down one at a time.

Numbers in third column going down three at a time.

The pattern will go on :—

$$\begin{array}{r} +3 \times -1 = -3 \\ +3 \times -2 = -6 \end{array}$$

Let us start again with the last identity.

$$\begin{array}{r} +3 \times -2 = -6 \\ +2 \times -2 = -4 \\ +1 \times -2 = -2 \\ 0 \times -2 = 0 \end{array}$$

Numbers in first column going down one at a time, and those in third column going up two at a time.

The pattern will go on :—

$$\begin{array}{r} -1 \times -2 = +2 \\ -2 \times -2 = +4 \end{array}$$

Mathematics is a language, with its own vocabulary, grammar and literature. Its claims bear comparison with music or sculpture as a truly international language, for the symbols used to express ideas about numbers could be understood as easily in Peking as in Paris. When puzzles occur they are usually phrased in the vernacular, 'Which is the best buy, a $6\frac{1}{2}$ oz. packet of biscuits for 11d. or an 8 oz. packet for 1s. 3d.?'

Translation into French or German may be difficult for children, but just as difficult is translation into the language of mathematics :—

Price per lb. of biscuits in $6\frac{1}{2}$ oz. packet = 11d. $\times 16/6\frac{1}{2} = 27$ d.

Price per lb. of biscuits in 8 oz. packet = 15d. $\times 16/8 = 30$ d.

On many occasions when we say, 'Mary cannot understand the mathematics', we mean 'Mary cannot understand how to translate the

English'. To help with this translation children use visual and tactile aids—graphs, diagrams, rods, coins and tins. This is active learning and the dictum of James, 'No impression without expression', is brought home when watching the way in which children use materials to solve problems. Once a problem has been solved, children want to tell others of their achievements. This brings together and integrates the learning of numeracy and literacy.

The child is led to look for order and pattern in symbols and in the physical world around him. By encouraging the joy of discovery, the satisfaction of performing skills and of communicating discoveries, parents and teachers can go far in giving mathematics its necessary place in the total education of the whole child. In this way mathematics will not be taught and used in isolation but will become, in home and school, interwoven in the seamless robe of learning.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

Of all the seaweeds washed up on our southern shores there is one that is, in my opinion, quite outstanding. Its Latin name is *Codium tomentosum* (there is no English equivalent). Collins's *Guide to the Seashore* has a good illustration of it, but even this cannot convey the fascinating texture of the plant. The fronds are cylindrical and look as though they are covered with dark green plush. I hear that the Brittany coast is the place to find it growing in rock-pools and it was Sir Edmund Salisbury, the eminent botanist, who said to me that it looked 'just like a primitive forest, when you gaze down into a pool clothed with it'.

I always think that a collection of sea-weeds is a good holiday pursuit. The thin-fronded greens can be floated onto sheets of thick paper, or thin cardboard, and left to dry; or they can be pressed, and mounted afterwards. The reds float out onto paper very well and their own mucilaginous content sticks them to the paper. The bulky browns are rather more of a problem, as they need to be pressed under heavy weights and completely dried off before they are mounted. The naming of the specimens is a bit tricky too, though there are now many books with coloured plates available for reference. Only a few common seaweeds have been christened with popular, English names; the Latin names are rather a mouthful for young children, even if they are quicker at mastering them than adults!

I always encouraged my family in the collection of any preservable specimens from seaside holidays. We had a boxful of treasures: empty (and washed) shells, pebbles that were indigenous to the coast that we

visited, dried Starfish, Brittle-stars, Sea-urchins, Crab Carapaces and on-the-spot drawings of such uncollectable creatures as Sea Gooseberries, Sea Mice (which do not in the least resemble mice, since they are a large type of Sea Slug which have some of the most iridescent colourings to be seen on any creature); added to these sketches were plenty of squiggles denoting Sea-worms.

A small box of crayons attached to the top of a drawing-pad by tight elastic bands provides hours of fun by rock-pools. Sea Anemones may be very difficult to draw, but a quick impresssion can be made in colour which is sufficient to help with their later identification in a museum or public library.

Jelly-fish are beautiful animals, but no one wants to stay near one long enough to get a good view. Some years they are far more numerous than in others, and their almost transparent bell-shaped bodies float in a leisurely manner near to the coast. They are not all stingers; the biggest of all, commonly known as the Large White Jelly-fish, is harmless even though it may grow to the formidable-looking width of two feet. The worst of them are the yellowish-red belled type and the 'brown umbrella' type, these both have long, trailing feathery streamers or tentacles. Jelly-fish, of course, kill small fish and other creatures that get caught in their tentacles, by stinging them to death. Their stings on human arms and legs can be very painful indeed, and the resulting inflammation and swelling lasts a long time. All the same, a few records of those seen on holiday would be interesting and I hope one day to be able to photograph them in colour.

FACT AND FAIRY TALES

by ALICE KEITH

Judging by the questions constantly put to librarians, many parents suffer from the chronic anxiety that fairy-tales are harmful reading for children. Two arguments are advanced in support of this apprehension : fairy-tales are not true; fairy-tales are frightening.

To take the last point first, Older readers may remember a popular sentimental novel by W. J. Locke entitled *Stella Maris*. The plot centred round an invalid girl, the only child of devoted parents who determined that she should be protected from the knowledge of evil and suffering. By dint of superhuman vigilance on the part of every member of the household the fantasy was sustained for some years, and the child grew through adolescence to womanhood in a fool's paradise. The details of the story escape my memory, but it suffices to say that her illusions were

eventually shattered, and only because the author was writing in the earlier part of this century was the conventional 'happy ending' somehow contrived. A modern novelist, dealing with the same theme, would have closed with the far more realistic dénouement of the young woman ending in an asylum. The moral is not far to seek: life itself is very often frightening, and to endeavour to shield a child from the knowledge that causes of fear exist is to insulate him from reality. Naturally we would all wish our children to be spared the experience of suffering and terror in their early years, but even this immunity cannot be guaranteed, and one of the strongest weapons we can provide them with is the opportunity to face and conquer the inevitable vicissitudes of life in imagination and compassion, before they are compelled to grapple with them in reality. Fairy-stories bristle with spine-chilling perils, but they also provide the antidote to fear. Long before real-life problems obtrude on the security of their nursery routine, many children have conquered their secret terrors with the armoury provided by fairy lore—the memory of the courage of Hansel and Gretel, Snow White and the rest, has surely helped hag-ridden nurselings to outface the Thing that always lurks just beyond the radius of the nightlight.

It seems to me that those who contend that fairy-tales are not true might argue with equal cogency that they do not approve of *Pilgrim's Progress* because the Slough of Despond is not to be found in Buckinghamshire. The essential truth of the fairy-tales is more profound and far-reaching than the merely factual truth that two and two make four. From fairy-tales children receive their first intimations of the spiritual laws which govern the universe; one might go further and say that it is from fairy-tales that they begin to learn how to live, and learn the more thoroughly because the lesson is absorbed subconsciously. We none of us needed to have it pointed out by parent or teacher that Cinderella's sisters were ugly because they were jealous and spiteful, that the giant was ultimately slain by Jack on his beanstalk because the giant was a hulking great bully and Jack a gallant boy; and we all recognised the quality of true love, long before we understood its name, in Gerda who embarked upon her long perilous journey to save little Kay from the thralldom of the Snow Queen and bestow upon him the kiss which melted the splinter of ice that had petrified his heart. We knew too the fundamental truth of the famous last words, 'And they all lived happily ever after'. The witches had been outwitted, the dragons killed, the captives set free; princes and peasants alike had wrestled with the powers of darkness and emerged victorious, and 'they all lived happily ever after'. Of course they did. Heaven is no fantasy.

In a review of Andrew Lang's *Violet Fairy Book* Chesterton summed up the argument in a few lines: 'Of all forms of literature, it seems to

me, fairy-tales give the truest picture of life. . . . We learn first and foremost that all doors fly open to courage and hope. We learn that the world is bound together in mysterious bonds of trust and compact and prevision, and that even green dragons keep their promises. We learn that nothing is wasted in the mills of the world, that a jewel thrown into the sea, a kindness to a stricken bird, an idle word to a ragged wayfarer, have in them some terrible value and are here bound up with the destiny of men'.

But all that has been said is in defence of the real fairy-tales, not the counterfeit variety produced by writers who seem to be under the illusion that nothing is easier than to weave a pretty web of whimsey for the amusement of the 'kiddies'. Comparing the vital, venturesome fairy-tales of former generations with some anaemic modern productions, a reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement* recently remarked, 'What a contrast to today's diet. No blood, just plain boiled milk; no wicked stepmothers and tigers, just a procession of nice, safe, grey stories for every day . . .'. Indeed few forms of art are more difficult to master than the writing of fairy-stories. The brothers Grimm and Hans Anderson knew the secret, of course, and the tellers of tales through the ages and of every nation whose stories were compounded of imagination, magic and the mystique of legend and tradition. In our own day and country, there are George Macdonald, C. S. Lewis and Eleanor Farjeon, to name only three. And if anyone asks how one distinguishes the 'real' fairy-tale from its synthetic imitation, the answer is simple: the sensitive intelligence will discern the difference as surely as the civilised palate discriminates between vintage wine and those strange liquids which are brought to us in bottles labelled 'Port Style' and 'British Sherry'.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

by CHRISTINE ADAMS (aged 10)

Down in the valley
Where the river flows by
Grow pretty flowers,
Turned towards the sky.

Down in the valley
In the river bank
Lives a little water rat
By reeds tall and rank.

Down in the valley
Sleeping creatures are;
And the cock in the farmyard
Crows twice at every hour.

Down in the valley
In undergrowth thick
Lives a little hedgehog
With a coat of spines that prick!

'I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER . . . '—VI

A FENLAND FARM

by SYBIL MARSHALL

I remember being in my cradle. Now while you are 'girding up your loins to doubt this', as Mark Twain said, let me hasten to explain. It was one of those large, hooded, wicker Victorian rocking-cradles, and it occupied a nook in the corner of our living-kitchen. I expect I was put down into it for a daily nap till I was three, if not for longer. Anyway, I remember waking up in it, and seeing the room in the golden glow of paraffin lamplight from this entirely new and unusual angle. The picture is quite clear to me still. I can see the old slatted high-backed chair in which my father was having his tea with his back to me, eating a tomato, in his waistcoat and with his shirt-sleeves rolled above the elbow. There is always some difficulty in deciding how much a person remembers himself of his very early childhood, and how much he has absorbed unconsciously from hearing others talk about certain incidents concerning him, or from what he has subsequently been told about himself and his behaviour at such and such a time. But as this, my first memory, is an entirely visual one, no one else could possibly have put it into my head. It constitutes the very first moment that I was aware of being myself, and I cherish it.

It is significant, too, I think, that the person I remember first as being 'other than I' should be my father, for he it was who added most of the colour to my childhood. My mother, of course, looms large—in every sense, for she was, and still is, a large person; large in physique, in her bouncing temperament, in her voice and voluble speech, in her dominating personality. Maybe it was that, like all other mothers in those days, she was always there, and Dad was not. I associate my mother with all the things about my childhood I did *not* like, such as having my long hair washed and the torture of having it combed out afterwards; with having my neck washed, which sent me into hysterics (I still cannot bear anything to touch my throat unexpectedly); with being 'on show' when

visitors came to tea, in a brown velvet dress, chosen to match my eyes, I have since been told, but which I detested because my little friend had one of pink satin; with sitting through endless services in chapel and equally interminable prayer-meetings afterwards.

I have often thought how unfair to mothers most children's memories are. for I suspect that my own experience is a fairly usual one, at least for people of my age. It was our mothers who controlled us, stopped us doing the things we liked, did all the necessary unpleasant things to us, and finally put us to bed just as the fun of the day was about to start—or so it seemed to us. Maybe the pattern no longer exists, now that mothers as well as fathers go out to work. Be that as it may, I was conscious of loving my mother but feeling distinctly antagonistic towards her at the same time, from a very early age.

But Dad was different. Tall, broad, and handsome as any film-star he might be, but in temperament he was gentle, unassuming, untiring, brimful of fun, utterly patient with foolish people and fractious children alike, entirely loving and entirely beloved by everybody who knew him. He felt solid and safe, he smelt of straw or celery, and he sounded good, for his voice with its broad fenland brogue and dialect was always as music to my ears; and never once, to the day he died, did I ever hear it raised in anger against me or any other child.

We left the house in which I was born when I was four years old. I remember that occasion well enough, for I travelled all the way from one house to the other sitting in the bottom of a farm-cart with my legs crossed to make a lap in which reposed my favourite cat and her six new-born kittens. But I have many memories of life before that momentous day.

I recall standing on an old sofa in our living-room, entertaining soldiers on leave from the first world war by singing :—

Tickew me, Timofy, tickew me do,
Tickew me, there's a dear !

Then there was my first experience of the efficacy of prayer. Every night before I went to bed, I kneeled down by the foot of the old grandfather clock and said my prayers. I believe I confused the clock with God. for I would not have dreamed of saying my prayers anywhere else.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,

was recited right to the end, including the two couplets which were to come to hold such significance for me :—

Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant,

and

In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place.

My father at this time worked for his mother as a horse-keeper-foreman on her farm. She was a hard, tough old woman with a morality typical of the Victorian respectability to which she hoped she belonged: that is, her real god was Money and her devil's other name was Sex. You could worship both as long as you went to chapel regularly and never got found out by your neighbours, who in any case were doing exactly the same. She paid my father eighteen shillings a week for doing twice as much work as other men were getting a guinea for, on the grounds that the farm would be his one day. So it was, when he bought it—but that is another story. What concerned us was that eighteen shillings a week was not enough to keep a gay, pretty young wife and three children on, and it had to be supplemented somehow. So Dad, as an extra, farmed on his own account the eight acres of land at the back of our house, which he did own already; and it was really upon the cropping of these eight acres that our fortunes depended.

One year, when I was about three, Dad took the almost unheard of step of planting the whole eight acres with cabbage plants. It was unprecedented in our fen, and a great gamble. If it prospered, it would be very profitable; but the plants were expensive to put down, and the chance of the crop failing didn't bear thinking about. Anxiety bedewed all our brows, and there was barely room for any other topic of conversation during the days when the great decision—to plant or not to plant—was being taken. The word 'plant' now had for me only one meaning, and it was not to be wondered at that one night, kneeling by the clock, I said fervently:—

Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender cabbage plants,

and continued thus to pray for many days. My plea was heard and answered, for the crop was a tremendous success and gave my father the bit of capital he needed to establish once and for all his independence of his mother, who then bowed to the inevitable and allowed him to take over the farm.

My mother has lately pointed out that my other prayer of this time has been answered as very few other people's can have been. This concerns the other couplet I have already quoted. To me, 'a place' meant a place at table, for like all other fenland families we had a rigid hierarchy of seating at meal-times. There was 'Dad's place' and 'Mum's place', and

next to them respectively 'Lois's place' and 'Gerald's place', after which came any oddments. Sybil had not yet got a place, her high-chair being placed at some distance from the large oval table; but she longed for one, especially as the places were also occupied exclusively when any sort of interesting activity was going on after meals were over. So again I twisted the only prayer I knew to fit the situation, and said :—

In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place
To sit down and scribble and write.

I thought of Heaven as a long oval mahogany table with innumerable chairs round it, each with a brass name-plate on the back. I had no doubt that somewhere there was a vacant chair in one of the many mansions, with 'SYBIL' on the name-plate, and in front of it a pile of crisp white paper and several beautifully sharpened pencils.

Delight in words I had already, partly as an inheritance from both sides of my family, one being of Irish and the other of Welsh extraction, and both established for many generations in the fens where talking was one of the few pleasures. But in me it had also been implanted deliberately by Dad, who never tired of reading to me. Rhyme pleased us both especially, particularly if it was about cats.

Into the fender, 'ead over 'eels,
Just to see 'ow funny it feels.
Into the scuttle, and that's no place
For a snow-white kitten with a spotless face.

Our own cats were smooth-haired and snow-white, with spotless faces, a whole race of them, generation after generation. Most of them came to sad and spectacular ends, one being run over by one of the very first motor-lorries to appear over our horizon, one being trodden to death by a bullock, and one crushed by the beaters in a threshing drum while being too eager after mice.

This is not the place to moralise, but I do think that children must sooner or later meet death for the first time, and when pets die it is both unwise, and in the long run unkind, to deprive the children of their proper measure of grief by hiding the details or fobbing them off with false stories. They have as much right to their emotional education through suffering as they have to any other kind of education through other experiences, and if their distress is intense, it is also short-lived and soon put into perspective. On the other hand, it is crass stupidity to imagine that children do not comprehend death, or are too young to understand. This kind of selfish, almost criminal lack of perception on the part of unthinking adults has caused infinite dread and terror : for

many a child has been submitted to conversations between adults on just those grounds. In his presence they have talked of death-beds and layings-out, corpses, coffins and burials—all instinctively half-understood by the child and rendered doubly horrifying to him by his gift of phantasy.

Such was my own experience. My grandmother died soon after we moved into our new home, while she was staying with us, and was laid-out in our large front bedroom. I accepted her death, because I thought I knew what death was. But while she lay in the house between death and burial, I became aware of elements within the situation that had not been there when the cats had been killed. Tears and sorrow I associated with death, but now there was fear and horror and dread as well. I sensed them in everybody except Dad: in the constant recital of the actual deathbed scene, in the descriptions of 'how beautiful she looked', in my mother's account of how she had cut one jet-black tress of hair for a keepsake, in my sister's refusal to go upstairs, and my brother's lurid picture of 'Grandma's box'. No one suspected that I was listening, let alone comprehending; and although all this sounds morbid to us now, it was quite usual then, and I have reason to believe it is still very general in some parts of our society today. Anyway, on the day before the funeral, somebody had need of something that was in a drawer in the death-room. Dad was not available and no one else would go, so they sent me—aged four—with explicit instructions, saying 'She won't undersand. Sybil won't be afraid'. I *was* afraid, though I had no idea of what; but I was also flattered, and I went.

I got the required object and turned to come out of the room, but curiosity overcame me. I approached the coffin and removed the cloth which covered the face of the corpse. My grandmother lay as I had often seen her in sleep, serene and calm. I leaned over and kissed her. She was icy cold, and she stank.

In that second I learned what decay and corruption meant, and I have never outgrown the horror of it. I replaced the cloth and went downstairs. I kept my new knowledge and my fear and dread to myself, and no-one ever suspected what had occurred. But to this very day, if I am ill or worried, I have a nightmare in which the chief part is played by my grandmother's corpse, and I only wake—stifling and sweating in terror—just as I am about to kiss the cold, putrid lips. Forgive me for dwelling on the one unpleasant memory I have of an otherwise idyllic childhood, but one should not be squeamish and one should be truthful.

The farm was a wonderful place to live in, and I could write a book about my happy days there. However, I must be content with one or two more memories, caught in lightning-flash glimpses like the countryside

during a thunderstorm at night. Being awakened, for instance, by a cold metal watch-chain being dangled in my face, and looking sleepily up to find Dad standing beside my bed holding in his arm a tiny, new-born, pink-satin-covered pig; reaching up for it with eager hands, and having it put down into bed with me, wriggling, squeaking and wrinkling all over, as I kissed it in ecstasy of delight at its beauty.

Or the 'copper-house' by the side of our pond, where each day an enormous copper-ful of potatoes was cooked for the pigs. The potatoes were only very roughly washed and, of course, boiled in their skins, but to us children they were nectar and ambrosia. We fished them out with scalding fingers, peeled them and dropped them in the pollard tub. Then, coated as they were with the coarse pig-meal, we devoured them, careful not to eat too many because of other courses to come in our repast. We followed my father to the mangold heap, and there waited until he had scraped the dirt from the mangolds and put them through the 'pulper'. This sent them out in long, thin, curly, golden-yellow lengths, and of these juicy strips we made our sweet course; and for dessert we crunched the knobbly cubes of linseed cattle-cake as it came out of the cake-breaker.

There was a fly in this delicious ointment, as there so often is in life. My father was now his own boss, of course, but this fact I did not seem to have taken in. The power on the farm was a thin, tall, brusque man known to me as Mr. George. He detested all children, even his own six, I do believe, and I hated him. The older of his children were my constant companions, and we often had to mind the younger ones as well. No one dared to cry in his presence, and if one of his own brood hurt himself and began to weep, their father would appear from some barn and say, like the crack of a whip, 'Now then, DRY UP!', and the child would gasp, gulp, swallow and hold his breath, but not utter another sound. Mr. George it was who turned me out of the chaff-house, and off the strawstack, forbade me to pick flowers by the pond or hang over the half-doors admiring the calves. I thought it was his farm, and I obeyed him implicitly. The fact that his eldest daughter wore my old dresses seemed to prove his superiority, for she often got my favourite ones long before I wanted to part with them. One in particular, with black golliwogs all over it, I grieved over for many a long day; but as he was the boss, I considered that my father and all his household owed Mr. George the submission that was his right. So I said nothing.

One wonderful day, I learned the truth. My father was the owner, and Mr. George merely his horse-keeper. By an extraordinary coincidence, that very day when we went back to school after dinner, our teacher gave us a list of words to put into sentences, and among them was the word

'servant'. Mr. George's eldest daughter Gwen, my inseparable playmate, sat by my side, and in my new-found freedom I wrote, 'Gwen George's father is my father's servant'.

'Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction.' My arrogance was short-lived. When our teacher saw what I had written (I was aged about seven and a half), she was very angry. She called me a nasty, stuck-up little snob. I was pulled out in front of the class and given my first lesson in socialism and the equality of men, after which I had to apologise publicly to Gwen (who was just as bewildered by it all as I was). Finally, I was made to stay in for the rest of the day.

I thought the ways of adults very strange. I still think so. Maybe an educationalist owes it to children everywhere to write an autobiography. Maybe, one day, I will.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Christine ADAMS is a pupil at Ashbourne P.N.E.U. School, Derbyshire.

William DAGNALL is a Senior Lecturer in Education and Mathematics at the Charlotte Mason College. After obtaining a Teachers' Certificate at Didsbury Training College, Manchester, and spending a year there on a Supplementary Mathematics Course, he took a London External Degree and the London Diploma of Education. Married, with three children under six years of age, he is particularly interested in the attitudes of children and adults towards mathematics.

H. O. EMERSON is a Chief Examiner for one of the national G.C.E. Boards and is the author of over thirty text-books which are amongst the most widely-selling in the Commonwealth. He lectures at Oxford, for the L.C.C. and in colleges and universities in the United States; he is also a contributor to the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Observer*, the *Daily Express* and other British and American periodicals.

Ceres ESPLAN ran a private riding school for the pupils of Heron's Fgyll, Horsham, Sussex, from 1946-1949. She then took up general teaching and eventually established a home-schoolroom in the country, to which she taught all subjects. She is now married and fully occupied with her family and freelance journalism.

Alice KEITH is the pen-name of a freelance journalist who writes articles, short stories and poems for various British and American journals.

Sybil MARSHALL taught for eighteen years at Kingston County Primary School near Cambridge. The story of those years was told in her book *Experiment in Education* (Cambridge University Press, 1963). At the age of forty-six she went up to Cambridge as a 'mature student' and read English at New Hall. Three years later she graduated with distinction and is now a Lecturer in Education at Sheffield University.

OUR WORK

COMPOSER FOR THE AUTUMN TERM 1964

The composer to be studied in the Autumn Term is Beethoven. The following records are recommended:—

OUR WORK

Symphony No. 5: (DG) L.P.M. 18804. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Karajan (37/60); (Ace of Clubs) ACL.1. Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. Carl Schuricht (20/60).

'Emperor' Piano Concerto No. 4: (DG) L.P.M. 18777. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Kempe piano, conductor Leidlner; ACL. 36. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Wilhelm Backhaus piano, conductor Krauss.

Piano Sonatas: (DG) L.P.E.M. 19227. Kempe. 'Moonlight', 'Pathetique', 'Appassionata'.

Overtures: A.C.L. 97. Egmont, Leonora No. 3, Prometheus, Consecration of the House, Fidelio. London Philharmonic Orchestra, van Beinum.

Violin Concerto: H.M.V. Concert Classics. X.L.P. 20043. Campoli with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor John Pritchard (21/60).

Highlights from Fidelio: (DG) L.P.E.M. 19215 (31/9).

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the way that Form I examinations are dictated. MSS should be sent to the Editor, *Parents Review*, Murray House, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1.

Children whose items are chosen for publication will receive a printed copy of their contributions.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

BRANCH AND PARENTS' ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH enjoyed a documentary film of the building of Coventry Cathedral with a sound commentary made by John Laing, the contractors. Two days later, on 9 April, Mrs. Bushill-Matthews, a member of the Branch, showed in her own home the films she had taken of the Branch's expedition to Slimbridge in September 1963. On 13 May Mrs. J. M. Bailey, J.P. gave a talk on her 'Adventures in America'. This was of particular interest because Mrs. Bailey is a member of the National Council of the P.N.E.U. As a Magistrate she had toured America and had been most impressed with the administration of the Children's Courts in Washington.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

I was deeply interested to see the P.N.E.U. journal. All the more so as when I was in India in my remote house in Kashmir, the only way I could find to educate my children was by the P.U.S. correspondence course, and excellent I found it.

RUMER GODDEN

South Ridge, Gun Garden, Rye, Sussex.

BOOKS

The Countryside, by 'B.B.', illustrated by D. J. Watkins-Pitchford, A.R.C.A., F.R.S.A. (Dennis Dobson, 13/6). This excellent book of country lore, though primarily intended for boys and girls, provides a rich mine of information about wild life for all students of nature. Whether he is dealing with birds or butterflies, snakes or wild deer, the author writes out of his own extensive experience and, for good measure, gives many practical hints on nature photography. The book is well indexed and there are four pages of bibliography.

Those who are soon to leave school and are undecided about their choice of career will find a wide field for exploration and a fund of practical advice in the 'Young Person's Guide' series published by Gollancz. The latest title is *The Film Maker and His World*, by R. J. Minney (13/6), which, to quote the Hon. Anthony Asquith is 'indispensable reading for anyone who wants to make films a career in Great Britain . . . admirably clear and comprehensive'.

Children's Books

Talargain the Seal's Whelp, by Joyce Gard (Gollancz, 13/6). This author has already proved herself mistress of the subtle art of credibly linking fantasy with fact. In this enchanting tale she has enhanced her reputation still further. The story of Talargain, the Northumbrian boy who learned to love seals and share their lives, who was falsely accused of witchcraft but became a king's trusted henchman and finally discovered his own royal ancestry, most convincingly re-creates life in the late seventh century. The book is written with sensitiveness and distinction, and should find a place on the book-shelf of every discriminating child-reader aged ten years and onward.

Messrs. Dent go from strength to strength in their excellent 'Children's Illustrated Classics' series of which one of the latest titles is *The Enchanted Castle*, by E. Nesbit, illustrated by Cecil Leslie (15/-). It is surprising that this story, which is one of the most original and entertaining of E. Nesbit's fantasies, seems hitherto to have enjoyed less popularity than her other books for children. She possessed a unique talent for combining magic with everyday life and here it is given full scope. From the moment that Jerry, Jimmy and Kathleen discover what they assume to be a princess, sleeping in the middle of the maze in the castle grounds, the reader is in the most literal sense spellbound. Like all genuine spells, this one is compounded of beauty, a touch of nightmare and continual disconcerting awkwardness: the stone statues of the dinosaurs, and the gods and goddesses from the Temple of Flora step from their pedestals to swim in the lily-haunted lake when the moon is full; the dummies, concocted by the children from walking-sticks, old clothes and paper masks, attain a dreadful independent life of their own; the most unlikely people become invisible at the least convenient moments, thanks to the unpredictable potency of a ring. As the author herself points out, 'There is a curtain, thin as gossamer, clear as glass, strong as iron, that hangs for ever between the world of magic and the world that seems to us to be real. And when once people have found one of the little weak spots in that curtain which are marked by magic rings, and amulets, and the like, almost anything may happen'. In this fascinating story almost everything does happen. No child aged from eight to twelve should miss it.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

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APPOINTMENT OF DIRECTOR OF THE P.N.E.U.

The Council of the P.N.E.U. has been concerned for some considerable time with the need to co-ordinate the various activities of its branches with a view to cementing and extending the scope of its work.

The transfer of the Charlotte Mason College to the Local Education Authority in 1961, which has involved a drastic curtailment in the supply of trained P.N.E.U. teachers, points to the need to concentrate more fully on the vital part played by the P.U.S. The services of the P.U.S. are unique in the educational world; in particular their importance in countries overseas is as great as ever.

The merger in 1961 of the P.N.E.U. in London and the P.U.S. (to be known in future as the P.N.E.U. School), which is still in Ambleside, has meant closer contact between the branches and a lessening of the financial burden; but the necessary co-ordination has not yet been fully achieved. For very many years Henrietta Franklin, as Honorary Secretary, acted as the focal point of the organisation. If the movement is to develop it now needs the services of a full-time official responsible to the Council for the administration of the organisation as a whole. The Council decided earlier this year that this necessitates the creation of a new post—that of Director of the P.N.E.U. Among the Director's various duties would be to help the Council to review the influence which the P.N.E.U. should seek to exert in a changing educational world, and to help make the educational services offered by the organisation more widely used.

To undertake this task the Council has appointed as Director Mr. R. A. Lake, who has had extensive educational and administrative experience. Mr. Lake, who takes up his appointment on 1 September, graduated at Cambridge University in 1938 and stayed on an extra year

to take a Teacher Training Course. His teaching career in this country was cut short in 1940 by the war, during which he served in the Army, ending with the rank of temporary major (Intelligence). He joined the Overseas Civil Service in 1946, and has had wide teaching experience, principally in Kenya, where he acted as headmaster of intermediate and secondary schools and as principal of a teacher training college. One of his most interesting assignments was the establishment of a school run on Outward Bound lines which provided an opportunity for the young people of Kenya's different racial groups to work together.

Among his recent administrative appointments, Mr. Lake has served as acting Assistant Director to the Kenya Ministry of Education, Private Secretary to the Governor-General, and Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Health and Housing, in which appointment he was given the option of continuing after Kenya became independent. In addition, he has lectured on teacher training in the United States; and, in Kenya, has been responsible for the preparation and execution of development plans and training programmes, and of the administration of Government training scholarship programmes.

Mr. Lake has encountered the work of the P.N.E.U. at several stages of his career and has formed an admiration for its methods. He is particularly concerned to extend its scope overseas, where the need and the opportunity seem greatest.

HOW SHOULD ONE READ A BOOK?—I

by VIRGINIA WOOLF

In the first place, I want to emphasise the note of interrogation at the end of my title. Even if I could answer the question for myself, the answer would apply only to me and not to you. The only advice, indeed, that one person can give another about reading is to take no advice, to follow your own instincts, to use your own reason, to come to your own conclusions. If this is agreed between us, then I feel at liberty to put forward a few ideas and suggestions because you will not allow them to fetter that independence which is the most important quality that a reader can possess. After all, what laws can be laid down about books? The battle of Waterloo was certainly fought on a certain day; but is *Hamlet* a better play than *Lear*? Nobody can say. Each must decide that question for himself. To admit authorities, however heavily furred and gowned, into our libraries and let them tell us how to read, what to read, what value to place upon what we read, is to destroy the spirit of freedom which is the breath of those sanctuaries. Everywhere else we may be bound by laws and conventions—there we have none.

But to enjoy freedom, if the platitude is pardonable, we have of course to control ourselves. We must not squander our powers, helplessly and ignorantly, squirting half the house in order to water a single rose-bush; we must train them, exactly and powerfully, here on the very spot. This, it may be, is one of the first difficulties that faces us in a library. What is 'the very spot'? There may well seem to be nothing but a conglomeration and huddle of confusion. Poems and novels, histories and memoirs, dictionaries and blue-books; books written in all languages by men and women of all tempers, races, and ages jostle each other on the shelf. And outside the donkey brays, the women gossip at the pump, the colts gallop across the fields. Where are we to begin? How are we to bring order into this multitudinous chaos and so get the deepest and widest pleasure from what we read?

It is simple enough to say that since books have classes—fiction, biography, poetry—we should separate them and take from each what it is right that each should give us. Most commonly we come to books with blurred and divided minds, asking of fiction that it shall be true, of poetry that it shall be false, of biography that it shall be flattering, of history that it shall enforce our own prejudices. If we could banish all such preoccupations when we read, that would be an admirable beginning. Do not dictate to your author; try to become him. Be his fellow-worker and accomplice. If you hang back, and reserve and criticise at first, you are preventing yourself from getting the fullest possible value from what you read. But if you open your mind as widely as possible, then signs and hints of almost imperceptible fineness, from the twist and turn of the first sentences, will bring you into the presence of a human being unlike any other. Steep yourself in this, acquaint yourself with this, and soon you will find that your author is giving you, or attempting to give you, something far more definite. The thirty-two chapters of a novel—if we consider how to read a novel first—are an attempt to make something as formed and controlled as a building; but words are more palpable than bricks; reading is a longer and more complicated process than seeing. Perhaps the quickest way to understand the elements of what a novelist is doing is not to read, but to write; to make your own experiment with the dangers and difficulties of words. Recall, then, some event that has left a distinct impression on you—how at the corner of the street, perhaps, you passed two people talking. A tree shook; an electric light danced; the tone of the talk was comic, but also tragic; a whole vision, an entire conception, seemed contained in that moment.

But when you attempt to reconstruct it in words, you will find that it breaks into a thousand conflicting impressions. Some must be subdued; others emphasised: in the process you will lose, probably, all grasp upon the emotion itself. Then turn from your blurred and littered pages to

the opening pages of some great novelist—Defoe, Jane Austen, Hardy. Now you will be better able to appreciate their mastery. It is not merely that we are in the presence of a different person—Defoe, Jane Austen, or Thomas Hardy—but that we are living in a different world. Here, in *Robinson Crusoe*, we are trudging a plain high road; one thing happens after another; the fact and the order of the fact is enough. But if the open air and adventure mean everything to Defoe they mean nothing to Jane Austen. Hers is the drawing-room, and people talking, and by the many mirrors of their talk revealing their characters. And if, when we have accustomed ourselves to the drawing-room and its reflections, we turn to Hardy, we are once more spun round. The moors are round us and the stars are above our heads. The other side of the mind is now exposed—the dark side that comes uppermost in solitude, not the light side that shows in company. Our relations are not towards people, but towards Nature and destiny. Yet different as these worlds are, each is consistent with itself. The maker of each is careful to observe the laws of his own perspective, and however great a strain they may put upon us they will never confuse us, as lesser writers so frequently do, by introducing two different kinds of reality into the same book. Thus to go from one great novelist to another—from Jane Austen to Hardy, from Peacock to Trollope, from Scott to Meredith—is to be wrenched and uprooted; to be thrown this way and then that. To read a novel is a difficult and complex art. You must be capable not only of great fineness of perception, but of great boldness of imagination if you are going to make use of all that the novelist—the great artist—gives you.

But a glance at the heterogeneous company on the shelf will show you that writers are very seldom 'great artists'; far more often a book makes no claim to be a work of art at all. These biographies and autobiographies, for example, lives of great men, of men long dead and forgotten, that stand cheek by jowl with the novels and poems, are we to refuse to read them because they are not 'art'? Or shall we read them, but read them in a different way, with a different aim? Shall we read them in the first place to satisfy that curiosity which possesses us sometimes when in the evening we linger in front of a house where the lights are lit and the blinds not yet drawn, and each floor of the house shows us a different section of human life in being? Then we are consumed with curiosity about the lives of these people—the servants gossiping, the gentlemen dining, the girl dressing for a party, the old woman at the window with her knitting. Who are they, what are they, what are their names, their occupations, their thoughts, and adventures?

Biographies and memoirs answer such questions, light up innumerable such houses; they show us people going about their daily affairs, toiling, failing, succeeding, eating, hating, loving, until they die. And sometimes as we watch, the house fades and the iron railings vanish

and we are out at sea; we are hunting, sailing, fighting; we are among savages and soldiers; we are taking part in great campaigns. Or if we like to stay here in England, in London, still the scene changes; the street narrows; the house becomes small, cramped, diamond-paned, and malodorous. We see a poet, Donne, driven from such a house because the walls were so thin that when the children cried their voices cut through them. We can follow him, through the paths that lie in the pages of books, to Twickenham; to Lady Bedford's Park, a famous meeting-ground for nobles and poets; and then turn our steps to Wilton, the great house under the downs, and hear Sidney read the *Arcadia* to his sister; and ramble among the very marshes and see the very herons that figure in that famous romance; and then again travel north with that other Lady Pembroke, Anne Clifford, to her wild moors, or plunge into the city and control our merriment at the sight of Gabriel Harvey in his black velvet suit arguing about poetry with Spenser. Nothing is more fascinating than to grope and stumble in the alternate darkness and splendour of Elizabethan London. But there is no staying there. The Temples and the Swifts, the Harleys and the St. Johns beckon us on; hour upon hour can be spent disentangling their quarrels and deciphering their characters; and when we tire of them we can stroll on, past a lady in black wearing diamonds, to Samuel Johnson and Goldsmith and Garrick; or cross the channel, if we like, and meet Voltaire and Diderot, Madame du Deffand; and so back to England and Twickenham—how certain places repeat themselves and certain names!—where Lady Bedford had her Park once and Pope lived later, to Walpole's home at Strawberry Hill. But Walpole introduces us to such a swarm of new acquaintances, there are so many houses to visit and bells to ring that we may well hesitate for a moment, on the Miss Berrys' doorstep, for example, when behold, up comes Thackeray; he is the friend of the woman whom Walpole loved; so that merely by going from friend to friend, from garden to garden, from house to house, we have passed from one end of English literature to another and wake to find ourselves here again in the present, if we can so differentiate this moment from all that have gone before. This, then, is one of the ways in which we can read these lives and letters; we can make them light up the many windows of the past; we can watch the famous dead in their familiar habits and fancy sometimes that we are very close and can surprise their secrets, and sometimes we may pull out a play or a poem that they have written and see whether it reads differently in the presence of the author. But this again rouses other questions. How far, we must ask ourselves, is a book influenced by its writer's life—how far is it safe to let the man interpret the writer? How far shall we resist or give way to the sympathies and antipathies that the man himself rouses in us—so sensitive are words, so receptive of the character of the author? These are questions that press upon us when we read

lives and letters, and we must answer them for ourselves, for nothing can be more fatal than to be guided by the preferences of others in a matter so personal.

But also we can read such books with another aim, not to throw light on literature, not to become familiar with famous people, but to refresh and exercise our own creative powers. Is there not an open window on the right hand of the bookcase? How delightful to stop reading and look out! How stimulating the scene is, in its unconsciousness, its irrelevance, its perpetual movement—the colts galloping round the field, the woman filling her pail at the well, the donkey throwing back his head and emitting his long, acrid moan. The greater part of any library is nothing but the record of such fleeting moments in the lives of men, women, and donkeys. Every literature, as it grows old, has its rubbish-heap, its record of vanished moments and forgotten lives told in faltering and feeble accents that have perished. But if you give yourself up to the delight of rubbish-reading you will be surprised, indeed you will be overcome, by the relics of human life that have been cast out to moulder. It may be one letter—but what a vision it gives! It may be a few sentences—but what vistas they suggest! Sometimes a whole story will come together with such beautiful humour and pathos and completeness that it seems as if a great novelist had been at work, yet it is only an old actor, Tate Wilkinson, remembering the strange story of Captain Jones; it is only a young subaltern serving under Arthur Wellesley and falling in love with a pretty girl as Lisbon; it is only Maria Allen letting fall her sewing in the empty drawing-room and sighing, how she wishes she had taken Dr. Burney's good advice and had never eloped with her Rishy. None of this has any value; it is negligible in the extreme; yet how absorbing it is now and again to go through the rubbish-heaps and find rings and scissors and broken noses buried in the huge past and try to piece them together while the colt gallops round the field, the woman fills her pail at the well, and the donkey brays.

(To be concluded.)

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

I think this year will be an excellent blackberry year again, and nothing pleases me more than a day's blackberrying. We all enjoy bramble-jelly in the winter and by then the scratches and the stings are forgotten and only pleasant memories remain of the lovely things we saw and heard while we stretched too high, or broke our backs bending too low for too long, to gather the fruit.

Last year, I remember, I blackberried in a desultory fashion while waiting to see an Osprey. I had been rung up to be told that one had been sighted and I set off at once in the hope of catching a glimpse of it. When I arrived there was no sign of this lovely 'fish-hawk', but there were endless blackberries and also some large Dragonflies, so I settled down to wait.

I was joined by other ornithologically-minded people and after a couple of hours, when fortunately we were sitting quietly on the edge of a big lake, the bird glided in from the west. It perched on the dead bough of one of the only trees nearby and we had an excellent view of it. It had, we thought, brought a fish with it, and it kept bending down to tear off a chunk with its viciously hooked bill. It also continually looked in our direction but did not seem perturbed by our presence.

It was interesting to talk to the other bird-watchers, one or two of whom had been up to Scotland to see the Osprey there. It was generally thought that this Sussex bird was not one of the Scottish ones on its way south, but had possibly drifted across, on its southern migration from Scandinavia.

Although I am perfectly happy watching even the commonest garden birds, for there is always some fresh aspect of their behaviour to notice, a glimpse of a rarity now and then does act as a tonic.

This year I plan to go blackberrying in Stone Curlew country, for these strange birds provide a great deal of thought-provoking watching—so there may well be a dearth of bramble-jelly in our household this coming winter!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770—1827)

(COMPOSER FOR THE AUTUMN TERM 1964)

by MARGARET RUSSELL

Musicians often speak of Beethoven's music in terms of 'first period', 'second period', 'third period'. Since then practically every composer has been given a first, second and third period, with probably less marked justification. This is a reference to the style and development of the music itself, but it may be interesting to note the background to each period.

In Beethoven's case the first was characterised by poverty—resulting in limited education—and gradual rise to fame in Bonn where he was born. The second began with his arrival in Vienna, at the age of eighteen, where he was soon in demand at houses of wealthy aristocratic amateur musicians, as pianist and composer. At this time there

were few public concerts as we know them today. Music was mainly in the hands of these wealthy patrons so that Beethoven was performing and composing for a well-educated audience and was bound to meet his fellow musicians as guests of the patron. The third period covered the latter years of his life from about the age of forty onwards until his death at fifty-seven. During these years, having established his reputation as a genius and a Great Master, he completed his breakaway from Classical form and launched what turned out to be the beginning of the Romantic Movement in music.

Beethoven became an accomplished pianist early in life, and piano sonatas are found in the second and third periods of his composition, from the first set of three (Op. 2), written when he was twenty-one years old, to Op. 111, published four years before his death. His immediate predecessors, Haydn and Mozart, also wrote numerous piano sonatas and the usual form was three or four sections, known as 'movements', the first and last fairly lively or fast with a lighter contrasting one in between, often a 'minuet and trio'. If there were four movements a slow, lyrical, ponderous or grave one followed the first and preceded the minuet and trio. Sometimes there was a slow, short introduction to the sonata as in Beethoven's *Pathétique* (not his own designation) and short joining bits or 'codas' occurred either to round off one movement or section of a movement or to join it to the next.

For those who are not familiar with it, a word should be said about 'sonata form' which was the classical basis for all symphonic as well as chamber music, and applied especially to first movements. In its simplest terms it can be illustrated by many of our folk-songs. It consists of a tune or 'clause' starting in the tonic key and ending in the dominant (as in the first two lines of 'Barbara Allen') with a second clause returning to the tonic (the second two lines of the same song). This is known as 'binary form'. Or there may be three sections, as in 'The Bluebells of Scotland', with the second clause (lines 3 and 4) going into the dominant key, followed by a repeat or 'recapitulation' of the first, ensuring completion in the tonic. But what makes the difference between folk-song and sonata form is elaboration or development of the sections—the scope for, 'Now that we've stated this idea let's talk about it a bit before going on to the next'. This may apply to any of the sections and was certainly used by Beethoven who exploited it so extensively and with such variety that he could almost be said to have 'exploded' sonata form. If his emotion caused him to break the rules of form, he broke them boldly or subtly and with infinite variety.

Unfortunately this happens all too often in the three sonatas mentioned in the recordings, although in the *allegro di molto e con brio* of the *Pathétique* the first and second themes and recapitulation are fairly clear.

The *Moonlight* is not Beethoven's designation but it is easy for any lover of the country—and Beethoven was a passionate one—to associate it with moods to which the countryside gives a character different from that of man-made environments.

One eminent musical historian has said of the *Waldstein* (again not Beethoven's designation) that among all Beethoven's works there is not one more impetuous, more poetical or more enduring.

Apart from the thirty-two sonatas for piano solo as well as several for violin and piano and for cello and piano, Beethoven wrote in other forms for the piano, bagatelles, sets of variation, etc.; but the biggest field was concertos for piano and orchestra, of which there are five. Here he was blessed by the times in which he lived, having readily available for performance an experienced orchestra, plenty of rehearsal time and a patron who was willing to finance the concert, most probably in his own house or castle with his own private orchestra. Furthermore Beethoven, being the pianist he was, would be certain of playing the solo part himself. Nowadays a composer in this country is often hard put to get his works performed for the first time, short of a commission from the B.B.C. or a music festival. An independent concert, without private means, involves great financial burden. The orchestra must be paid for rehearsal as well as for performance, which usually limits rehearsal time. The soloist must be a 'name' (which means high fees) in order to help draw the largest audience; a hall must be hired and takings, even from the Festival Hall full to the brim, rarely cover the cost. The composer, however much he would like to play the solo part, may have to stand down to someone who will certainly do justice to the work but at the same time increase financial worries.

The piano concertos belong to Beethoven's second period, No. 5, *The Emperor*, being the last and best-known, dedicated to his pupil and patron the Archduke Rudolph of Austria, and first performed in Leipzig in 1810. Unfortunately, Beethoven's deafness was then too far advanced for him to play the solo part. Although by this time he no longer admired Napoleon, it has been said that the character of the music—'bold, ringing, triumphant and splendid'—itself gave rise to the title.

No. 3 in C minor, Op. 37, is remarkable for giving the first sign of a change in the balance between the solo and orchestral parts at a time when the solo instrument had got very much the upper hand and was used for showing off the instrumentalist's virtuosity, often to the detriment of the orchestra; at first a pause was given in one or more movements for the soloist to extemporise and to show off still further. This part of the work was known as the 'cadenza'. Later on composers wrote in the cadenza as part of the concerto.

Beethoven's No. 3 gave rise to a new style—the symphonic concerto—where soloist and orchestra were given well balanced conversation or even dramatic tussle but ending in harmony rather than victory over vanquished, at the same time retaining the cadenza, which Beethoven wrote himself, separately.

Of his concertos for other instruments the only one he wrote for the violin is by far the best known and most frequently heard nowadays. Its first performance in 1806 was not a great success. It was written for the leading virtuoso of the day and, owing to Beethoven's habit of dealing with commissioned works last, it was written in a hurry and performed without rehearsal and, in spite of praiseworthy solo playing, was forgotten for almost forty years. In 1884 the thirteen-year-old Joachim played it with Mendelssohn conducting. It contains a great deal of repetition; at the same time Berlioz has commented, 'It is wonderful, with its wealth of melody, its surprising harmonies and its formal grandeur. The first movement, and especially the Andante, is of unparalleled beauty'.

Beethoven began writing symphonies when he was about twenty-six years of age, although sketches date from four years earlier. He often spent several years completing a composition, working on two or three concurrently as ideas came to him. His note-books in this connection are famous and at least fifty were listed in the sale of his effects after his death. He even kept one at his bedside for use at night. After the initial idea was recorded, he could spend infinite pains on working it out to the fulfilment of his highest ideals. Nothebohm says, 'Had he carried out all the symphonies which are begun in these books, we should have had at least fifty'. His first symphony took four years to finish. The second followed two years later. By the time he envisaged a third he had, as Grove says, 'reached the farthest point to which he could go (in the classical idiom) before bursting into that wonderful new region which no man had before penetrated'. This was the field of passionate emotion which could not be encompassed within the limits of classical form and which caused Beethoven to break the bounds and often baffle his contemporary listeners with the resulting sound. He was an idealist, a lover of freedom, and he saw in Napoleon not only a heroic leader of armies but a liberator of all Europe from the bonds of the aristocracy to the true brotherhood of all men.

The story of the *Eroica* dedication is well known. Several people had seen the score lying on Beethoven's desk with 'Bonaparte' written on the title-page. Then, when the news was brought to him that Napoleon had proclaimed himself Emperor, he tore out the title-page and threw it away.

Of the symphonies which followed, No. 5 is probably the most popular and the best known, designated the 'Fate Symphony' from a remark

of Beethoven's apropos the opening phrase, 'This is the way Fate knocks at the door'. This rhythm is the Morse code ...— for V, and thus it was used during World War II, especially by the B.B.C. as a symbol of victory—every news-reading was preceded by a drum statement of ...—.

Rehearsals for the symphony were difficult. Beethoven was impatient, and eventually had to leave the orchestra on their own to try out this 'new and strange composition'. It is not surprising that the first performance (with Beethoven conducting in spite of increasing deafness) was no great success.

Several years later it had caught on and at a performance in Leipzig the great singer, Malibrand, swooned and had to be carried out. The composer, Lesueur, was so much affected that he cried, 'Let me out—I must have air! It stirred me so much that when I tried to put my hat on I could not find my head! Such music should not be written'. The reply, 'Calm yourself! This will not happen too often', came from Berlioz, who says of the work, 'The C minor symphony sprang from Beethoven's deepest genius. In it he begins to uncover for us some of his innermost thoughts. As the subject for this work of art he has chosen his secret pain, the final outbreak of rage, long held in check, his deepest pride, his most lonely and hopeless ponderings, his sleepless nights and the fire of excitement.'

After this, within limited space, we must rather skip Number 6—the *Pastoral*—and just mention that it is the only one of Beethoven's works which is written to a programme, i.e. has suggestive titles to each movement:

1. Awakening of pleasant feelings upon arriving in the country.
2. Scene at the brook.
3. Peasants merrymaking.
4. Storm.
5. Shepherds' hymn after the storm.

The 9th symphony is considered either his triumph or his supreme failure. In it was used, for the first time in the history of symphony, the voice: the choral part of the last movement is set to Schiller's 'Ode to Joy' and embodies all Beethoven's aspirations towards freedom and the brotherhood of man.

By this time he had been through the final agony of relinquishing hope of a cure for his deafness, had contemplated suicide and eventually come to terms with the prospect of living in isolation from his fellow men. He found it impossible to say to people, 'Speak louder, for I am deaf'. 'Ah! how was it possible I could acknowledge weakness in the

very sense which ought to be more acute in me than in other men?—a sense which at one time I possessed in a perfection to which few others in my profession have attained, or are likely to attain.' And later, 'Oh Providence! Let one more day of pure joy be vouchsafed to me'.

Beethoven was thirty-two when he realised that he might have to resign himself to finding no cure for his increasing deafness. He had gone to Heiligenstadt to write his second symphony and from there wrote a letter, now known as the 'Heiligenstadt Testament', to his two brothers. It is a most moving document of forlorn hope, lurking despair, pride, determination, defiance and resignation to his fate.

It is thought that Beethoven might not have made such extreme demands on the high range of the soprano part had it not been for his deafness, by now so far advanced that he had to be turned round from the orchestra, where he stood throughout the first performance, to see the applause which he could not hear.

Beethoven wrote at least nine overtures, but only one opera, *Fidelio*. The overtures *Prometheus*, *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, were all concerned with tragic, heroic characters, and the subject of the opera *Fidelio* was the only kind which Beethoven, with his perpetual striving after humanitarianism, could have chosen. Perhaps it was a step towards the choral symphony, already mentioned. Of the other significant overtures, all four were written for *Fidelio*, the original title of which was *Leonora*, or *Conjugal Love*. Hence we hear of *Leonora No. 1*, *No. 2* and *No. 3*, all now performed as separate orchestral pieces. *Leonora No. 3* is the best known, and as it is not only a great concert piece but also an embodiment of the dramatic climax of the story, it is sometimes played as a 'bridge' between two of the later scenes in the opera. The *Fidelio* overture was the last to be written, and was established as the introduction; the three *Leonoras* were discarded because in them Beethoven, with his vast conceptions, encompassed the whole dramatic climax of the opera instead of simply preparing his audience for the rise of the curtain on the first act (the conventional purpose of an overture), which disclosed the chattering prison officers and serving maids.

Early productions of the opera were fraught with difficulty. A week before the scheduled first performance in Vienna, Napoleon had occupied the city, which was full of French soldiers, and many of Beethoven's aristocratic friends fled. Rehearsals were negligible and the story of the opera, based on the actual experiences of its original French author during the Revolution, was so dangerously topical, with some of the characters still living, that it had to be finally set in Spain, a hundred years earlier than the then present. It is the story of reunion of husband and wife (*Leonora*—or *Fidelio*) after tyrannous separation.

against the background of an evil prison governor who is saved from committing double murder by the timely arrival of the Minister of Justice to inspect his prison, and finally condemned to the dungeons when all the prisoners have been freed. Beethoven withdrew it after three performances in 1805, and again after five performances the following year. After a gap of eight years he modified the score, and Sonnleitner rearranged the libretto: the resulting success established it for ever in all opera houses.

There is only space for a few brief words about Beethoven's chamber music, sonatas for violin and piano, trios, string quartets, etc., which were written for immediate performance by colleagues. They cover all three 'periods', and gradually reached out (especially the string quartets) into realms of musical thought which are still beyond the grasp of even experienced musicians. The quartet Op. 59 No. 3 is a challenge to virtuosity in performance; the *Archduke Trio* (dedicated to Archduke Rudolph) is full of relatively normal Beethoven language, but the dark chromaticisms of the scherzo indicate a reaching out into farther possibilities of expression.

In her article on Rembrandt in the April *Parents Review*, Rosemary Wilkinson writes: 'It may be said that Rembrandt is to art what Beethoven is to music. Both were giants of creative power isolated by their genius'. In a short article it seems irrelevant to go into details of Beethoven's education, geographical movements, trouble with landladies, etc.; he was just a giant, and the significant things in his life seem to stem from the power of his response to this urge to create in music, and his awareness of humanity and the times in which he lived. The complete integrity of his musical expression must reflect his contempt and his furious impatience with social convention and politics which infringed the dignity of man as an individual, and his compassion for mankind. The recurrent themes of tragedy and heroism are also a reflection of the tragedy of his own deafness and of his own heroic battle.

'SOME OF US'

FROM ARGENTINA

We live in a little village called Palpala in the Province of Jujuy in Argentina. My father is an engineer at the iron and steel works.

My brother and I go to the local school to learn Spanish.

Everybody here speaks Spanish because this country once belonged to Spain.

We do our work in English at home with my mother and father.

My favourite subject is geography. I also like history.

I enjoy Shakespeare but I find it a bit difficult for me. We are now reading the Merchant of Venice. We have all kinds of birds. Now in spring time there are flocks of bright green parrots that come from the jungles of Brazil.

Every morning the yellowbreasts and sparrows and lots of other birds come to our garden.

In summer the snakes come out. They have been sleeping all the winter.

In summer we must be very careful, and not walk in the long grass, or the snakes will bite us.

There are many Bolivian Indians around here. They come to this country from Bolivia to work in the sugar plantations and the tobacco plantations and also in the mines.

There is a big Iron ore mine near our village and further north there is another mine of lead and zinc.

The Andes mountains are close to us on the west. There are also other hills around us.

RICHARD G. HAYMAN (aged 9)

LOOK IT UP

by OLIVE SWEENEY

Do you ever wonder what career your child will follow when he or she grows up? Of course you do. But do you realise how large a part you play in the end product? So many parents think that they have met their responsibilities if they feed and clothe their children and send them to school.

During the course of every working day, I meet many parents who think like this, not because they are neglectful, but because it has never occurred to them that while they are supplying food to keep pace with the growing body they are starving an equally growing mind. Every child is born inquisitive. He asks endless questions. I wonder how you deal with these. Do you say, ‘I’m busy, ask Daddy’ or ‘Ask me when you’re older’? Do you give a stupid answer, such as ‘Ask no questions and you’ll be told no lies’? Or, worst of all, do you ignore them? Those questions can be infuriating if you are busy, tired, or have something else on your mind, but they are an essential part of the child’s development, and important to his future. To evade or to discourage a child’s questions is not only to deny him the information he seeks, it is to risk blunting his appetite for knowledge; and this may well have more far-reaching and devastating effects upon his development than if you were to spoil his appetite for food.

If you are an average parent there will be plenty of questions to which you cannot give the answers because you don’t know them. The best way to ‘save face’ with the children and foster in them the desire to learn is to ‘look it up’. When you are asked, for instance, why a tree sheds its leaves, say ‘Let’s look it up together, then you’ll remember’. In that way you are keeping your child’s respect and, which is more important, you are impressing the knowledge on his mind by encourag-

ing the effort of finding the right page in the reference book, far more surely than by just telling him the facts.

Of course the best solution is to be able to give the answer and follow it up by saying, 'Let's look and see what the book says about it'. The fact that your explanation is substantiated by the book will be another feather in your cap. No one can know the correct answers to all the questions a child asks. You yourself need books for reference, but, most important of all, by encouraging your child to start the 'looking it up' habit, you are training him in research—you are teaching him how to learn, and that is the most important gift that you can bestow upon him.

Some children, however good their intelligence, can find themselves at school-age unable to concentrate well enough to take in what they are taught. They may not be sufficiently interested to *want* to learn, and no teacher, however gifted and dedicated, is able to teach a child who doesn't want to learn. It is the duty and prerogative of parents to stimulate that interest in all things which will make their children want to know more. This is a heritage which you can, and should, give to your children. It is their right.

Most of us know many lonely people. I do not necessarily mean the physically lonely, but those who are miserable unless every moment of their days is filled by other people. I have talked to many of these and in every case I have come to the conclusion that the basis of their loneliness is lack of interest. Surely part of the failure here must be blamed upon their parents? Habits formed in the very early years of our lives remain with us to our dying day. If you give that interest in 'finding out' to your child in the early years, it will become a life-long habit. There is no limit to the things to be found out. How can one be lonely when the whole world is full of things waiting to be discovered, and excitement around every corner?

A good encyclopaedia is an essential for every home because it will be the chief means by which you carry out the all-important job of developing the young mind that has been entrusted to your keeping. Once you have initiated your child in the habit of 'looking it up', you have tackled one of the most important aspects of his education.

You will have made another contribution to his intellectual life. He will have been introduced to the immense pleasure that can be found in reading of the discoveries of the mysteries of the past, the facts of the present and the possibilities of the future.

Occasionally a parent has said to me, 'If the school can't teach my child to read, what can I do?' There is a short, sharp, simple answer to that query: create the desire to *know*. Once that desire has been aroused, a child will learn to read because he wants to find out for

himself. We can tell our children that a fire will burn them. That is a fact and it will, we hope, teach them to keep away from a flame; but do you know what causes that flame and why it burns? This will probably be the first question a child will ask. Can you answer? I know I couldn't when my six-year-old son asked me. I was only too glad to be able to say, 'Let's look it up in the encyclopaedia and see what it says'.

Unfortunately, no one can get far these days without a piece of paper that certifies that he has passed an examination and has certain qualifications. It is useless to tell your prospective employer that you know: you have to prove it with a piece of paper. Many classrooms today are so crowded that an average child only gets five minutes personal attention each day. The child who has been trained by his parents to do a certain amount of independent research will be in a position to benefit most from the short individual session with his teacher, and will be capable of absorbing and making the fullest use of the information given in those precious minutes.

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (b. 1886)
(ARTIST FOR THE AUTUMN TERM 1964)
by ROSEMARY WILKINSON (C.M.T.)

It may come as a surprise to some children to discover that real artists do not only belong to the past; to study pictures by someone contemporary is a special and an exciting experience. True, plenty of painters become famous during their lifetime—and our present age is a fertile one in the field of original creative art—but few living painters can expect to secure a place in history. Oskar Kokoschka is undoubtedly one of these few. His reputation is assured because his work represents an important advance in artistic conception, combining and transforming traditional ideas with an individuality at times verging on idiosyncrasy. His astonishing diversity of treatment is not merely a groping after a satisfactory technique; it is a repeated attempt to disclose the inner realism of a subject and to give the spectator a fresh aesthetic experience.

Kokoschka has been painting for over fifty years. In that time he has produced a vast output of pictures covering a number of distinct modes of painting, all bearing the stamp of his peculiar genius. His work is modern without being either incomprehensible or aggressively sensational. He has never pandered to popular appeal.

Kokoschka comes of a cultured and artistic family originating from Prague where his forebears were goldsmiths. His father settled in Lower Austria in his youth, and Oskar was born in the little town of Pöchlarn on the Danube. Here the family lived in straitened circumstances, im-

poverished by mass-production that damaged his father's prospects as an independent craftsman. Matters improved when they moved to a rural suburb of Vienna. The atmosphere of this metropolis with its rich historical heritage, its artistic and intellectual background, and at that time its thinly disguised decadence, had a profound effect in shaping the development of this sensitive and imaginative boy.

When he was only five years old two events brought Kokoschka close to the stark side of reality: his elder brother died, and he saw a friend of his fall to her death through the rotten cover of a well when she was going to show him a plant growing in a child's skull. The first picture-book Kokoschka remembers was one of Greek myths; he coloured its line illustrations. While he was still very young he was given by his father an educational children's book, *Orbis Pictis* by Jan Amos Comenius; this influenced him throughout his life and he has always followed the great humanist's principles. As he grew older he became interested in chemistry and intended making it his career; but a far-sighted teacher, noticing the boy's unusual talent for drawing, obtained a scholarship for him to the Vienna School of Art. Even now Kokoschka did not consider the possibility of making art his vocation; chemistry seemed to offer a much more likely means of providing his future livelihood. It was not until after he had left school that he saw contemporary painting for the first time; an exhibition of work by Anton Romako, a painter scarcely known outside central Europe, had a decisive influence on the young man, who now began painting in earnest.

At the start of the twentieth century the art world of Vienna was still dominated by academic tradition; students drew from plaster casts and draped models; they were expected to execute meticulous shading and never to deviate from strictly accurate impressions. Conflicting with this conventional mode of treatment were the new styles beginning to emerge throughout Europe. In Vienna Gustav Klimt captained this break with tradition; his work was symbolic and decorative, paving the way for the surge of free expression soon to follow. At the same time Freud and Adler enhanced the intellectual field with their original thought on the new science of psychology. Thus Kokoschka reached maturity in an epoch and a place fermenting with new developments. Himself independent and unconventional, he refused to draw from posed models, insisting instead on sketching moving figures, striving to catch direct impressions in five-minute poses. To exclude room for error he used pen and ink. In recent years he employed similar methods when instructing students at his painting school in Salzburg Castle, expecting them to make a series of twenty-minute water-colour sketches of moving nudes throughout the day for a month on end. I am told that one student used up a box of paints in a single day.

A Van Gogh exhibition in 1906 inspired Kokoschka to experiment further with paint. The pictures belonging to the first of his many stylistic phases show hard dark colours, densely applied paint, strangely tortured lines, as though the inner characterisation he strove to express were wrung from him painfully. These first works caused a public scandal. Kokoschka was denounced as an 'arch barbarian', a 'gifted fanatic'. Like Picasso he combined profile and full-face in order to represent three-dimensional unity unhampered by linear arbitration. He now began to write plays and essays; as a writer his work has run parallel with his art; both literary and artistic output reflect his visionary and romantic ideals.

Adolf Loos, a gifted architect and a far-sighted intellectual, helped Kokoschka obtain portrait commissions and introduced him to a number of influential men of the day, among them Herwarth Walden, founder and editor of the journal *Sturm* in Berlin. Walden persuaded Kokoschka to come to Berlin where he stayed a year, contributing drawings to the periodical. He resumed this work for a brief period after the war. His connection with *Sturm* brought him widespread notoriety; he was recognised as one of the pioneer spirits fostering the new trend in expressionistic art. In his picture of Herwarth Walden the intense, aesthetic character of the man is brought out by jerky angular lines. We do not need telling that this is the likeness of someone sensitive and scholarly; as it is a profile portrait the shapes of the high bulging brow, the sharp nose and the quizzical lips are shown in striking relief against the sombre background. The paint is diluted and applied in sweeping washes; the overlying lines, far from being meaningless scribbles, help to give cohesion to the basic freedom of this particular style and add form to the modelling of face and figure.

Kokoschka experimented unceasingly with new techniques. At one stage he emphasised the graphic elements by outlining flat areas of colour with heavy black lines. To imply texture variations he scoured the paint with the handle of his brush, even with his finger nails. This phase led to the opaque period in which the painting was overlaid with a cobweb tracery of coloured lines enclosing smooth planes possessing an enamelled finish and an odd iridescent sheen. This effect is said to have been obtained by observing objects through a crystal, refraction creating flat surfaces similar to those produced by the Cubist painters.

A visit to Italy in 1913 introduced Kokoschka to the Venetian colourists; Tintoretto in particular impressed him greatly. From now on he became increasingly obsessed with colour for its own sake; he saw it as a sensuous element to intoxicate the eyes. He remembered his childhood fascination for anything brilliant and how he had once seized a glowing coal from the fire, receiving a burn that left a lasting scar. He used colour as a musician uses a series of notes to create sym-

phonic harmonies, often reiterating a theme in a single colour expressed in a wide range of shades.

When Europe was plunged in war in 1914 Kokoschka volunteered to serve in an Austrian cavalry regiment. He was severely wounded by a bullet in the head and a bayonet thrust in the chest; still conscious and capable of firing his revolver at his assailant, he laughed aloud instead, and the Russian soldier fled without delivering the final blow. Kokoschka's head wound troubled him for some time and although he went to a specialist in Sweden nothing could be done to help him. In desperation he considered rejoining the army in the hope of being killed. Gradually he was able to overcome his disability by absorption in his work, but the restless swirling brush-strokes of this period bear witness to his shaken equilibrium. His personal life suffered too. Unable to achieve satisfactory human relationships, he used a life-size lay figure instead of a living model; the stiff doll-like poses that resulted were enhanced by hectic colours applied thickly in savage blocks like ill-fitting mosaic.

In 1919 he was appointed to a professorship at Dresden Academy where his humanity as much as his art made a deep impression; he devoted almost all his income to helping friends and students poorer than himself, but when he left his post it was without farewells. He spent the next ten years wandering throughout Europe painting with restless fervour. He evolved yet another method of painting; by adding turpentine he made oil paint as fluid as water-colour; some of his most sensitive and evocative work is done in this medium.

Kokoschka visited London in 1926 where he painted a series of pictures of animals at the Zoo and a still more comprehensive sequence of views of the Thames. *Tower Bridge* is one of these. The river is overlooked from a height. Massed buildings, boats and cranes crowd towards the water dividing the scene with a turgid sheet of greenish grey. The eye is carried backwards to focus on the twin towers of the bridge dominating the skyline, presenting a static feature to contrast with the medley of shapes and colours composing the water-front. The cover picture gives a wholly different interpretation of the river, catching it in a dreamy mood when the teeming city is bathed in diffused light and the details are softened. A curving vista spanned by three bridges culminates in the towers of Westminster seen dimly in the sunset glow. In Kokoschka's wide landscapes a curving horizon is often apparent and a duel point of convergence for the perspective lines; this is due to an optical defect of the artist's. It is thought that Titian and El Greco probably suffered from a similar form of astigmatism.

In each of our animal pictures the essential characteristics of widely different creatures are conveyed without undue emphasis on biological

details. The charming group *Deer* expresses the animals' timid grace with fluid and dappled paint masses; the curve of necks and antlers, the fawn's winsome perfection, even the set of the ears, are all suggested with an effortless touch. In contrast, *The Mandrill* suggests power and brutality. The pattern made by this grotesque beast's hairy head, its craggy brow, corrugated cheeks and formidable jaws is pleasing, as are the relaxed lines of its limbs and the lovely direct painting of the palm tree. Notice the prehensile feet. Dark outlines emphasise the main features but, as in nature, the animal's colouring helps it to merge with the background.

Leaving England, Kokoschka travelled to North Africa and the Middle East, then to Scotland and Ireland. By the nineteen thirties he had come to be regarded as one of Europe's foremost painters. His mastery of atmosphere is seen in *Le Lac d'Annecy*. The lake lies in the Savoy Alps to the south of Geneva. This tranquil scene, in which the artist has used innumerable shades of blue to produce a lyrical visual rhapsody, shows that Kokoschka, like Monet, could capture the very essence of light on canvas. The sky is radiant with a luminous glow against which the further mountains loom like spectres. So much is implied with so little apparent effort: the distant slope skirting a precipice, the tower on a promontory where reflections are mirrored in aquamarine water, rushes near the shore, gnarled tree-trunks. The pole beside the path provides a focal point, unifying the halves of the picture. Think how discordant the effect would be if it were completely vertical. This is one of many Alpine views displaying the mystery and grandeur of mountain scenery.

Political developments in Germany and Austria forced Kokoschka to return to Prague, the home of his ancestors. Here he met Masaryk, with whom he found he was in close accord as he was also a believer in the humanitarian principles of Comenius. In Prague, too, Kokoschka met Olga Palkovska who soon afterwards became his wife. Together they fled to England in 1938 and settled at Polperro in Cornwall. The artist continued to paint and his style underwent yet another change: his pictures glittered with a myriad colours applied after the manner of the Impressionists, but with even freer brush-work. Meanwhile his wife made and sold national dishes. After the war they returned to the Continent and thence went to America. Although Kokoschka has acquired British citizenship, he has made his home at Villeneuve on Lake Geneva.

He has always liked to introduce his own features into his pictures. In *Clown with Dog*, the long narrow face and brooding eyes resemble his own. This vivid picture with its bold brush-strokes and blocks of pure colour ought to please the younger children, but there is more to it than a superficial reflection of the bright lights and gaiety of circus

life. Behind these gaudy daubs the artist reveals the pathos hidden by grease paint, the slick frivolity—which Shakespeare, too, saw so clearly. The clown's expression, the angle of his head, the gesturing hands, all seem to betoken a profound humanity, itself the essence of Kokoschka's philosophy.

Throughout his long life Kokoschka has been a passionate seeker after truth; he has been doubly gifted as a writer and an artist, expressing his ideals through both these means. His complex and turbulent character is reflected in his paintings which bear outward evidence of a fierce energy; but he does more than steep himself in his work and thus reveal his own personality. He exposes an inner vision and captures the intrinsic moods of people and places with acute perception. It is good for children to understand that art has many faces; its appeal may be sensuous or emotional or both at once. Let them revel in the brilliance and the freedom of Kokoschka's paintings and find in them the magic that he himself defines as being unalloyed by superstition.

PLAYING THE PIANO

by KATHRYN SPINK (aged 10)

There are so many things to learn
Before a tune emerges:
Notes and scales and chords.
Numerous finger exercises,
Stretching beyond an octave,
Relaxing arms and wrists;
Holding notes and striking ones,
Opening and closing fists.
I wonder sometimes if I'll ever
To play the piano be so clever.

THE FIRST DAY

by JAMES ROTHWELL

There is no more pathetic figure than a mother leaving her four or five-year-old child at the school door for the first time.

Throughout the country, three times a year, mothers walk away a little after nine o'clock in the morning in a haze of tears, feeling that something has been lost. Baby is no longer hers alone. She must be shared with that young thing in the smock, who surely cannot know much about 'my Mary'.

Only a mother can know the agony of that first day, and I doubt if there is a longer one.

Yet the young thing in the smock will soon have Mary's tears and fears forgotten. At the beginning of every term, miracles are performed in infants' schools. The child who has been the centre of attention, with someone to respond to every whim, is transformed in a remarkably short time into a social being.

In a matter of days he learns to live with others, and to share attention.

These early days colour the rest of the child's school life. How quickly and how effectively your child will be absorbed into the Infant School depends to a large extent on his attitude before he starts school. A child who gets off to a bad start, because he has been badly prepared, sometimes takes valuable years to recover.

The under-five's greatest need is, of course, to feel safe and to be sure of love. During the first few months his mother satisfies these needs. This is the time when he is really hers, and a resource of confidence is built up. After the first few months his need to receive affection spreads to his family.

The important thing for the child now is not how his mother, father, brothers and sisters treat him, but how they treat each other. Ideas of human relationship are formed. If he sees sacrifice and a spirit of helping each other, it is likely that he will follow suit. What his parents consider good or bad, will have a profound effect on what can be made of him in school.

Gradually, however, he needs care and protection less and less. He begins to draw on the confidence, born of security, to be more adventurous. But his mother and home are still there as a retreat. The unregulated movements of babyhood become more ordered. Now he needs space for play and for safe wandering. He also needs all kinds of material to play with.

Parents begin to relax their control as they proudly watch the growing independence.

The job we have to do in school is to develop this independence and to build on the child's experience. So the young thing in the smock starts with what the parents have given her, as well as with more than a fair share of patience and an undefinable quality of extended motherhood.

She has to deal with those children who have not been encouraged to develop their independence. They will turn to her for everything, often tearfully at first. She has no difficulty in recognising them. They

advertise themselves quite effectively. Firmly and gently she introduces them to activities that they have lacked. They are given little tasks of responsibility to help the teacher and each other.

In the early days of a term two or three of these children come to me several times a day with messages. This is a great adventure for shy children—to wander about this strange building full of bigger people. Then comes the great day when they take a message to another class, all alone. This might sound trivial, but to a young child it is of great importance.

What of the child who screams for his mother as, with a heart like lead, she goes away down the road? In most cases he stops as soon as she is out of earshot. Another will go on weeping noisily for as long as he thinks he is getting attention by it. He usually stops when he realises that nobody is frantic about him. We are left with a few who are really upset. These are the children who have been unprepared and for whom school has come as a rather nasty shock. These children are carefully taken round until something attracts their attention and, by milk time, nearly everybody is settled.

Most of these troubles can be avoided by taking the child to school before he is due to be admitted as a pupil. One of our parents has sent six children to us. Weeks before he came to be admitted, each child was brought to watch the children at playtime. After several visits of this sort, he was brought inside, where he was made welcome without having to leave his mother's side. In this way he got to know the place and, if he did shed tears on the first morning, it was not for long.

Once the first few days are over, the personalities begin to show. Those who have learned to share, play with the others happily. Others find it difficult to co-operate, and the teacher has to show them how. Others become aggressive in order to get the attention that used to be exclusively theirs. A few get a touch of what is now called 'school-phobia', with its imaginary tummy-aches that seem only too real. Some young children worry intensely about mother during the long day at school (and to some, it is eternity).

I suffered from this as a child. My mother was widowed a month before I started school, and I sat in terror all the morning, fearing that she would disappear as my father had done. Five-year-old children have a most unfortunate capacity for sensing worries in the home. This leads to a desire to stay at home to make sure everything is all right and may result in their contracting tummy-ache without physical cause.

Most of these problems are tackled by the class teacher through play. Even the most enlightened parents find this a little perplexing, and

with the Eleven Plus on the horizon, they would much rather we got on with this learning business.

But we must remember that children's play is not just a game. It is as serious and vital to them as earning a living is to us. It is their way of finding out about the world and all its complexities. By the skilled direction of the teacher, the controlled play helps to solve the children's problems as they learn.

Your child's greatest asset in these early days is what you have done for him before he goes to school. His education starts as soon as he is born. The good parent makes sure that he handles different shapes and sizes and weights, and that he has ample opportunity to pull things to pieces, to touch, taste, hear and see. At first he is unable to do things that we take for granted, such as judging distance, distinguishing colours, grading size, recognising sounds. Every opportunity should be taken to develop these skills. Remember that, for the first four or five years, you have sole charge, and you are the only person to have this privilege in the whole of his life.

If you have any worries about your child at school, let the staff know. I know it is not easy to trust the young thing in the smock, but she deals with many children simultaneously and has a pretty good idea of their needs. Also, she would be the first to admit that she can only be successful with your full co-operation. She must never set herself up against you, and she has the right to expect that nothing you say or do will militate against what she is trying to do. If you have a complaint or a worry, please take it to her or to the head of the school. You will usually find that they are just as concerned as you are, and that a joint effort puts most things right.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

James ROTHWELL was head of a village school for four years and in 1957 became Headmaster of St. Thomas Primary School, Blackburn. He writes, 'This is a school in the heart of an industrial town. People often ask me if the change from the village to the brick and concrete worried me. While I still miss the cows poking their heads over the playground wall, and the view of Pendle from the classroom window, I have found many compensating rewards in the town school, and children are fundamentally the same problem and the same joy wherever they are'. Mr. Rothwell is also President-elect of the Blackburn Headteachers' Association, and Secretary of the Blackburn Church Schools Association.

Kathryn SPINK is a Form III^B pupil at the English School, Vienna, which is affiliated to the P.N.E.U. from Form III upwards.

Olive SWEENEY has had a varied career as a lecturer on flower-arranging, owner of a domestic agency, and hotel receptionist. At the age of fifty she took up freelance journalism and is at present engaged on writing a cookery book in the form of a novel.

Virginia WOOLF, novelist and essayist, who died in 1941, was co-founder of the Hogarth Press with her husband Leonard Woolf. Her article is reprinted from her book of essays *The Common Reader* (Second Series) by courtesy of Mr. Woolf. It was originally given by the author as a lecture to a girls' school, and is particularly recommended to teachers whose pupils are eligible for the Form VI Reading Certificate.

OUR WORK

SCHOOL YEAR—SEPTEMBER 1964 TO JULY 1965

The Shakespeare plays to be studied will be: Programme 220, *Macbeth*; Programme 221, *As You Like It*; Programme 222, *The Taming of the Shrew*.

The artists will be Kokoschka, Giotto and Turner.

The composers will be Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Wagner.

PORTFOLIO OF STORY AND VERSE

Prose: Seniors (9 years and over): A Dramatic Scene for 'Midsummer Night' or 'All Hallows Eve'.

Juniors (6 to 8 years): Describe a Bonfire Party on November the Fifth or A Dolls' Tea-party.

Verse: Seniors: 'The Seasons' or 'Clouds' or 'A Christmas Carol'.

Juniors: 'A New Nursery Rhyme' or 'A Robin's Song' or 'Falling Leaves'.

The closing date for entries is 10 October.

For full particulars of the Portfolio of Story and Verse, please send a stamped addressed envelope to Mrs. B. M. Jeffrey, Kilcop, Balcombe, Haywards Heath, Sussex. For those who, having studied the particulars, wish to become members of the Portfolio and send entries, the membership fee is 1/6 for individual pupils and 3/- for schools.

PORTFOLIO OF PAINTING

Seniors (9 years and over): 1, 'Harvest Festival'. Treat this in any way you wish, either as a picture or as a decoration.

2, A figure study, either in action or repose.

Juniors (6 to 8 years): 1, Make a picture to illustrate a short poem or story. If possible, quote the lines chosen.

2, A favourite toy. Make the drawing large and in colour.

The closing date for entries is 10 October.

Entries should be sent to: Miss Joyce Powell, A.T.D., Stanford House, Upper Ladyes Hill, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, from whom particulars may be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. The membership fee per annum is 1/6 for individual pupils and 3/- for schools.

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the way that Form I examinations are dictated. MSS. should be sent to the Editor, *Parents Review*, Murray House, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1.

Children whose items are chosen for publication will receive a printed copy of their contributions.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

THE *PARENTS REVIEW*

The *Parents Review* will be appearing in a restyled form from early next year. Although the name is to be changed to *P.N.E.U. Review*, its essential identity will not be affected. It is planned to widen its scope and enlarge the readership by including an extended amount of material from educational sources and from members themselves. Frequency of appearance will be affected, however, and further information will be given in the later issues of this year.

BRANCH AND PARENTS' ASSOCIATION MEETINGS

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH organised a very successful outing to the Royal Tournament on 17 July. On 24 June a social evening was enjoyed at the home of Mrs. P. R. Southall, one of the members of the branch. The invitation was headed 'Coffee and Conversation on Midsummer's Day'.

FLEXLANDS P.N.E.U. SCHOOL held the summer meeting of its Parents' Association on 27 May, at which a most interesting talk about children's television programmes was given by Miss Ursula Eason of the B.B.C. It was announced at the meeting that a swimming pool, which had been purchased by the Headmistress, had been erected by members of the Parents' Association in the school grounds and would be in use for the remainder of the summer term.

KERRYWOOD PARENTS' ASSOCIATION (BROMLEY) met on 13 May and heard a talk given by Mrs. Longhurst, Children's Librarian of Beckenham Library. The annual Garden Party was held at the school on 4 July. A dancing display and choral entertainment was given by the pupils.

NOTTINGHAM P.N.E.U. SCHOOL AND EAST LEAKE P.N.E.U. SCHOOL held Parents' Days on 26 and 27 June. The East Leake pupils gave a dancing display, and Mrs. Gerard (C.M.T.) read a paper in which school life, as it must necessarily be today, was brought into relationship with the philosophy of Charlotte Mason. The Nottingham School held a Sports Day, preceded by the Annual Report of the work and life of the school, presented by the Principal, Miss E. M. Till (C.M.T.).

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

May I say how much we enjoy reading the *Review*. We have now started reading 'Some of Us' and the children's poetry at School prayers, and the children are very interested in hearing about other children working in the P.U.S.

E. M. TILL (C.M.T.)

Principal

P.N.E.U. School, Waverley Street, Nottingham.

BOOKS

London's River, by Eric de Mare (Bodley Head, 25/-). This book is almost a history of England in miniature. It traces the course of the Thames in time and space from the Roman invasion to the present century, with a speculative glance into the future. The author, who is himself an architect, holds no brief for contemporary architecture of the purely functional type which is reshaping the face of London. His narrative is illumined by fascinating sidelights on London life through the ages—old customs, fashions in dress, architecture, feasts and carnivals; and the drawings by Heather Copley and Christopher Chamberlain attractively point up the text. The whole beautiful production is a delight.

Young poetry-lovers will meet old favourites and new friends in **Common Ground**, *An Anthology for the Young*, selected by Leonard Clark and illustrated by M. E. Eldridge (Faber 15/-). It ranges through the centuries from Spenser to Dylan Thomas, Shakespeare to MacNeice and Spender. The book is divided into sections for all moods, 'I Love', 'Summer', 'Remembrance', 'Night and Sleep', 'Flight', and so on. A serious and disconcerting omission is that there is no index of authors to accompany the indexes of titles and first lines.

Letters to Malcolm, by C. S. Lewis (Bles, 12/6). This book was published posthumously and was probably written when the author was under the shadow of his last illness, which would account for the fact that these letters on the spiritual life in general and prayer in particular fall short of Professor Lewis's normal high standard. In many instances he fails to clarify his thought—particularly when dealing with the doctrine of the Eucharist; and the over-all impression is of a sort of 'woolliness' which is alien to his usual style. Nevertheless there is much to stimulate the reader who cannot fail to be enriched by sharing the spiritual odyssey and glimpsing, however distantly, the vision of one of the leading lay Christians of our time.

Books: from Papyrus to Paperback, by E. S. Harley and J. Hampden (Methuen, 15/-) should be a very useful addition to any school library. The title speaks for itself, and the story of book-making through the centuries is well and profusely illustrated with black and white drawings and reproductions.

Map Reading and Interpretation, by P. Speak and A. H. C. Carter (Longmans, 12/6). This excellent book has been designed by the authors to provide the essential mapwork for compulsory map-interpretation questions on 'O' level G.C.E. Every aspect of the subject is covered. Part 1 deals with basic principles in map-reading, scale-map measurement, and representation of relief. Part 2 explains how maps should be interpreted. Part 3 gives exercises on Ordnance Survey maps of eight areas. These are accompanied by aerial photographs of the particular region shown, in order that the pupil may learn to deduce information about the area from the photographs, as well as interpreting the map. There is also a section of practical hints for the examination candidate. Apart from examination candidates, this book will be useful to anyone interested in map reading. It will be included in the programme for Form V in the January 1965 term.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Namesake, by C. Walter Hodges (Bell, 18/6). If the average person is asked for what King Alfred was famed, the answer will probably be, 'For burning the cakes'. In fact—even if the legend be true—this great Saxon King was notable for a deal more than that. A devout Christian, his greatest wish was for peace for his people, and he fought only to defend them from the Danish invader and to build

a great kingdom. Frequently ill-health dogged him, but he never turned away from his duty. The way in which this remarkable strategist achieved his ends is told in this book by a cripple, Alfred, the 'Namesake', who, brought up by monks, learned to read and write, and eventually became one of the King's trusted secretaries. C. Walter Hodges is an artist as well as a writer (he was one of the original designers of the Mermaid Theatre) and he has given additional value to this well-written book with his beautiful illustrations. Children aged from twelve to fourteen will find this story a fascinating sidelight on the history of the period; interest never flags.

City of the Golden House, by Madeleine Polland, illustrated by Leo Summers (World's Work, 15/-), is a really exciting and convincing story about Nero's times and the first Christian persecution. It brings this stirring and terrifying period vividly to life, presenting ancient history in a form which children aged from twelve onwards will find both engrossing and informative. The plot centres around Gretorix, a thirteen-year-old Briton, who is taken by his master, a Roman general, to Rome and lent as slave to the crippled son of a prominent Senator. A friendship springs up between the two boys and Gretorix sets out to find St. Peter in the hope that he will heal his young master. The final chapters are particularly moving.

For the nine and ten year-olds there are two good recent additions to the 'Literature of Today' series sponsored by Messrs. Dent. **The Squire of Val**, by Marion Campbell (5/-) is a tale of adventure set in the thirteenth century among the feudal knights in Normandy. The Lord of Val is imprisoned by his nephew, who tries to force him to hand over his manors and land. Young Richard, Squire of Val, son of Le Brun, leads his father's men and vassals to the rescue of their overlord. The account of their adventures and ultimate triumph makes an absorbing story.

Tasmanian Adventure, by Catherine Shepherd (5/-), relates the adventures of the Crome family who emigrate to Van Diemen's Land in 1825 to take up farming among the early free settlers. Though the boys are excited with the new life, their sister Jenny is at first homesick for London. The family go through many vicissitudes but when summer and harvest-time come, Jenny is reconciled to Van Diemen's Land and their new home which they have named 'Golden Hill'.

Make Me a Farm, by Christina Pokorska, illustrated by Julius Makowski (Methuen, 8/9) is a well-produced picture-book for the nursery. The text is simple and attractive and there are twenty-six cut-outs with which to construct a farm and its inhabitants.

The Burning of Njal, by Henry Treece, illustrated by Bernard Blatch (Bodley Head, 16/-). Those who claim to understand the child-mind are of the opinion that violence in history has no impact upon it, whereas children can equate contemporary mayhem with their own lives. However this may be, murder and destruction abound in this book, but the highly exciting plot will also fill a gap in most readers' knowledge of early Finnish history and the manners and customs of the Vikings in the ninth century. While accurately giving facts and dates, the story is full of life and interest. It is a sobering thought that a woman's malice and the irresponsible tongues of gossips can shape the course of history. The tale of the gentle lawyer, Njal, and his friend Gunnar, a national hero, and his brave but grisly end, makes enthralling reading for children aged from about twelve to fourteen.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

Vol. LXXV No. 10

OCTOBER 1964

Basil Marsden-Smedley, O.B.E., M.A., Chairman of the P.N.E.U. Council, died in London on 2 September, 1964. An Obituary will appear in the November issue of the *Parents Review*.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION FOR THE YEAR ENDED FEBRUARY, 1964

Parents' National Educational Union

Founder: CHARLOTTE MASON

Presidents: LORD AND LADY BRABOURNE

Vice-Chairmen:

LADY CELIA MILNES-COATES MRS. H. M. C. WALTON (C.M.T.)

Honorary Treasurer: D. H. JOSS, ESQ., M.A.

General Secretary: MISS W. J. DENHAM, O.B.E.

Members of the Council:

MRS. J. M. BAILEY, J.P. (C.M.T.), MRS. D. L. BRIDGWATER, MICHAEL FRANKLIN, ESQ., M.A., MRS. G. E. KAMM, MISS LAMBERT (C.M.T.), MISS D. M. MOORE, B.A., MISS M. MORRIS (C.M.T.), J. W. F. MORTON, ESQ., B.A., R. K. NUTTALL, ESQ., B.A., MRS. J. PEEL, M.A., VICE-ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY RAW, K.B.E., C.B., LADY TRYON, J. TURNBULL, ESQ., MRS. A. P. F. WATT, MISS H. WIX (C.M.T.).

The year under review, which closed on 29th February, 1964, ended very sadly for us all in the death of Mrs. Franklin, our Honorary Secretary for so many years. This was followed a few days later by the death of Mr. M. L. Jacks, a friend of long standing and a member of the Council.

Schemes for reorganisation and retrenchment which have been carried out have resulted in an improved financial position and have enabled us to plan for the future.

Emphasis was laid during the year on the need to reinterpret Charlotte Mason's teachings in the light of a changing educational world, and also on the need to make the services of the P.N.E.U. better known among those people to whom they would be of the greatest use.

To facilitate this latter objective, a Public Relations Adviser was appointed on a part-time basis in November, 1963. Results of some of his initial recommendations have already had effect. The answers to a Questionnaire which he drew up for submission to all home school-room members have yielded information which should help us reshape our thinking on a number of points. A mailing list of the occupations of overseas members has been compiled together with a list of selected U.K. firms employing overseas staff. Additions will be made as and when necessary.

Plans have been made to prepare fresh leaflets describing the P.N.E.U. and its services. Liaison with the Press is now being established and a limited series of Press advertisements scheduled.

The *Parents' Review* is to be made specifically an organ of the P.N.E.U. The *Review* will appear early in 1965 with a new format and title and will be designed to appeal to a wider circle of readers.

To avoid misunderstanding among the general public on the subject of the P.N.E.U. and P.U.S., it has been decided that the title 'P.N.E.U. School' will be used—as it was in the past—instead of 'P.U.S.'. In future, the Director of the P.U.S. will be known as the Principal of the P.N.E.U. School.

The programmes of work in the Senior School—for pupils from eleven upwards—were reorganised in September, 1963, to enable pupils to complete the work leading to G.C.E. at 'O' Level in the five years which are customary in Secondary Schools. One year only is now spent in Form IV and two in Form V—B and A. By the end of the second year pupils, whose parents wish them to enter for the examinations, should be ready to take them.

For the academic year starting September, 1964, new mathematical textbooks are recommended for the Senior (Secondary) School and the Science programme for children from 6—11 has been reorganised.

During the year leaflets have been printed designed to help mothers who are teaching at home children between the ages of 5 and 8.

P.N.E.U. Representatives on the Board of Governors of the Charlotte Mason College are :—

Miss Bicknell (C.M.T.), Mrs. Fitch (C.M.T.), Mrs. Walton (C.M.T.) and Mr. Morton.

At the May Meeting Mrs. Fitch was elected Vice-Chairman of the Board of Governors.

Last year Mr. Petrie, formerly Hon. Treasurer of the C.M.F. and one of the four P.N.E.U. representatives, resigned, and Miss Bicknell (C.M.T.) has been elected in his place.

There is an increasing demand for small P.N.E.U. schools sponsored by commercial organisations in countries overseas. During the year we have placed a number of teachers and governesses in posts both at home and overseas.

There has been the usual flow of students through the Study Course.

The services of the Library, as always, have been much in demand.

Membership figures on 29th February, 1964, were as follows:—

	February 1964
Full Members	900
Associate Members (Parents of Children using P.N.E.U. Schools) ...	336
Members subscribing to the Library and Parents' Review ...	5
Members subscribing to the Parents' Review only	272
Members subscribing to the Library only	37
	1,550
Schools affiliated to P.U.S.: Britain	91
Overseas	33
	Total 124
Number of Pupils in Home Schoolrooms: Britain	216
Overseas	462
	Total 678
Special Members:	403
Members making use of the library (in addition to the library annual subscribers above)	130
Visitors to the office	770

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION

An apparent drop in the number of full members since figures were last issued is accounted for by an overhaul of the records and accountancy methods which has taken place. As a result of the transfer of the book trade, there has been a decrease in the number of visitors to the office.

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION

(A Company Limited by Guarantee)

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 29TH FEBRUARY 1964

£	£		£	£
		Net Loss for the year after taking into account		
3,240		the items set out below.		1,795
	589	Bank Interest	230	
	200	Audit Fee	175	
	616	Depreciation	637	
	<u>£100</u>	Income from Investments	<u>£100</u>	
(2,673)		Deficit brought forward from previous year		567
<u>£ 567</u>		Deficiency carried to Balance Sheet		<u>£2,362</u>

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION

NOTES ON THE ACCOUNTS

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 29TH FEBRUARY, 1964

1. No depreciation has been provided on Freehold properties having an aggregate book value of £5,251, as in the Council's opinion their current market value is in excess of their book value.
2. Only those subscriptions and fees relating to the financial year ended 29th February, 1964 have been credited to Profit and Loss Account. In previous years all subscriptions and fees received were credited to the Profit and Loss Account of the financial year in which they were received irrespective of the period to which they related.

If the previously adopted basis had been applied to the year ended 29th February, 1964, a net surplus of £4,319 would have been disclosed instead of the loss shown of £1,795.

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION

(A Company Limited by Guarantee)

BALANCE SHEET AT 29TH FEBRUARY, 1964

209	28th February 1963				28th February 1963				
	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
		<i>Capital Reserve:</i>				<i>Freehold Properties—at cost (See Note 1)</i>			
		25,937 Balance at 1st March, 1963 ...	26,612		29,987	<i>Less: Depreciation ...</i>	34,312	4,818	
		<i>Add: Surplus on Sale of</i>							29,494
		675 Fixed Assets ...	1,278			<i>Furniture, Fixtures and Fittings—at cost ...</i>	2,092		
	26,612			27,890	1,000	<i>Less: Depreciation ...</i>	795		1,297
		<i>Deduct: Profit and Loss Ac-</i>							
	567	<i>count Adverse Balance ...</i>	2,362		£30,987				£30,791
	£26,045		£25,528		1,281	<i>Quoted Investments, at cost ...</i>			1,281
	547	<i>Memorial Book Fund ...</i>	584			(Market Value £885—1963 £867)			
	31	<i>Library Reserve Fund ...</i>	5		303	<i>Unquoted Investments, at cost ...</i>			303
		<i>Current Liabilities:</i>				<i>Current Assets:</i>			
	8,801	Bank Overdraft (Secured) ...	313		984	Stocks as valued by the Company's			
	3,050	Sundry Creditors and Accrued Charges	2,155		3,573	Officials ...			685
	—	Subscriptions in Advance (See Note 2)	6,114		1,346	Sundry Debtors and Prepayments ...			1,297
						Cash at Bank and in Hand ...			342
	£38,474		£34,699		£38,474				£34,699

Report of the Auditors to the Members of Parents' National Educational Union

We have audited the above Balance Sheet and annexed Profit and Loss Account and have obtained all the information and explanations which we considered necessary. Proper books have been kept and the Accounts, which are in agreement therewith, comply with the requirements of the Companies Act, 1948.

In our opinion, the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account give respectively a true and fair view of the state of the Company's affairs at 29th February, 1964 and of the loss for the year ended that date.

11 Ironmonger Lane,
London. E.C.2.

(Sgd.) PEAT, MARWICK, MITCHELL & Co.,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors

THE REVELATION OF GOD IN AND THROUGH THE BIBLE

by G. A. STEPHENS, M.A.

My subject is: 'The Revelation of God in and through the Bible with special reference to the work of the P.N.E.U. in this respect'. We start from the idea of the Bible as the book of the revelation of God, not as Literature, nor as canonised Scriptures, nor as moral precept, but, as it most surely is, a revelation of God. I should like to enlarge on this at once from the point of view of an examiner.

When I read our children's answers on the Bible I constantly find two recurring tendencies which seem to me to imply an inadequate conception of the subject. One is an imposed Sunday-School sort of piety, and the other is an exclusively didactic approach.

Sometimes the children are tempted, and I say 'tempted' deliberately, to adopt a special attitude of mind towards questions on the Bible, which often leads them to use a special style full of 'thou's' and 'thee's'. You may say that this is natural since they are only adopting the language of their text. But this, I think, ignores the whole principle of narration as we practise it. We believe that in the process of narration what goes into my head as another man's ideas comes out as my own. If this does not happen, then it means that what I have heard or read has not become part of or relevant to me. I am 'wearing' it. Lots of children, I find, 'wear' the Bible as a rather antique garment handed down to them by previous generations. It is 'different', it is 'sacred' and, one must admit, it does not fit very well.

And so, and this is the tragedy, right at the start of their little lives we see them involved in the false antithesis of 'sacred' and 'secular'. Religion at once becomes 'external' to life, the God 'out-there' and all the rest of it. Religion to them belongs to special places, special times, and so involves a special posed attitude of mind, special language, and, I suppose, in the last resort special people. And it all starts from the idea that the Bible is a special book.

How far is this idea of the Bible as a special book wrapped up with our use of the Authorised Version? Personally, I am very conservative on the subject. The Authorised Version has overtones which are completely lacking in the flat, commonplace language of the New English Bible. The usual comment of intelligent children about the New English Bible is that it 'lacks reverence'. Whether what it loses in reverence it gains in relevance is a moot point. 'The children understand it better' is another frequent comment, and when

I hear that I still wonder if this is all gain. As a great English divine once said, 'A thing can be more plain than true', and my joy in Tennyson's 'Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful' is lessened rather than increased by my discovery that 'samite' is a kind of German velvet. There are things in the Bible to be apprehended which cannot be comprehended, and in this sense I am with those who would like to exercise an 'economy' of truth. But the main point is that I do not think that the use of the Authorised Version in itself is responsible for this posed, archaic attitude towards its contents, nor do I think that the use of the New English Bible, or any other modern version will necessarily and automatically eliminate it.

I think rather that the children catch this attitude from us. The English attitude towards religion as a whole and the Bible in particular is respectful and wary. They would have every sympathy with the Prayer Book injunction to the priest at Baptism to be discreet and wary in his dealings with his subject. Have you ever thought how odd it is in the radio programme 'Desert Island Discs' that every marooned person is expected to want to have with him the Bible and Shakespeare, presumably to stand things on and prop things up, since very few have any idea of reading either? One is reminded of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's famous lecture at Cambridge, 'On Reading the Bible', when he began by saying, 'The first thing I want to say about reading the Bible is that you do it'!

There is now a tremendous protest going on against the unreality of our approach to the Bible. Leading the field is Sir Richard Acland with his *We Teach Them Wrong*. I expect that many of you will have read this. Whether his theme that a new kind of human being has emerged in this age of education and automation is correct or not, I find myself completely in sympathy with his appeal for a free, natural approach to the Bible. It is *not* different. It must be judged by the same standards as every other book. Its authority is intrinsic, not extrinsic. If it is divine, it is divine because it corresponds to the divinity in Man himself. If it is inspired, it is inspired by the God 'from whom *all* holy desires, *all* good counsels and *all* just works do proceed'. If it has authority, it is the authority of correspondence to all the truth that Man knows.

Let me give one or two examples of what I have in mind. Some time ago I wrote an article for an educational periodical in which I denigrated as unchristian some of the Old Testament stories. I said: 'The "jealous" God who required the token sacrifice of the innocent Isaac by his father is really a demonic conception, although it can be allegorised away. The polygamous patriarchs are hardly shining examples of purity. Even the gentle Psalms themselves contain depre-

cations and crudities which we are at pains either to ignore or to "interpret". The best-loved Psalm of all, the twenty-third, with its picture of God's favourite gormandising whilst his opponents look on, drooling at the mouth, in envious starvation, is hardly a "nice" picture.' This paragraph was returned to me marked as unacceptable to the average reader. The Editor knew what had better not be said in public. So I am very glad now to have Sir Richard Acland putting the case in very clear language. Tell them, he says, for example, that the story of Jonah is an allegory. There never was a Jonah. There never was a whale. Tell them. Straight out. It is as much of an allegory as *Pilgrim's Progress*. Avoid unedifying points.

This, I know, will be anathema to the neo-fundamentalists. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. But I feel so strongly, as a priest, that if we can remove any of the causes of stumbling for little feet, nothing should prevent us from doing so. The only important sins in the New Testament are unreality and hypocrisy. False religion is the chief enemy of the true religion, and these quasi-religious barriers and prejudices are the devil's best tools.

Let me give another example, small but significant. One whole form reporting on the meeting of David and Saul in the cave at Engedi changed the euphemism of Saul's 'covering his feet' to 'went to the bathroom'. The first time I read it I could not believe it. But it came again and again. The teacher has all my sympathy in trying to cope with the Bible's crudities, but why no child queried the existence of plumbing in the middle of the desert, I could not understand. It seems to me to imply that there was no real contact between the story and the live part of the child's mind. The mind was treated as a *tabula rasa*, and not as a living, vibrant, responsive and sensitive medium. Knowledge had not passed into understanding.

The second point proceeds from the first. If we are to have reality of approach, we must also have some conception of the end. Why do we, in fact, read and study the Bible? True it contains some lovely stories: the Flood, Corn in Egypt, Naaman, David and Jonathan, the Nativity, the Annunciation. The stories themselves will capture and hold the attention of even the very young, but they will not, I hope, remain in the position of one sixth-former I knew, who told me that he read *Paradise Lost* for the sake of the plot! If the Bible is to mean more to us than an anthology of stories, or as an example of how English should *not* be written today, then I would suggest three considerations as important:

- (a) That we should regard the Bible from the start as a revelation of God, and that 'lessons' and didactic moralisings should be cut to a minimum.

- (b) That we should see the revelation to be progressive both in regard to the nature, method and purpose of God (doctrinal, though not denominational, as the Ministry of Education leaflet puts it) and also in its appeal to a hierarchy of motives in man.
- (c) That it will need to be understood in its own context before it can be made relevant to ours.

To take these points in order.

(a) Nothing could be simpler to grasp than that the Bible is about God. True it is about God in relation to people, but they are important only in relation to him. When Jesus tells the parables of the Prodigal Son, and the Sower, and the Tares and the Wheat, and the Ten Virgins and the Wicked Husbandmen, he is revealing secrets about his kingdom. 'To you it is given to know mysteries.' To reduce them to the practical commonplace is tragic. The parable of the Prodigal Son does not teach us not to waste things, nor does the Sower teach us to be attentive in class. If this is all the child gets out of it then, so far from living in an expanding universe, he is living in a little mental strait-jacket of precept upon precept, line upon line. We English have to thank the Puritans for turning our eyes away from the Vision of God to a Vision of Man under constant need of restraint, exhortation and threat. At my school the Headmaster, good, pious soul, used to pray every morning that we, four hundred boys, should 'live as ever in our great Taskmaster's eye, and so become like unto the Christ of God who lived and died in matchless purity'. Needless to say we did nothing of the sort.

(b) I imagine that the idea of the Bible as a *progressive* revelation is universally accepted by teachers, but it is all too rarely mentioned even by the senior children. But it explains so much, and can resolve so many difficulties. It is a fascinating conception, this evolution of the jealous tribal God into the universal Father of Jesus. It explains how the Do-Good-and-Prosper of the Old Testament becomes the Take-up-your-Cross of the New Testament. It explains why, in spite of all contacts through priest and prophet with God in the Old Testament, the teaching of Jesus was still revolutionary, 'It hath been said . . . but I say unto you'. It will put all the ritual murders, holocausts and savage ceremonies of the Old Testament into their place. It will enable us to escape from the tyranny of the Garden of Eden. Adam and the apple indeed! Even the Bible does not mention an apple. The truth can and always does make us free. 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you', not, oddly enough 'wise', but 'free'.

Another similar emancipating idea in which the revelation is worked out is that of the psychological progression through the

hierarchy of motive. Why did God appear at the start in thunderings and lightnings and voices? Because fear is the first spring of action in the story of Man (with a big M) and man (with a little m), meaning you and me. There is fear in all our lives today. This primitive, basic thing is still there. Centuries of civilisation have not refined it away. It is certainly present in every child. Perfect love will cast out fear, but the fear is there to be cast out. But before this, fear will give way to other motives, to emulation and competition. The Israelites will begin to win if they keep the rules. They begin to succeed, and what an emotional stimulus this was. They proved themselves better men than the Amorites, Perrizites, Hivites and Jebusites. What an excitement this was for them. They could begin to be proud of themselves. They felt chosen, elect, they were in the team, top of the division. Fear, emulation, then pride, *esprit de corps* we call it in school, or do we? Anyway the point is that these things were real then and they are real now, and when we see this the universality and relevance of the Biblical narrative begin to appear.

Then came the greatest lesson of all for God's chosen people. They found they were not chosen for privilege but for sacrifice. 'I will show him how great things he must suffer.' Behind Paul is the Suffering Servant of Isaiah, and the Passion of Christ. It all ties up and integrates. Gone are rewards, punishments, pride and prizes. . . . 'Not I, but Christ who liveth in me.'

Some conception of this basic pattern of development must underlie all Biblical study. I hate to see the children bogged down in detail and pious generalisation. If it is true that the whole story of Man is epitomised in every child born, this is also true of that large part of the story which is written in the Bible, which is the story of the translation of a frightened savage into what you may call, as you wish, either an assured saint, or a completely integrated personality.

(c) The third point follows the previous two. As we recognise this need of religious and psychological focus, so, too, we shall see the need of historical context, seeing the events in relation to world history. And I would make a small plea for greater use of Biblical commentaries. There might well be more integration between Biblical studies and the Century books. Anything that tidies up our ideas is most valuable, but I cannot dwell too long on this very practical point.

I want to go on to some wider considerations, more especially the part played by Bible studies in relation to our whole concept of education. More and more educationalists are coming to accept our P.U.S. basic idea that 'Education is a Life'. I have been reading *Education: Some Fundamental Problems*, by A. G. and E. H. Hughes, which is full of quotable Masonisms, if I may coin a word. I will

limit myself to one. 'The authors believe that the fundamental aim of education today should be to help people grow in humanity and wisdom.' What does this mean? Wisdom is the application of knowledge and understanding to the problems of living. *All* knowledge and *all* understanding, that is, the accumulated experience of man through the ages.

Experientia docet. The proverb does not say whose experience. Charlotte Mason was very clear that it is by contact with the experience of other minds and personalities that the child's own personality is developed. This is true of both the higher and lower reaches of personality. Consider a purely intellectual apperception. It is unlikely that left to ourselves we should ever arrive at the theorem of Pythagoras. Yet when it is pointed out to us we see clearly that it must be true, an addition to our knowledge and significant for all men.

So in the religious sphere. We have in the Bible a treasury of human experience at the deepest level, from the womb of the spirit, a tremendous deposit of thought, aspiration and devotion, which has had a dominant influence, and still has, on our culture, civilisation and thought forms; so much so that, when the Chief Inspector of the Ministry of Education was asked at the Annual General Meeting of the P.N.E.U. a year ago about the teaching of religion as a subject, he replied that in his opinion religion came into every subject.

The ideas of the Bible are not capable of proof, but they are, we believe, self-authenticating and must be allowed to speak for themselves. The very form is important whatever version it is we use. But we must not stand between the text and the child. The ideas must be received, not imposed. We are coming to see more and more that religion is not a code nor a conception we impose from the outside—it is something which has to be elicited from each unique personality we are dealing with. It grows not by lessons, but by living. We learn to walk by walking, to swim by swimming and to live by living. The only authority possible is that which the self freely accords. The experience mediated by the Bible will be proportionate to what the child brings. And here we run up against the dangers of inserting other media between the text and the child's mind. Visual ideas are often impositions. If you are depicting, on television for example, the entry of Christ into Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday, you have to decide whether he is to ride on a white, grey or black donkey. Whatever you decide the child will accept it. And yet you have no grounds whatever for your choice. This is a small thing, but it indicates one of the dangers of exploiting the text. There is bound to be an imposition of ideas, which may lead to a falsity of emphasis, a drying-up of the springs of true emotion, and a diversion of interest from the fundamental to the secondary.

Not only with the Bible, but so too with all the great stories, Charlotte Mason would not allow any medium to impose itself between the great story-tellers and the child. She was particularly concerned that the teacher should not do so. 'Tell me the old, old story', meant for her that we should tell it as it was told by the story-tellers themselves. How right she was. She may not have analysed her principles down to the last detail. She was not faced with our present new problems, and yet her answer is true. The text, the text and nothing but the text, except by way of commentary on it. The imagination of a child is safe when in company of the great story-tellers who are concerned with truth, and will not strain the child beyond its own experience and ability to apprehend.

'SOME OF US'

FROM EXMOUTH

On the 20th July, it was our open day at the Dolphin P.N.E.U. School. When I arrived, there was great excitement in the air. It was important that it should be a fine day, for we were putting on a dancing display, in the afternoon, outside. The whole morning was spent on preparing for open day, the very first open day at the house in Raddenstile Lane, where we had moved last term. All our desks were arranged round the sides of the classroom; all our books were opened, paintings were up, including our picture study pictures we had studied this term, and our handwork table was in the centre of the room. During the term, we had collected some leaves, and we had decided to press them and have a competition, to see who could collect the most. We had also made the books to stick the leaves in, and they were also on show. We had collected some shells between us, and named most of them, and we put them on a spare desk. After break, we put some chairs onto the lawn. As there were not enough chairs in the school for the parents, we had borrowed some from the Y.M.C.A.

We had an early lunch, because open day was to start at 2.30, and the dancing display was to start at about 3.30.

After lunch, we had a little rest out on the lawn, till 2.00. Then we came in, and got tidied up and washed, so that we would look respectable. As I was head girl, I was to be one of the ushers, along with some other girls a little younger than myself.

At 2.30 some of the guests arrived. Soon, many more visitors and parents arrived. Many of them thought the handwork was very good. It consisted of lamp-shades, mittens, traycloths, and various kinds of raffia work. They also admired the sweet-shop and nature table in the infants' class. When everyone had been shown round, and had taken seats in the garden, the dancing display began. As head girl, it was my duty to introduce the dances.

After the display which, although rather short, was a great success, I presented a bouquet to our visiting dancing teacher. Then we all sat down on a rug, to hear the result of the pressed leaves competition. The judge, Mr. Shanks, who is a science master in Kenya, was unable to be there, but he had written out a long report about the leaves, which our headmistress read out. When it was finished, and the winners had received their prizes, one of the boys went up and presented Mrs. Shanks with a box of flowers. Then we all acted as waitresses, and served out cups of tea and biscuits to the parents.

When the tea was finished, and we had had drinks ourselves, the guests began to leave. However, at about 4.30 we all departed with our parents, after a very exciting and enjoyable day.

I just have one more thing to mention. The next day, the editor from the Exmouth press came to visit us, and he was so interested in our open day that he decided to write about it in the local paper.

ROSEMARY WILLIAMS (aged 11)

The Dolpin P.N.E.U. School, Raddenstile Lane, Exmouth, Devon.

THE INITIAL TEACHING ALPHABET

by SHIRLEY TOULSON

Our complicated spelling has long been blamed for the fact that some children find it very difficult to learn to read. Various methods and techniques have been devised to try to get over this problem, but the radical step of producing a new alphabet in which the tiresome inconsistencies of STUFF and ROUGH, GUN and COME, for example, just would not arise, has always been considered a little cranky, and perhaps in rather bad taste. Whatever the rights and wrongs of that view, one such alphabet, the forty-four letter Initial Teaching Alphabet, devised by Sir James Pitman, M.P. for Bath, is now clearly well on its way to respectability. It has already been introduced to over two hundred schools in thirty-four local authority areas, and it was officially blessed last March by a government grant of £9,000 for research and experiment into its use.

Despite this, not all teachers are completely happy about it, and one cannot easily write off their concern as the result of reactionary prejudice. The Initial Teaching Alphabet bears much more resemblance to Anglo-Saxon script than to modern English. It uses æ for the long 'a', for instance, and it is hard to see how a small child will learn to write it with much facility. Nor is it easy to believe that a child will really make the transition from that cumbersome script to traditional writing as swiftly as the exponents of this method feel they should.

But that is not the most serious objection. Miss Sheila Macleod and Miss Greta Palmer, of the demonstration school of the Froebel Educational Institute at Roehampton, fear that one of the main dangers of the new alphabet may arise from the fact that it is so successful. Through its use children can undoubtedly be taught to read more quickly, and it is worrying to think that some teachers may be tempted to urge small children to read before they are ready to do so, and thereby interfere with other, perhaps more important, aspects of their development.

These Froebel teachers also point out that, long before they start to read, children are used to seeing the written word all around them,

at home, in the street, in shops. How are they going to react to a completely new alphabet—to a further split between school and home? Many teachers are already worried about 'bi-lingual' children, those who come from areas with strong regional dialects, where the English spoken at home is almost a different language to the one they hear from their teachers. To introduce a new script as well is to multiply this sort of difficulty. In any case, to completely ignore the child's pre-school experience does seem to contradict much current thinking about infant school teaching in all other fields.

However, although the use of the Initial Teaching Alphabet in normal schools as normal practice must still be viewed with considerable caution, one can still congratulate Sir James on his achievement. For children who suffer from such severe disabilities that they cannot learn to read in the normal manner, it has already proved its worth. London University's Institute of Education carried out experimental tests with the Initial Teaching Alphabet in September 1961, in which 2,500 children, who had just entered infant school, were involved; some of them were taught by the use of the Initial Teaching Alphabet and some by traditional methods. In 1963 a follow-up check was made of their progress and it was found that among the duller children only 4.6% were still virtually non-readers among those using the Initial Teaching Alphabet, compared with 23.8% of those in the classes where the normal alphabet was used.

It is very frequently the case, of course, that many of these particular children will have been almost totally ignorant of books and the written word before they came to school. The Initial Teaching Alphabet offers them a series of fairly easily mastered simple exercises which are quite separate from the world outside school, and in which children from more fortunate homes will not have a great advantage over them. This is important for various other groups of children too. Some of the non-reading children may have come from homes where books are despised and distrusted, and the children bring their parents' attitude with them to school. Others may be reacting against the opposite environment—a home in which early, pre-school reading is over-valued so that the child has, understandably, rebelled against it; or he may have an exceptionally clever brother or sister whose reading prowess is continually being held up for admiration.

In all these cases the complete break with the home attitude to reading which is afforded by the Initial Teaching Alphabet may be as advantageous to the child as the simplified spelling. At any rate, I am still not as convinced as Mr. Shaun Dowling, General Secretary of the Initial Teaching Alphabet Foundation, appears to be that 'we can now discard the theory that most of the very slow readers have not been ready for reading or have suffered from some physical or

psychological handicap—for the research has shown that the majority of these children have merely been finding difficulty with our traditional alphabet and spelling’.

How does Mr. Dowling account for the 4.6% who proved to be even beyond the help of the Initial Teaching Alphabet? Had they an intelligence quotient so low that they should really have been in special schools for the educationally sub-normal? Were they genuine sufferers from physical word-blindness, in which case it would make no difference what alphabet was used? Or, as is more probable, were they suffering from such a severe psychological block that not even the trick of using new and easier signs could overcome it? Every teacher has met the quite able child who seems to have developed an emotional paralysis about some aspect of his work—he simply ‘can’t do’ arithmetic or singing or languages. Very often this happens in the case of reading and writing.

There is no doubt that the Initial Teaching Alphabet can help a child who is suffering from this sort of disability, by giving him sufficient confidence to be able to master the skills of reading and writing. But whether such children will ever become really enthusiastic readers in later life, or whether they will drop back into near-illiteracy on leaving school, is a matter for further tests in ten, twenty, or even forty years time.

It is the children suffering from social handicaps rather than physical ones that the Initial Teaching Alphabet Foundation is most concerned to help. Most of the schools selected for the 1961 experiment were in under-privileged areas, and it is undoubtedly true that children in those schools do gain enormously in confidence by learning to read and write so quickly. The question remains, however, whether this is not just putting sticking plaster on to the ‘slum’ schools of the Newsom Report, instead of exploring the serious social and educational implications of their existence.

COUNTRYWOMAN’S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

I find it a little difficult always to decide how young children can best be taught to recognise Toadstools. They do so like handling things, so it is important before any fungi expeditions to stress, again and again, the necessity of avoiding even fingering the most poisonous types. Fortunately there are not so many poisonous fungi as one might think, but the attractive scarlet and white-capped Fly Agaric is suspect and some of its other brethren in the Amanita group are definitely dangerous, especially the pallid green Death Cap.

As a young teacher I used to insist that everyone wore washable cotton gloves in case they touched anything poisonous before picnic time arrived; but lately, and this is encouraging to me, I find that children are wiser and far more interested in natural history and will stay with the main party, so that suspicious fungi can be pointed out and they can all have a good look and learn to recognise them.

One of my successful fungus forays with children was when we took sketch books, pastels and pastel spray—a real paraphernalia—out with us and made sketches of some of the more brilliant ones, such as the Fly Agaric, some of the Russulas, and the green Slimy Cap which grows under hollies. The pictures, drawn on the spot, were gay and attractive, and I think that the children really learnt the fungi that they drew. It was certainly quite an education to hear them talking about colour. We found a colony of False Chanterelles which are a lovely apricot colour. None of their pastels matched it, so they experimented by superimposing white over orange and found that it added texture as well as approximating to the correct colour.

Drawing and studying fungi is a neglected side of natural history but one which, properly organised, can lead to good, serious study.

THE USE OF *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS* IN FORM I

by E. K. MANDERS (C.M.T.)

It has been suggested to us that some of our members might be glad of a few hints on how to tackle *Pilgrim's Progress* in Form I. I remember it as a much-loved 'Sunday reading' book, and am therefore delighted to give what help I can.

A recent criticism made to us about this book is that it is out-of-date. Of course it is—nearly three hundred years out-of-date. Shakespeare and the Bible are even more out-of-date. Shall we discard them all?

Another complaint sometimes heard is that *Pilgrim's Progress* is too difficult for children aged seven and eight. Those who make this criticism may have found it difficult to teach and have, consciously or unconsciously, communicated their own attitude to the children.

The book is undoubtedly too difficult for young children if it is read straight through from cover to cover. It demands what has been called 'intelligent skipping'. Most of the long discussions and arguments are quite beyond the understanding and interest of small children, and should be omitted entirely. There are others—such as the conversation between Christian and Pliable at the beginning of Part I—in which the ideas would be easily understood but the language is

difficult. In such cases it is best for the teacher to read the passage for herself during her preparation of the lesson so that she is able to summarise it in her own words for the children.

Some people, however, maintain that the language all through the book is archaic and therefore incomprehensible to small children. These critics would probably also contend that the language of the Authorised Version of the Bible is too difficult for children. That both ideas are mistaken has been proved to us over and over again. One of the latest examples is that of a small boy, one of our pupils, who insisted on reading *Pilgrim's Progress* to himself for pleasure. His comment was, 'It's just like the Bible—smashing'!

Incidentally, the most up-to-date language is not necessarily the easiest for people of limited education to understand. In his last book C. S. Lewis told the story of a vicar who asked his verger what he understood by the words 'truly and indifferently minister justice'. The man replied that the judge should make no difference between one man and another; but when the vicar substituted the word 'impartially', the verger was completely baffled: the word was not in his vocabulary.

Having cleared away a few misconceptions, let us consider how the book should be approached. Should it be taken simply at its face-value, or should the children be encouraged to realise that it is an allegory?

I have usually introduced it to them in some such words as these, 'Besides being a very exciting story, this book has a meaning tucked away inside it, rather like the stories that Jesus told. Perhaps you may find out some of the meaning for yourself, but if you don't, it doesn't matter'.

That the children do often find out the meaning for themselves we have ample proof. Here are two examples. A child who was taking *Pilgrim's Progress* with his grandmother said to her, 'You must be getting near the Celestial City'. 'I hope I am', she answered. The child then asked, 'Which part did you find the hardest?' Again, a teacher was explaining to her class that her mother had died peacefully in her sleep, and the comment was, 'Then she didn't have any trouble at the river'.

These instances show that the book has a definite moral and religious value, and that children who hear it read will acquire, without any 'preaching', definite standards of right and wrong.

They will also find a good deal to amuse them, especially in the names and descriptions of the various characters. I always enjoyed Mr. By-ends, whose great-grandfather was a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and Atheist who 'fell into a great laughter'.

There is also an entertaining incident in Part II, when James eats the forbidden fruit and then makes a fuss about taking his medicine.

Here are a few practical hints on how to take a lesson.

It may be asked whether *Pilgrim's Progress* can be read and narrated in the same way as the Greek stories. The answer is 'Yes', provided that—as suggested on the programme—only the narrative portions are taken. The children will enjoy telling about Christian's fight with Apollyon, how the pilgrims escaped from Doubting Castle and what happened at Vanity Fair. They often add illuminating comments of their own. One small boy remarked, 'Although Christian knew the lions were chained, he didn't know how long the chains were'.

It is not necessary to explain the meaning of all the difficult words before reading the passage, except where misunderstanding of a key-word might confuse the sense of a whole episode. Usually, the children grasp the meaning from the context. If there are any minor misconceptions, they can be cleared up after the narration. Children who find this book difficult to narrate may sometimes be given the alternative of drawing a picture of the incident which has been read to them. If they then explain their picture to the teacher, they will be narrating without realising that they are doing so.

Another variation, suitable for older children who are getting towards the end of the book, would be to make a plan of the journey, putting in the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, and the other places mentioned.

I hope I have said sufficient to show that *Pilgrim's Progress* is a stimulating and exciting book, and one which will give the children a heritage of comfort and beauty which will remain with them throughout their lives.

HOW SHOULD ONE READ A BOOK?—II

by VIRGINIA WOOLF

But we tire of rubbish-reading in the long run. We tire of searching for what is needed to complete the half-truth which is all that the Wilkinsons, the Bunburys, and the Maria Allens are able to offer us. They had not the artist's power of mastering and eliminating; they could not tell the whole truth even about their own lives; they have disfigured the story that might have been so shapely. Facts are all that they can offer us, and facts are a very inferior form of fiction. Thus the desire grows upon us to have done with half-statements and approximations; to cease from searching out the minute shades of

human character, to enjoy the greater abstractness, the purer type of fiction. Thus we create the mood, intense and generalised, unaware of detail, but stressed by some regular, recurrent beat, whose natural expression is poetry; and that is the time to read poetry when we are almost able to write it.

Western wind, when wilt thou blow?
The small rain down can rain.
Christ, if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again!

The impact of poetry is so hard and direct that for the moment there is no other sensation except that of the poem itself. What profound depths we visit then—how sudden and complete is our immersion! There is nothing here to catch hold of; nothing to stay us in our flight. The illusion of fiction is gradual; its effects are prepared; but who when they read these four lines stops to ask who wrote them, or conjures up the thought of Donne's house or Sidney's secretary; or enmeshes them in the intricacy of the past and the succession of generations? The poet is always our contemporary. Our being for the moment is centred and constricted, as in any violent shock of personal emotion. Afterwards, it is true, the sensation begins to spread in wider rings through our minds; remoter senses are reached; these begin to sound and to comment and we are aware of echoes and reflections. The intensity of poetry covers an immense range of emotion. We have only to compare the force and directness of

I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve,

with the wavering modulation of

Minutes are numbered by the fall of sands,
As by an hour glass; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it;
An age of pleasure, revelled out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down,
So to conclude calamity in rest,

or place the meditative calm of

whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be,

beside the complete and inexhaustible loveliness of

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

or the splendid fantasy of

And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter
When, far down some glade,
Of the great world's burning,
One soft flame upturning
Seems, to his discerning,
Crocus in the shade.

to bethink us of the varied art of the poet; his power to make us at once actors and spectators; his power to run his hand into character as if it were a glove, and be Falstaff or Lear; his power to condense, to widen, to state, once and for ever.

'We have only to compare'—with those words the cat is out of the bag, and the true complexity of reading is admitted. The first process, to receive impressions with the utmost understanding, is only half the process of reading; it must be completed, if we are to get the whole pleasure from a book, by another. We must pass judgment upon these multitudinous impressions; we must make of these fleeting shapes one that is hard and lasting. But not directly. Wait for the dust of reading to settle; for the conflict and the questioning to die down; walk, talk, pull the dead petals from a rose, or fall asleep. Then suddenly without our willing it, for it is thus that Nature undertakes these transitions, the book will return, but differently. It will float to the top of the mind as a whole. And the book as a whole is different from the book received currently in separate phrases. Details now fit themselves into their places. We see the shape from start to finish; it is a barn, a pig-sty, or a cathedral. Now then we can compare book with book as we compare building with building. But this act of comparison means that our attitude has changed; we are no longer the friends of the writer, but his judges; and just as we cannot be too sympathetic as friends, so as judges we cannot be too severe. Are they not criminals, books that have wasted our time and sympathy; are they not the most insidious enemies of society, corrupters, defilers, the writers of false books, faked books, books that fill the air with decay and disease? Let us then be severe in our judgments; let us compare each book with the greatest of its kind. There they hang in the mind the shapes of the books we have read, solidified by the judgments we have passed on them—*Robinson Crusoe*, *Emma*, *The Return of the Native*. Compare the novels with these—even the latest

and least of the novels has a right to be judged with the best. And so with poetry—when the intoxication of rhythm has died down and the splendour of words has faded, a visionary shape will return to us and this must be compared with *Lear*, with *Phèdre*, with *The Prelude*; or if not these, with whatever is the best or seems to us to be the best in its own kind. And we may be sure that the newness of new poetry and fiction is its most superficial quality and that we have only to alter slightly, not to recast, the standards by which we have judged the old.

It would be foolish, then, to pretend that the second part of reading, to judge, to compare, is as simple as the first—to open the mind wide to the fast flocking of innumerable impressions. To continue reading without the book before you, to hold one shadow-shape against another, to have read widely enough and with enough understanding to make such comparisons alive and illuminating—that is difficult; it is still more difficult to press further and to say, ‘Not only is the book of this sort, but it is of this value; here it fails; here it succeeds; this is bad; that is good’. To carry out this part of a reader’s duty needs such imagination, insight, and learning that it is hard to conceive any one mind sufficiently endowed; impossible for the most self-confident to find more than the seeds of such powers in himself. Would it not be wiser, then, to remit this part of reading and to allow the critics, the gowned and furred authorities of the library, to decide the question of the book’s absolute value for us? Yet how impossible! We may stress the value of sympathy; we may try to sink our own identity as we read. But we know that we cannot sympathise wholly or immerse ourselves wholly; there is always a demon in us who whispers, ‘I hate, I love’, and we cannot silence him. Indeed, it is precisely because we hate and we love that our relation with the poets and novelists is so intimate that we find the presence of another person intolerable. And even if the results are abhorrent and our judgments are wrong, still our taste, the nerve of sensation that sends shocks through us, is our chief illuminant; we learn through feeling; we cannot suppress our own idiosyncrasy without impoverishing it. But as time goes on perhaps we can train our taste; perhaps we can make it submit to some control. When it has fed greedily and lavishly upon books of all sorts—poetry, fiction, history, biography—and has stopped reading and looked for long spaces upon the variety, the incongruity of the living world, we shall find that it is changing a little; it is not so greedy, it is more reflective. It will begin to bring us not merely judgments on particular books, but it will tell us that there is a quality common to certain books. Listen, it will say, what shall we call *this*? And it will read us perhaps *Lear* and then perhaps the *Agamemnon* in order to bring out that

common quality. Thus, with our taste to guide us, we shall venture beyond the particular book in search of qualities that group books together; we shall give them names and thus frame a rule that brings order into our perceptions. We shall gain a further and a rarer pleasure from that discrimination. But as a rule only lives when it is perpetually broken by contact with the books themselves—nothing is easier and more stultifying than to make rules which exist out of touch with facts, in a vacuum—now at last, in order to steady ourselves in this difficult attempt, it may be well to turn to the very rare writers who are able to enlighten us upon literature as an art. Coleridge and Dryden and Johnson, in their considered criticism, the poets and novelists themselves in their unconsidered sayings, are often surprisingly relevant; they light up and solidify the vague ideas that have been tumbling in the misty depths of our minds. But they are only able to help us if we come to them laden with questions and suggestions won honestly in the course of our own reading. They can do nothing for us if we herd ourselves under their authority and lie down like sheep in the shade of a hedge. We can only understand their ruling when it comes in conflict with our own and vanquishes it.

If this is so, if to read a book as it should be read calls for the rarest qualities of imagination, insight, and judgment, you may perhaps conclude that literature is a very complex art and that it is unlikely that we shall be able, even after a lifetime of reading, to make any valuable contribution to its criticism. We must remain readers; we shall not put on the further glory that belongs to those rare beings who are also critics. But still we have our responsibilities as readers and even our importance. The standards we raise and the judgments we pass steal into the air and become part of the atmosphere which writers breathe as they work. An influence is created which tells upon them even if it never finds its way into print. And that influence, if it were well instructed, vigorous and individual and sincere, might be of great value now when criticism is necessarily in abeyance; when books pass in review like the procession of animals in a shooting gallery, and the critic has only one second in which to load and aim and shoot and may well be pardoned if he mistakes rabbits for tigers, eagles for barndoor fowls, or misses altogether and wastes his shot upon some peaceful cow grazing in a further field. If behind the erratic gunfire of the press the author felt that there was another kind of criticism, the opinion of people reading for the love of reading, slowly and unprofessionally, and judging with great sympathy and yet with great severity, might this not improve the quality of his work? And if by our means books were to become stronger, richer, and more varied, that would be an end worth reaching.

Yet who reads to bring about an end, however desirable? Are there

not some pursuits that we practice because they are good in themselves, and some pleasures that are final? And is not this among them? I have sometimes dreamt, at least, that when the Day of Judgment dawns and the great conquerors and lawyers and statesmen come to receive their rewards—their crowns, their laurels, their names carved indelibly upon imperishable marble—the Almighty will turn to Peter and will say, not without a certain envy when He sees us coming with our books under our arms, 'Look, these need no reward. We have nothing to give them here. They have loved reading.'

'I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER . . . '—VII

'ROUGH MUSICKING', QUEEN VICTORIA'S TWELVE PAIRS OF DRAWERS, AND THE GHOST IN THE GARDEN

by NOEL STREATFEILD

You can rule lines across the first half of the twentieth century. The strongest and deepest line cuts off the first fourteen years, behind which lies my childhood.

The world into which we grew up after 1918 was changed out of all recognition. Myself, having spent the before-1914 years in vicarages, I had nothing with which to compare the after-war years. I didn't see the hectic hysterical twenties as they were—the carefully hidden heart-break of a generation of women who had lost all their men.

But if the twenties were sad and heartless how warm and solid was my childhood before 1914. For the middle and upper classes those were the days when nobody doubted God was in his heaven and all was right with the world. Of course we in the vicarage were aware that this wasn't true for everybody. We saw the queues of the hungry lining up with bowls and jugs for soup from the soup kitchen run by my mother with church helpers. We went visiting with our mother delivering our old clothes to the poorest of the parishioners. How poor those parishioners must have been to want our old clothes, which would have been threadbare before we gave them away, for we were poor in our own way ourselves.

My father was a parson, his first appointment as parish priest was to the little village of Amberley in Sussex. I have only seen it once since I left there when I was four, but it was my father's first appointment and as a result he loved every stone of the place and every soul in it. I can just remember the shape of the vicarage and our garden and the villiage street, but it was brought alive over the years by my father's stories of the place. My favourite was of 'Rough Musicking'.

I suppose there were the police and magistrates' courts for major offences, as there are today, but Amberley, like many villages in those days, for offences against the local code took the law into their own hands. For beating a wife who didn't in the opinion of Amberley deserve it, or cruelty to a child or animal, and other offences where the law might be dilatory or lenient, Amberley organised 'rough musicking'. This happened after dark. All the men of the village, armed with anything on which they could beat to make a noise, would arrive at the culprit's cottage and march round it 'musicking' for hours.

In the winter there were floods across which, I understand, the sound reached for miles, and even in the summer it carried a great way. So other villages would ask: 'Who was rough musicked in Amberley last night?' My father said the effect on the culprit was almost always miraculous. He sometimes reformed in a night. He would add that he wished there was rough musicking in his next parish. But that was in a town where rough musicking was unheard of, for that type of justice could only be executed in isolated spots.

There was no conveyance to be hired in Amberley. If we were invited to a party outside walking distance we went in the carrier's cart. My father and mother went everywhere, including I suppose out to dinner, on bicycles. Amberley had a station from which we travelled to what to our eyes seemed the great metropolis of Arundel. This happened when major purchases had to be made, such as coats or shoes. We also travelled on it to visit my grandparents, and for family weddings. There were a lot of these for my father was the eldest of ten. Usually we were bridesmaids.

I can remember distinctly being fitted for a bridesmaid's dress in Amberley. The dressmaker was called Miss Souter. She lived with her father, who was a farm labourer and always wore, I remember, a smock. We too wore smocks, so that smock impressed itself on my mind for there was so much smocking on it, right down to Mr. Souter's waist. The bridesmaids' dresses were white satin with chiffon swathed round us somewhere. Miss Souter, who must seldom have had to handle either satin or chiffon, cut and snipped with the same quiet confidence that she used when making our cotton frocks. And while she pinned and tacked she would tell tales of village life as it had been in the last century.

'That was a bad year. Half the village carried off with typhoid.'

'I well remember that summer. There was a lady who had worked in the royal household. She had the order to make Queen Victoria twelve pairs of drawers. Before they were sent away we were bidden

to see them. Very long and plain, beautifully sewn of course, but just feather-stitching—no lace.'

'We often went hungry that year. The floods came early, cut off we were for months, nothing got through.'

Years later I paid my only return visit to Amberley. I must have been over forty. I asked the way to the cottage where the Souters had lived.

'You'll find Miss Souter there,' my informant told me. 'She can't work now for she's blind, but very bright in herself.'

I found the cottage—how pretty those Amberley cottages are—and knocked on the door. I heard shuffling and presently the door opened and I saw Miss Souter. She hadn't changed all that much since I was a four-year-old bridesmaid.

'You won't know who I am', I said.

She stopped me.

'Oh yes, I do. It's Miss Noel, isn't it?'

I gaped at her.

'Yes. How did you know? You haven't seen me since I was a baby.'

She smiled and I can see that smile still.

'The voice hasn't changed and, of course, I've always remembered you in my prayers.'

Amberley could, when it wanted to, keep a secret. The vicarage was haunted. I have heard since that many of the villagers had seen the ghost.

'But we never told Mrs. Streatfeild, seeing there was always a little new one on the way.'

Not that my parents didn't know there was a ghost. They could, I understood afterwards, hardly have missed it. Door handles turned, things were thrown about in the kitchen and all the relations made excuses not to stay in the house. I think we children knew the ghost, who was a child, usually seen in the garden. But to small children there is nothing unusual about another child who joins in your games. I seem to connect the child particularly with a York and Lancaster rose-tree which grew both red and white roses.

When we left Amberley the new vicar's wife could see ghosts, for she called to the cook the first morning she was there:

'Who is the little girl in Victorian dress on the lawn?'

Quite unmoved the cook answered:

'That's the ghost, madam. She's always about but Mrs. Streatfeild never saw her so we didn't tell her.'

That new vicar and his wife had the inside of the vicarage rebuilt. It needed it for the staircase was so low it was easy to crash your head into it. I can still hear my father's groans when this happened to him. During the rebuilding of the stairs the body of a woman and child were found under one of the steps.

That was the end of the ghost for the bishop came and buried the bones with bell, book and candle—or rather, such of the bones as could be discovered. My mother told me a lot of them found their way into Amberley homes as souvenirs. Maybe they are there to this day.

Sheila Kaye-Smith, whom I met again when grown-up, told me she taught me to read. This was at the kindergarten of a school at St. Leonards-on-Sea, my father's second parish. My mother denied this indignantly. 'You didn't go to school until you were five, and I taught all you children to read before then.'

She did too, from a horrible book belonging to her own childhood called *Reading without Tears*. There was never a book worse named. As I remember, tears streamed down my cheeks at every lesson. I learnt to read in the dining-room at Amberley, which looked out over the garden. There, I remember, my father snatched time to garden. And as I laboured with cats on mats I heard my youngest sister prattling to him. 'Lucky, lucky her', I thought, 'miserable me'. It was during one lesson that my father dug up a penny, which he gave to my sister. The window was open so I saw and heard the whole affair. I can still remember the feeling of hopelessness and despair that swept over me. A penny in those days was riches. And here was my little sister being given the penny while I, a prisoner, slaved at reading and writing. I put down my head and sobbed. My mother was shocked; she thought I was jealous, but it was not that. It was my first brush with injustice.

Once we could read, our first task on Sundays was to learn the collect for the day. We were, I suppose, helped over the long words. What terrible Sundays we endured! My father, who loved us dearly, would never have made them so impossible if he had thought they were terrible. But our Sundays were spent in the same way as his had been as a child, and he had enjoyed his.

'How could he have?' we children would say to each other. 'They are frightful.' Then one of us would add: 'I expect even then he was so good he couldn't have been gooder'.

Collects were said to my mother after breakfast. We five stood in a row, four of us and the cousin who lived with us. As a collect rememberer I was a failure. But I failed far worse at the catechism which followed. For a correct answer you moved up a place. Between the ages of five and fifteen I remained permanently at the bottom of

the line, refusing stubbornly to get past question one: 'What is your name? N. or M.?' My Christian names being Mary Noel naturally I answered, 'Both'. Every Sunday this reply infuriated my long-suffering mother.

After catechism we were taken to matins. All of it with sermon. In the afternoon we went to a children's service. We loved this. I don't believe anyone has held better children's services than my father. After tea we joined my mother in the drawing-room. There she read us what was called 'A Sunday Book'. This was not the book being read out loud in the week and it was intended to be uplifting. Has anyone today, I wonder, read *Froggy's Little Brother* or *Meg, A Chattel*? Both belonged to our Sundays.

How simple in those days were amusements. At St. Leonards-on-Sea one of the high spots in our year was the week of the patronal festival, called by the parish St. Peter's week. During that week all the parish were entertained in some way, but for us children the highlight was the party for the parish workers. This was held in the parish hall but was considered a smart occasion. The women visitors wore their best hats and tea was served at little tables. On each table was a cake. I can see those cakes now, iced in different colours and beautifully decorated with sprays of fruits or flowers. They were called Addison cakes, which was, I suppose, the maker's name. They cost, unbelievably, one shilling each. Today, if they are still made, they could not cost less than five shillings.

For this party my father's family helped with the entertainment. They could all sing, one aunt beautifully. Between them they formed a negro minstrel group. We thought their simple jokes side-splitting and so did the rest of the audience. And when it came to songs such as 'Home Sweet Home' and 'Way down upon the Swanee River' there wasn't a dry eye. The star turn was we children. We had a song with actions to perform. A new one every year. Heaven alone knows where my mother found them.

It seems odd today to look back at my childhood which by present standards was abysmally dull. But are today's children, with all they have and all we try to do for them, any happier than we were? I wonder.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

E. K. MANDERS is on the staff of the P.N.E.U. School, Ambleside.

The Rev. G. A. STEPHENS is Chief Examiner to the P.N.E.U. School, Ambleside.

Noel STREATFEILD was born in Sussex. Her father was Bishop of Lewes and she is the great-great-granddaughter of Elizabeth Fry. She was educated privately and on leaving school became a pupil at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. During her acting years she played in London, and toured South Africa, Rhodesia,

Australia and New Zealand. In 1929 her father died, and she gave up the uncertain stage life and wrote her first book, *The Whicharts*. Her first book for children, *Ballet Shoes*, was published in 1936. Since then Miss Streatfeild has written many books for adults and for children, as well as serials such as *The Bell Family* for the B.B.C. She has also written for television, and appeared monthly on T.V. programmes herself all through 1956.

Shirley TOULSON is married to Alan Brownjohn, poet and school-teacher. She read English at London University and taught for four years in London secondary schools. She is now a freelance journalist specialising in education and sociology. Her poems have appeared in various journals, including *The Listener*; and one book of verse, *Shadows in an Orchard*, was published by the Scorpion Press in 1960.

Virginia WOOLF, novelist and essayist, who died in 1941, was co-founder of the Hogarth Press with her husband Leonard Woolf. Her article is reprinted from her book of essays *The Common Reader* (Second Series) by courtesy of Mr. Woolf. It was originally given by the author as a lecture to a girl's school, and is particularly recommended to teachers whose pupils are eligible for the Form VI Reading Certificate.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

It is a great pleasure to be able to report the success of the Study Course held at Hethersett from 27—30 July. It was well attended by people of widely varying ages and experience, who expressed their appreciation in many ways.

Firstly, it was felt that the opportunity to see the principles of Charlotte Mason in action in a modern, flourishing school was of great practical help to those who had studied her educational methods only through the medium of the Correspondence Course.

Secondly, the chance to discuss points of theory and practice on the spot, after hearing a paper and being present at lessons, was found to be of value: there was real contact between the class in its ordinary school surroundings and those attending the Study Course, and one which could not have been achieved in any other conditions.

May I take this opportunity to express appreciation for the co-operation and hard work put into the preparations for the Course by Miss Cochrane, Director of the P.N.E.U. School, Miss Denham, General Secretary of the P.N.E.U., Miss Molyneux, Secretary of the C.M.C.A., and Mrs. Harvey, President of the C.M.C.A. I am sure that all those who took part in the Course will join me in thanking them, and will also wish to thank Mr. Stephens, the Chief Examiner, Miss Cochrane and Mrs. Davies for their excellent papers on the three main topics of education—the knowledge of God, Man and the Universe—which were the themes upon which the Course was based.

Lastly, our sincere thanks are due to Miss Lewin for her hospitality and the warm welcome which contributed so much to the success of the first Study Course to be held in a P.N.E.U. school.

The Old Garden Cottage, Blackeney, Norfolk.

B. WHARTON
Chairman C.M.C.A.

OUR WORK

CHARLOTTE MASON COLLEGE ASSOCIATION STUDY COURSE

In each issue of the *Parents Review* from March onwards, some reference was made to the Study Course to be held at Hethersett at the end of July. Having

looked forward and planned for so many months, we now look back to those three full days which were described by an overseas Headmistress as 'happy, profitable and so worth while'.

The three main talks on Knowledge of God, Knowledge of Man and Knowledge of the Universe, together showed the need for the complete school curriculum to bring balance and harmony to the child. The first of these papers is printed in this number of the *Parents Review* and the other two will appear in the November and December issues.

On the evening of 27 July Miss Lewin welcomed one hundred and thirty guests, who were given a preliminary address by Lord Mackintosh of Halifax. This was followed by a paper sent by Miss van Straubenzee on present day problems of education in the course of which she demonstrated that Charlotte Mason's philosophy is as apposite today as it was when it was first promulgated.

On each morning during the Course Demonstration Lessons were followed by discussion. Great thanks are due to the teachers and pupils of Hethersett for so willingly giving their time to make this part of the programme possible. In spite of the difficulties of Demonstration Lessons, they formed a good foundation for discussion on the practical application of Charlotte Mason's methods, and much was learnt from them by the seventy to eighty visiting teachers and C.M.T.s who attended the Course.

Pleasant relaxation was afforded by a visit to Norwich Cathedral, a fascinating talk on Norfolk by Mr. Bagnall-Oakeley, illustrated by transparencies, and a concert given by the Broadland Singers.

Any report of the Study Course would be incomplete without a reference to Miss Lewin's generosity in offering us the use of her school. The high standard of catering and comfort that she set will be a challenge to the organisers of the next Study Course.

Lastly we should like to thank our fellow teachers for their help and co-operation.

The feeling of all those present was that a Course such as this must be in future organised at regular intervals, and it will be our duty and pleasure to see that this wish is carried out.

JOAN MOLYNEUX
Secretary C.M.C.A.

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the way that Form I examinations are dictated. MSS. should be sent to the Editor, *Parents Review*, Murray House, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1.

Children whose items are chosen for publication will receive a printed copy of their contributions.

P.N.E.U. NOTES

STAFF APPOINTMENTS

Consequent upon the resignation of Miss W. J. Denham, O.B.E., who left the P.N.E.U. on 30 September, and the reorganisation following the appointment of a Director, the post of General Secretary has been discontinued and that of Administrative Secretary substituted. Miss P. Gilmour, who has been Assistant Secretary for the past year, has been appointed to this post.

PARENTS REVIEW

With effect from 1 November, the editorship of the *Parents Review* will be taken over by Mr. D. L. Gurton.

BOOKS

Unwillingly to School, by Jack H. Kahn and Jean P. Nurston (Pergamon Press, 1976). This psychological treatise on the cause and cure of 'school phobia' makes fairly solid reading, but would repay careful study by teachers and parents who have been faced with this type of deviation on the part of children and adolescents. By far the most interesting sections of the book for the general reader are those dealing with specific case histories. Certain other parts would benefit by being compressed and simplified for the benefit of the layman. Most readers will be astonished to learn how widespread among pupils is truancy of one kind or another.

A new edition of the *Old Lob Approach to Reading* (Beacon Reader Series) has been produced by Messrs. Ginn at the same price as the earlier publication. These books have a new look, with attractive colour illustrations and some altered titles (*A Visit to Updown* and *What Happened at Updown* have been rechristened *Away They Go* and *Home They Come*). Each book is accompanied by aids to reading, flash cards for sentences and words, and the appropriate work books.

The series has also been printed in the Initial Teaching Alphabet, which will be useful to any school trying out this experiment. The publishers make a special offer to practising teachers of 10/- for nine books, instead of the normal retail price of 21/9 for nine books. The offer is open until 31 December, 1964.

EDUCATIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS

**CHARGE for SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS under THIS HEADING
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BLYNKBONNIE P.N.E.U. SCHOOL, RINGWOOD, HANTS. Boarding and Day School. Girls 4-17 years. Boys 4-13 years. Centre for G.C.E. Qualified staff. Entire charge taken. Holiday accommodation. Apply to Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Parry.

FLEXFORD HOUSE P.N.E.U. SCHOOL, Highclere, Newbury, Berks. Independent modern school for girls 9-17. Boarding and day school. Provisionally recognised. Apply Miss J. King (C.M.T.)

DESMOOR P.N.E.U. SCHOOL, Ewhurst, Surrey; Boys Preparatory School. Boarders 8-14 years. Apply, Headmaster.

Posts Vacant

THE P.N.E.U. SCHOOL (conducted by correspondence), Ambleside. Required for January 1965, Graduate, English with Modern Languages or Mathematics or General Science. Teaching experience essential. Challenging post with wide educational interests. Salary according to age and experience. Apply giving full particulars of experience and the names of two referees, to the Principal.

APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED for the appointment from September, 1965, as Headmistress of Fairfield P.N.E.U. School, Backwell, near Bristol, with 71 children aged 5 to 8 (boys) and 5 to 11 (girls). P.N.E.U. experience is not essential. The post carries with it a flat above the School, and a generous salary will be paid to the right applicant. Please apply to the Chairman of the Governors, at the School.

LIBRARIAN/COUNSELLOR wanted for the P.N.E.U. Office, London, in early spring, 1965. C.M.T. preferred, but any teacher with a working knowledge of P.N.E.U. will be considered who has a wide interest in children's literature and who would enjoy meeting and advising prospective P.N.E.U. subscribers.

PARENTS REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

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BASIL MARSDEN-SMEDLEY, O.B.E.

Writing to *The Times* on September 8th, 1964, Lord Normanbrook referred to Basil Marsden-Smedley as 'a gentle, kindly, and scholarly man, who devoted most of his life to working for the good of others', and added that he would be sorely missed.

Basil Marsden-Smedley will undoubtedly be missed both as a person and by a number of organisations to which he gave faithful voluntary service but by none more sorely than by the P.N.E.U., whose Chairman he was from January 1958 until his death at the age of sixty-three. In his official career he was a barrister, a civil servant, and a director of his family firm. When he came to us he had retired from his post in the German Section of the Foreign Office but was still extremely active in local government. In Chelsea, where he was born and lived for the whole of his adult life, he was member of the borough council from 1928 onwards; and he was particularly pleased when shortly before his last illness he was elected one of two Aldermen of the newly created borough of Kensington and Chelsea. He was Mayor of Chelsea for two consecutive years, from 1957 to 1959; and those members of the P.N.E.U. who were present at mayoral functions during his term of office will never forget the dignity and charm with which he carried out his duties. He will have a special niche in the memories of the P.U.S. children, their parents and teachers who attended the carol service held in Chelsea Parish Church of St. Luke. Not only did he honour the occasion by attending the service in his mayoral robes and insignia, but afterwards he entertained the whole congregation to tea at the Town Hall.

Chelsea was Basil Marsden-Smedley's first love. He devoted himself unstintingly to the Welfare of the borough and—as a founder-member and Chairman for many years of the Chelsea Society—to the preservation of its historic monuments. But if Chelsea was his first love the P.N.E.U. ran Chelsea very close in his affections. His interest in 'Charlotte Mason', as he called it, was of long-standing. He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge University; but for a short time in his childhood he had been taught by a P.N.E.U. governess who had imbued him with an enthusiasm for the countryside and natural history and with a hearty dislike of intensive competition in the schoolroom.

Remembrance of that early teaching influenced his decision to accept the post of Chairman of the P.N.E.U. and later to join the governing body of the Charlotte Mason Schools Company. He took his duties as Chairman very seriously, and for him the post was no sinecure. Although he firmly believed in the permanent value of Charlotte Mason's achievements he was not blind to the fact that principles laid down more than fifty years ago might need re-interpretation in a changing educational climate. It fell to him to preside over the transfer of the Charlotte Mason College to the Local Education Authority; to initiate reforms designed to effect essential economies; to arrange the merger of the P.N.E.U. and the P.U.S.: and finally to oversee the selection and appointment of a director.

Throughout these and other negotiations Basil Marsden-Smedley showed unfailing tact, vigilance and patience, together with the most courteous consideration for the feelings of those older members of the Council whose personal memories of Charlotte Mason were still very much alive. He was essentially warm-hearted, tolerant and friendly; and he had the endearing quality of turning his colleagues into personal friends, so that even when, as occasionally happened, they disagreed with him, there was never any resultant lack of harmony or trust.

Despite Basil Marsden-Smedley's preoccupation with major issues he was never too busy to give his full attention to the day-to-day arrangements of the organisation; and those members of the staff and the Council who worked most closely with him will remember many informal talks in which problems were discussed and new ideas put forward. He was indeed so generous with his time and energy that, in the face of his illness and increasing weakness, his colleagues longed to spare him some of the many tasks he had so cheerfully and conscientiously undertaken. There is no doubt, however, that he delighted in his work; and we can only be thankful that, as he himself must have wished, he died without having had to relinquish it.

(Signed) JOSEPHINE KAMM

REPORT ON THE WORK OF THE P.N.E.U. SCHOOL AMBLESIDE

SEPTEMBER 1963—AUGUST 1964

The past academic year has brought certain changes. In January we were saddened by the death of the Hon. Mrs. Franklin, C.B.E., whose association with the School stretched back to its foundation in 1891. Her gifts of wisdom and counsel were ever at our disposal and we miss her guidance and interest.

There has been a slight alteration to our name. We have always been the school for the Union, but now it has been felt that the two words 'National Educational' should be included in our title which is now 'The P.N.E.U. School', to try to avoid confusion for members and interested friends.

Although the school has been in existence since 1891, it does not mean that the staff are unaware of the changes in educational thought and practice in this country and elsewhere. These changes are considered carefully in the light of Charlotte Mason's principles, especially that affirming that 'a child is a person', who needs to grow in intellect, body and spirit to reach maturity. Education is a process for 'life'—both life-giving and lifelong. The child's growing mind must be fed and nourished with ideas provided through books and things. From parents we constantly hear how much the children enjoy their books and lessons. On Sunday one small girl of nine was at church. In the sermon the minister illustrated some point with an allusion to an episode in *Pilgrim's Progress* about Christian and the Lions on the Hill Difficulty. This girl was delighted to find a link between her lessons and the church sermon. One parent wrote that although her son has been taught at home for years he really felt he belonged to a school which he liked and for which he had a respect, and the value and character of the whole course has been noticeable.

A number of changes in the choice of books or the arrangement of the work in certain subjects have been made, e.g. Religions Knowledge or the choice of books for French for Form I. Since some Local Education Authorities, especially in Leeds, have decided to include French in the curriculum for Juniors in the Primary School, there has been in this subject a flood of new books produced by many publishing houses with records or tapes as additional aids for the teacher. Mathematics is another subject whose syllabus is undergoing changes with experiments which have been inaugurated by Southampton University and by teachers in Leicestershire. New concepts are being taught and much mechanical calculation discarded. All these trends have to be considered with much thought, deliberation and discussion before changes are made in this school's work.

By our membership of the Consultative Committee for Independent Education our contact with other independent schools is maintained, while the membership of the Girl Guides Education Panel keeps us informed about trends in education in the youth movement.

The Chief Examiner considers that the standard of the work from the pupils is well maintained. From the parents' and teachers' comments we know the children grow as 'persons', developing in maturity of mind and learning to face life.

The results of the external examinations taken this July are not yet available. Two of our home schoolroom pupils have taken subjects in G.C.E. (Cambridge) 'O' level. Last September we heard that in Sarawak Elizabeth Harris had passed in Scripture, English Language, Literature and History in London G.C.E. (overseas) at 'O' level while in England Caroline Payn had passed the College of Preceptors examination in seven subjects. Other pupils achieve success in passing the Common Entrance examination to girls' or boys' public schools or the eleven plus, or in the examination to their preparatory school.

We have been pleased to welcome the affiliation of a number of new schools overseas in Bogota, Columbia; Talara, Peru; Multan, West Pakistan; Nicaragua; San Fernando, Trinidad (a sister school to Sevilla School, Couva). In Bonn in West Germany the Embassy School opened in September, 1963, whilst in England one new school has joined us and two old ones transferred to new sites. Several P.N.E.U. schools have closed in this country, on account of the resignation of the Head or difficulties over premises.

Visiting schools is one of the most interesting and enjoyable aspects of the work, as I have contact with the children and can share their enthusiasm for their lessons and activities, and also meet the teachers who offer many stimulating and helpful suggestions. During the year I have visited nine schools in this country: four in the Home Counties, three in Devon, one at Haverfordwest in Wales and one in the North at Barnard Castle. I gave talks on Charlotte Mason's principles and the work in this school to parents' gatherings at the schools in Devon, Datchet and Haverfordwest.

During the past year the Portfolio of Painting has been organised by Miss Powell. I was most interested to hear of two schools whose pupils belonged to this: Haylett Grange School, Haverfordwest, Wales, and the January School, Toronto, Canada. Maybe more schools or home schoolroom pupils will be inspired to send work to both Portfolios. Mrs. Bernard Jeffreys has been responsible for the Portfolio of Story and Verse. We are very grateful to both Miss Powell and Mrs. Jeffreys for their direction of these activities.

In April in London a meeting for the Heads of P.N.E.U. Schools was held at which the Headmistresses from twenty-nine schools attended. The meeting, we felt, was valuable for the free and frank exchange of views and the stimulation received from such discussions.

In July a Study Course was held at the Old Hall School, Hethersett, near Norwich, by the courtesy of Miss Lewin. I represented this school at the course which was stimulating and successful. There was the opportunity to meet headmistresses and members of their staff as well as parent teachers and visitors from overseas.

At Ambleside we welcome visitors—teachers from schools overseas or in Britain, pupils with their parents from overseas. The children are happy with the books whilst the parents discuss the work.

Parents and teachers continue to show by their letters their appreciation of Charlotte Mason's principles and the school, e.g.:

Iran: 'I wish we had had the benefits of Greek Mythology and Picture Study at school. These were delights to be discovered much later on. Even my husband, who is French, and somewhat critical of the generally lower standard of English education, is impressed by the P.N.E.U.'

Thailand: 'It has been a great joy to me to watch the flowering of the minds of my two small children, Susan and Jeremy, under the guidance of your school. Susan went to boarding school at eight and was from the start at the forefront of her class. Your school gave her an enduring love of knowledge'.

Nigeria: 'I would like to express my thanks for all your kind interest and help with both girls. You have been a life-line to us'.

West Bengal: 'Through the P.N.E.U. I have felt that teaching Philip has not been an isolated matter, but we have had links with others throughout the world'.

West Pakistan (from a school): 'During the past three terms we have found the P.N.E.U. programmes invaluable in organising and planning the school work without the help of experienced teachers, and several children who have returned to the U.K. have found they are well up to U.K. standards'.

Somerset: 'In the girls' Preparatory School where I teach there are several P.N.E.U. trained children. I cannot say enough about the soundness of their grounding. Two of the ablest and most interesting children in my present form (both under nine) are P.N.E.U. trained and they are a joy to teach'.

JEAN C. COCHRANE, M.A.,
Principal, the P.N.E.U. School

'SOME OF US'

AUTUMN LEAVES

by Rosemary Orde (aged 10)

Falling, falling, like a dream,
Red and golden leaves of autumn,
Shrivelled, curling, brown, and green,
Dancing from the trees.

Whisper, whisper, on the path,
The leaves talk to the wind,
Whisked away, swirled with the wind,
Dancing from the trees.

Drifting, drifting, through all dreams,
In all imagination swirling,
Coloured leaves all hearts have seen,
Dancing from the trees.

Floating, floating, on the wind,
They drift in clouds of thought,
Swirling, swirling, on the wind,
Dancing from the trees.

Swirling, swirling, round the roofs
The leaves come drifting down,
Twirling, twirling, from the eaves,
Dancing from the trees.

Driven, driven, in small heaps,
Blown before the wind,
Down the path all leaves do creep,
Dancing from the trees.

Sweeping, sweeping down,
Driven by a broom.
Heaped in piles to burn at night,
Dancing up and down.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

by ALISON ROSS

It is strange how migrating birds are sometimes 'drifted' off-course. I know several ornithologists who delight in east winds because they never know what exciting birds may be blown in! I hate east winds but love, of course, seeing any 'new' birds. Last year at this time we had one of the most exciting experiences I can remember. Great parties of Cranes 'blew' in to southern England and my telephone kept ringing as more and more people saw them :

'This is the Station-master. I thought you'd like to know that eight huge birds have just flown over the wildbrooks'. Or, 'I'm ringing up from the Bank, we've just had a customer in who has seen three enormous birds flying over her garden; she doesn't know what they are!'

It was amazing how many reports came in during the three days the birds stayed in our locality. Naturally, anything as eye-catching as a Crane was bound to be noticed. I spent every moment I could spare watching them. They stayed in a soaking water-meadow half a mile to the north of our village and I was able to watch them through a telescope from a friend's garden, trying all the time to make sketches of their graceful, long-legged, be-bustled shapes.

Their 'bustles' are not their tails. Their wings are fringed with long black plumes which give them, when folded, a weird bustly look. When they fly the black plumes are separated and 'fingered' at the wing-tips. As they circled the water-meadows, speaking or rather trumpeting as they went, they made unforgettable pictures against the bordering downs or the pine woods to the east.

I don't think they'll come again. It was just a chance wind that drifted them over to this country, like the Bee-eaters in 1955; they actually bred in Sussex. There have been reports of individual arrivals since then but never a number together. This year, so far, we have had only a White Stork on the wildbrooks, another very interesting visitor but I wonder, if we get strong easterly winds in November, just what might arrive? One never really knows . . .

HORSE-SENSE

by CERES ESPLAN

At the end of the interview, the head-mistress smiled and said, 'Are you fond of horses? We have so many horse-crazy children here!' I said I was very interested in horses and later, in the staff-room I heard my future colleagues grumbling because children were so pony-minded now. 'They talk of nothing else, it's horses and ponies all the time: I get sick to death of it.'

But I didn't get sick of it at all. In fact I revelled in that school because I was given a free hand with my form, IVb, and quite soon our class-room became known as 'The Pony Room'.

It is quite extraordinary how interesting lessons can be when they are built round a central project that appeals to pupils and teacher. We all loved horses in that form and I found that the rest of the staff was quite

co-operative when they heard that I considered that a year's concentrated horse-study might help the children to get the mania out of their systems. My parents had dealt with my own horse-craziness in this way, but they had to wait until I had left school.

So Form IVb, under my direction, collected pictures of horses, drew pictures of horses, learnt more than the rudiments of horse-care, wrote essays and poems about horses. Nature notebooks were filled with drawings and descriptions of good and bad hay grasses. I had never found it so easy to teach children about grasses: normally they are dismissed as dull plants. We went out to examine grazing, we talked about herbage, we visited farms at harvest time and found out all about modern farming methods; we even helped with haying and talked to corn merchants.

The nature notebooks, for a time, had pages devoted to peat. Bedding was another branch of our horse-course and the study was extended to different types of straw and the disadvantage of using bracken or heather or even sawdust. But these pages were preceded by pages and pages about horses themselves, their points and conformation. We also spent some happy weeks in the Geography period learning about various types of native ponies.

In Mathematics, horse-study was an ideal opportunity for the beginning of Geometry; the children, according to the Mathematics mistress, could have almost drawn plans for their own stables by the end of the year. She also took them out and started elementary surveying in the form of arranging imaginary paddocks. I was grateful to her for entering so well into the spirit of the subject. I smiled to myself when I came back into the classroom after the Arithmetic period to find long bills chalked up on the blackboard, all about equine foodstuff and other necessities, such as rugs, saddles, bridles and brushes.

The history of horses, both real and legendary, filled many interesting hours. I really felt, at the end of my course, that I had extended the children's idea of horse literature considerably beyond *Black Beauty*, which was all they seemed to have read when they came to me. I particularly remember reading Masfield's 'Reynard the Fox' with one class: we read the poem all together, but quietly, and the atmosphere was quite electric.

'The Pony Room' was an interesting experience. It proved, I think, that the children were able to use their enthusiasm to learn all round the subject. Fortunately, in each of the three years during which I was at that school, the whole class was mad on horses. It might have been difficult to have dissenters! The children moved on to the next class quite prepared to do good work on all non-horsy subjects and, apart

from one or two of them, who continued to live for and dream of horses all the time, I think the concentrated horse-course had helped to satiate their enthusiasm.

However horse-crazy children may be, most of them will grow out of it. I do not mean that they will stop loving horses, but they will stop thinking and talking about them during every waking moment. In many cases, I am sure, it is only a phase.

I do not look upon horse-craziness as a disease, or at least not as a bad disease! But I do think children are very imitative and that only a few of them really dote upon horses as much as they think they do. Riding and horse-care are a most beneficial part of a child's life, indeed they are excellent for everyone; but a total obsession with horses and ponies right through adolescence is a little tiresome and seldom leads to a satisfactory career.

For what, in the last analysis, can a horse-crazy girl do when she leaves school? At best she could become a horse-vet, but this is an improbable achievement. Apart from this, there are courses of training and jobs for girl-grooms; there are a few excellent openings for riding-instructresses, but they have to be very well qualified. There is, of course, show jumping as a career, but I would not care for my daughter to go in for this. There remains only what always seems to me to be the seedy end of the profession—the helping in and, perhaps, the eventual running of a riding school.

Of course there are riding schools and riding schools. Some are excellent and one of the only possible careers, I think, for a horse-crazy girl who has not outgrown her over-enthusiasm by the time she leaves school, is to start a riding school attached to a good independent school. In this way she is sure of regular pupils who are almost always kind and considerate to the ponies. She is also sure of good holidays for herself and the ponies. I know about this because I did it myself for four years after I left school. At the end of those four years of extremely hard work, I was cured of horse-craziness, though I retained a love of and respect for horses that will remain with me all my life.

A NEW ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE

by GRACE CAREY

Two years ago an imaginative scheme in the sphere of education sprang to life when the Pergamon Press of Oxford started the Commonwealth and International Library, the inauguration taking place appropriately enough on the eve of Commonwealth Day.

Early this year the publishers celebrated the issue of their hundredth textbook, covering the field of liberal studies. Their aim is to reach the thousand mark by 1967. Their object in starting the Library was a conviction of the need not only for more modern educational facilities and methods—many textbooks in use today are very much out of date—but for Commonwealth co-operation. They therefore set up an international panel of editor-specialists.

The list of five hundred names on this Honorary Editorial Advisory Board makes impressive reading, including as it does representatives of universities, technical colleges, research institutions, schools, libraries, colleges of advanced technology, industry and trade associations, government departments and trade unions, all over the world. The Chairman of the Board is Sir Robert Robinson, O.M., F.R.S., himself a Nobel prizewinner for Chemistry.

All books are commissioned, and throughout the planning and drafting of each volume the advice of these consultants is available so that the final product will be appropriate not only for our own students but for those of other countries. Where necessary, arrangements for collaboration are made between authors of different nationalities, in order to ensure that the publication will be acceptable to other countries where methods of teaching and curricula differ from our own.

The value of such a library in the developing countries is inestimable, for it must be remembered that Russia is flooding the same countries with educational literature that stresses the Communist point of view. If the democratic countries are to hold their own they must act quickly.

This courageous venture should arouse the interest of teachers and lecturers everywhere. There are sixty groups of subjects covering every facet of education—science, technology, mathematics, engineering, physics, chemistry, biology, art, music, social sciences, industry and commerce, languages and liberal studies. They are graded to suit all ages, from the twelve-year-old up to O and A Level, to the university student, post-graduate and adult education student. One section is devoted to the trainee and practising teacher.

A browse through the two volumes of the Liberal Studies Outline Course reveals how very thoroughly the authors have thought out their subjects. The course is designed to make young people think for themselves instead of accepting ready-made opinions without question. N. C. Dexter, M.A., and E. G. Rayner, M.A., the co-authors, both took their degrees at Cambridge and are now Grammar School teachers. The volumes carry such chapter headings as: 'Why Argue?', 'Education', 'Pacifism Today', 'History and Progress', 'Law and Justice', 'Patriotism and the Rise of Nationalism', 'Science and Christianity', 'What Is the

Use of the Classics?', 'Democracy', 'Modern Poetry', and so on. Each chapter sets out the argument for and against; then follows extracts on the subject from the writings of famous authors, from Plato to the twentieth century. A list of discussion points is then given, followed by exercises and a comprehensive bibliography.

The chapter on 'Pacifism Today', for example, is written in the form of a verbatim report of a hypothetical tribunal hearing the case of a conscientious objector. He is being questioned by a brigadier and a chaplain. Footnotes point out where the applicant is evading the issue, or explain statements from the tribunal which may appear ambiguous.

Discussion points include: 'Kind words and actions may well turn away anger on the personal level. Is there any indication that this might prove effective on the national level?' and 'Should we regard Christ as a pacifist?'

The exercise asks the student to deliver, in writing, the decision of the tribunal in this particular case.

A. D. C. Peterson, O.B.E., M.A., Director of the Department of Education, Oxford, who wrote the preface, assesses the value of these volumes: 'The purpose of each chapter is to start discussion: if the teacher disagrees with the authors, as any one teacher almost certainly will about one chapter or another, this is no disadvantage. It may indeed be stimulating to the pupils. There is material enough in this book for teachers to use in a great variety of ways'.

The Library does not concentrate exclusively on grammar-school and advanced students, however. A new series of primary books has now been initiated for young children and, by the end of this year, the publishers hope to have one hundred and sixty titles in this range. They are written by teachers who have had experience with each different age-group.

A child's eyesight develops in relation to his growth, and this fact has been borne in mind in the printing of these primary books, in which the type and line-spacing are chosen to suit the age of each group. The covers are sturdy enough to take the amount of punishment books often suffer at the hands of small children.

There are also to be tape-recordings, film-strips, wall-charts, maps and other visual teaching-aids.

No detail has been neglected in the planning of the Library, even to the practical problem of choosing materials that will stand up to the vagaries of widely different climates. The volumes had to be proof against extreme heat, damp, insects, etc., and at the same time to be

sufficiently inexpensive as to be within the students' means, though there is a more costly hard-cover edition for the use of libraries. The paper used was the result of intensive research and a plastic-paper material, washable and durable with a pleasant linen-like finish, was evolved for the soft-cover.

Pergamon have started their own bookshops which also provide a literary information and bibliographic service. One is in Oxford in Magdalen College, Waynflete Building, and another in Edinburgh opposite the University. Others are planned for other towns in England and Scotland, including Glasgow.

Robert Maxwell, M.C., started this ambitious scheme. He was born in Czechoslovakia in 1923. At the age of sixteen he joined the Czech Underground movement, and in 1940 managed to get to France where he joined the regular Czechoslovakian Army.

After the fall of France he became a private in the British Pioneer Corps, was commissioned in 1945 for leadership and bravery in the field during the Normandy invasion, and finally was awarded the M.C. for action on the Dutch-German border, receiving his decoration from Field-Marshal Montgomery.

At the end of the war Mr. Maxwell worked for the Intelligence Service in Berlin and then was transferred to the German section of the Foreign Office where he became British Press Officer to control German-language newspapers. In 1947 he resigned in order to start his own publishing and book-selling company in Oxford. He speaks nine languages, including English and Russian. It is, therefore, astonishing to learn that he was the son of farm-labourers and went to school for only three years. His subsequent education has been self-acquired.

His *credo* can be summed up in his own words: 'Some of us hope and believe that through education lies the road to lasting world peace and happiness for all nations and communities, regardless of race, colour or ideology. In the history of education examples can be cited of how one or other famous textbook or author profoundly influenced the education of the period'.

EXPLORING CAN BE FUN

By MARION TROUGHTON

Exploring far-away places can be fun. So can explorations nearer home, especially when children are encouraged to discover for themselves more about the area in which they live.

G. K. Chesterton once said: 'The chances are a hundred to one that every man of us has almost as much ground for interest in his neighbourhood as if he had a cottage on the field of Waterloo or a bungalow built at Runnymede'.

Before attempting to infect children with exploration fever, however, you must be sure to know quite well the subjects of local interest yourself. This can be done by reading up local history, becoming a member of local historical or similar associations—observing closely all those things which however familiar they may seem, have not been the subject of your close scrutiny before, and so on. When communicating it to the children try to put your information over in as interesting a way as possible, and brief them before starting the actual visits. You may of course keep some of your material back for use as you go round.

The items of interest will vary according to what is locally available but a great deal depends on how interesting each can be made. Even the most ordinary things can be quite captivating if the details are given fully and imaginatively. In this sense, a few amusing anecdotes often help.

Historical connections are not far to seek. One way of fixing them to the present is to discover how ancient towns and cities have changed. Old topographical books are ideal here; whether the authors were famous or are now forgotten names they give a picture of places as they knew them. After reading such a volume take the children in its wake and encourage them to note the changed conditions.

Such an exploratory soul as Nathaniel Hawthorne with his 'Notebooks' and his keen-nosed curiosity, provides useful follow-up material for England and Scotland. Hawthorne was human too, for instance, after admiring a house at Rydal and conjuring up pictures of Wordsworth composing his poetry there, he discovered he was admiring the wrong house! This shouldn't be done too often. . . .

H. V. Morton and S. P. B. Mais, to name only two, are modern topographical authors well worth trailing. The former's travels cover many lands and as he is often 'In Search of . . .' or 'In the Steps of . . .' you cannot do better than tread in his literary wake. His books are interesting for older children to read for themselves.

This method of discovery can be applied anywhere from Hong Kong to Timbuktu. So can the habit of chatting with elderly local inhabitants. They can tell what the district was like in their young days, and tell of any rural craftsmen worth a visit. Workshops are often tucked out of sight so that it is a case of Ask, Seek and Find, to discover them.

Children love to potter into such places whether they are genuine

old workshops or the modern studios of some artist, or potter. Rural crafts—in which there is now some revival, are well worth including in your list.

Folk Museums, in addition to the ordinary kind, are favourites with children, and in their way so are Stately Homes, especially if a spine-chilling ghost story adds thrills to an old house! Such a one is Epworth Rectory, Lincolnshire, the boyhood home of John Wesley and now a Methodist Centre and Museum; this attracts visitors from all over the world.

To provide a literary flavour the children can be asked to discover if any of the area's authors has portrayed certain towns and villages in their books. There are usually some literary haunts to discover in most English counties, and this applies also in other parts of the world.

Explorations can often take on different aspects, e.g. watching ancient customs like the rush bearing in the Lake District; the setting of the Penny Hedge at Whitby; the blessing of the herring fleet which takes place in so many ports, or say, the two-hundred years old Gooseberry Show held in August at Egton Bridge, North Yorkshire, where a gooseberry smaller than a plum dare not show its skin.

Some very useful 'how to spot' books are available on such subjects as architecture, the countryside and so on. Encourage the children to collect these. They are constantly useful as reference books.

In addition they should be encouraged to keep an Explorer's Notebook. Properly handled they will gladly do this as a leisure time interest and write as a follow-up to each visit. They will quickly get into the habit.

The young photographer can take snaps to illustrate his book. He or she will want these illustrations to be good and to show them to friends. In consequence they will be eager to learn more about the various techniques of photography.

A more personal touch can perhaps be gained by adding a 'Worthies' section, not as formidable as that compiled by the seventeenth-century Thomas Fuller, but giving thumb-nail biographies of well-known men and women of the district, county and even further afield.

Some of the write-ups by the children may be really good and worth submitting to the local paper. This applies especially if they have dug out, or stumbled across some lesser-known facts. Local newspapers and magazines are usually interested in anything unusual about the district and paragraphs are often welcome and paid for. Junior sections of

some newspapers encourage explorer's letters from young writers and even offer prizes.

This kind of outing for the children can be both enjoyable and informative. Its scope is really unlimited and once they have grasped the idea—you might even find yourself being led!

C.M.C.A. STUDY COURSE

The following is a further paper from the recent C.M.C.A. Study Course at Hethersett.

KNOWLEDGE OF MAN

by JEAN C. COCHRANE, M.A.

Principal, the P.N.E.U. School

Pope said:

'Know thyself, presume not God to scan
The proper study of Mankind is Man'.

Charlotte Mason's central thought in education is: 'the child as a person', with potential for growth in every direction; and that education is 'for life' not merely for the school-room. Both the poet and educationalist agree that the study of man is a proper topic for education. For the child to grow as a human being, he needs knowledge of man; and man's ability to think, learn, know, remember, distinguishes him from the animal world to which he also belongs. It is 'man's unconquerable mind' which has enabled him to rise above the other animals, to discover the secrets of nature, to control his environment, to learn the workings of his own mind and emotions.

The knowledge of man might be arranged under headings for study, though there is no hard-fast division between each group: history, literature, self-knowledge, philosophy, geography.

History

History as a subject is so wide it could embrace all man's activities, social, political and artistic; development of ideas about government, of philosophic and religious thought are all intertwined. Since this subject touches on every aspect of man's development, it could well be the central core of study for students studying both science and humanities in depth. In Australia history has been used to provide the unifying link with other subjects, helping the pupils (15-year-olds) to see knowledge as a whole. It replaced the classics in this, as Latin, Greek and even modern languages are not studied much there.

Approaches differ, some have more appeal to one age group than another. The study of social development traces man's increasing mastery of his environment from the Stone Age tools to the inventions in the eighteenth century which revolutionised industry, and to the twentieth century in which man seeks to explore space. Stone Age men faced the problems of survival; the basic needs, food, shelter and clothing. They were aware of 'Forces of Nature' which they endowed with supernatural powers. These people worshipped primitive Gods, the sun, moon and water. The worship of a God or Gods distinguished earliest man from the beasts. He possessed a sense of wonder and curiosity and an awareness of beauty and the powers of nature which seemed to control his world. Another approach may be that of biography, the appeal of the lives and action of great men, kings, warriors, doctors, scientists. Their account of their own deeds stirs the imagination and quickens the will to action by example.

Man has always speculated about the universe, his place in it and relations with his fellows. This is, then, another approach. Ideas about methods of government, philosophy and religion have similarly grown, one idea fertilising another. The influence of Plato's thought on the Republic, the slow germination of other new lines of social and political thought, e.g. Karl Marx. This aspect of history appeals to the older pupil. There is the development of art, sculpture and music, all part of the development of man's personality. A study of these should be included in the curriculum, as the P.N.E.U. school does with Art and Music. A knowledge of other languages can be included in man's study of mankind; geography may be included here or considered more fully under man's knowledge of the universe.

Literature

In this subject man's creative faculties have found expression: the sense of wonder and beauty in the writing of verse; the imaginative insight in drama which reveals men's characters and the situations they face, or questions of the eternal problems of evil, unmitigated suffering and justice. In the written word prosaic incidents as well as poetic inspiration find expression. The great value of Literature in education is threefold (1) to bring our pupils into contact with other eminent minds of past and present. (2) To enlarge one's own knowledge and understanding of people and situations, e.g. in meeting in Literature the villain or the hero, Iago in Othello, Edmund in Lear. To meet vicariously situations which one has not experienced or may not experience in reality in life. (3) To kindle one's own creative powers to express ideas and thoughts in prose and verse. Literature is a wide field; details of how the P.N.E.U. school attempts to fulfil the ideas mentioned are included later in this talk.

Man has wished to 'know himself' in body, mind and spirit, and emotions, to be master of himself not servant of his appetites, whims and passions. It was in the past difficult for men to learn about the physiology of the human body. Michelangelo obtained the key to the mortuary so that he might by dissection learn the secrets of the body; skeleton structure, muscles and other organs. It is only since the nineteenth century that bodies have been available to the medical schools for dissection. The growth in the knowledge about man's mind is even more recent—within this century. From the investigations of Freud, Adler and Jung, many ideas about man's mind—his subconscious mind have become part of current thought. In education it helps young people in their self-management, if they know something about the body, mind and emotions.

How are these principles and ideas implemented in practice?

History

In one way History is a difficult subject for the very young. In young children the sense of chronology has not developed. Two months ago is as remote to them as 100 or 200 years. The work selected for the first year, i.e. five-year-olds is centred on stories about people, or their deeds, or earliest man. Small children are fascinated to learn how early man lived. As many of our home school-room pupils are scattered throughout the world, they may often live in an area where the native peoples still use primitive implements and tools. This provides a living link with what they learn in history about early man.

For the six-year-old, the work is still centred around people. Three years ago it was decided to set an alternative book to *Our Island Story*, as this book has certain biases which today people sometimes find repellent. The new book recommended is *People in History*, by R. Junstead. History is taught through the lives and actions of individuals, but this book lacks the chronological continuity given in *Our Island Story*. With the six-year-olds the work is planned to cover the stories associated with great men from the Roman Landing in England to the Norman Conquest. A cycle of four terms' work.

In 1A Lower-Upper the work is planned on a two year cycle (six terms) from William Rufus to almost the present day.

There are several ways of planning a history syllabus:

- (a) concentric circle for each year's work,
- (b) steps of a stair.

The P.N.E.U. school does not really follow either of these patterns but covers a cycle for six or nine terms. Children may pick up in the cycle at any stage.

Forms II and III. A cycle of four years' work (twelve terms). British History, 55 B.C.—present day. If a pupil works in school for four years (two in Form II, two in Form III) he will have covered the full cycle.

Forms IV and VB and VA. Cycle is from 1485 onwards. Forms IV and V use different text books but cover similar periods.

Citizenship is a subject introduced for the pupils from nine years upwards in Form IIB. In the study of this subject the aim is twofold:

- (i) By the study of men's lives and actions for the children to gain insight into human behaviour and human nature, and how we should conduct ourselves as citizens;
- (ii) To learn some aspect of social history to know how others lived; e.g. town government, past and present.

For Form III a study is made each term of a life written by Plutarch (in translation). To quote Charlotte Mason's own words here: *Plutarch's Lives* (North's translation) I found invaluable. . . . I quote these instances of moral alertness on the part of the children because so far as I am concerned there is no personal influence in question. I merely set the work for the given term and the children occupy themselves with it. I believe that the fact of working on a given curriculum produces a sort of intellectual and moral aloofness on the part of the teacher, which is wholesome for the children as tending to give room for development of personality, and it is necessary to be a *person*, before one can become a *moral person*'.

Charlotte Mason wrote in 1904 a book called *Ourselves, Our Souls and Bodies*, of which she said 'It is a scheme of direct instruction which should make a young person definitely aware of what is in him, as a human being, to be and do and what causes of failure will present themselves to him'. This book remains sound in principle and vision but the style and approach does not appeal to pupils in 1964. Vol. I is now out of print. There is no modern publication quite comparable with *Ourselves*. The book set on Form V programme *Modern Living, Your Friends*, is the nearest approach.

In Forms III and IV, Civics is studied; composition and functions of government, Parliament, town government, etc. Again it is difficult to find suitable books, as this subject can be difficult unless presented in a lively way.

Languages, Art, Picture Study, Music

In the P.N.E.U. school French has always been taught to the children from Form I. Recently, local authorities have decided that the study of

a foreign language is suitable to include in the curriculum of the Primary school. In Leeds, children at the Primary school have been learning to speak French. As a result many new books have been published, basing the work on the oral approach. Some publishers have produced records and tapes to use in conjunction with the text book.

Geography is a subject which may be approached from two angles, the human or scientific. With younger children the approach is by the former method whilst with the older pupils the more scientific approach is encouraged.

Literature

Each term, the literature set, correlates to some extent with the history period studied. As a practice this should not be carried to excess, in that the choice of some book which does not 'fit' with the history period is precluded.

In Form I, the child's imagination is aroused and fed by hearing fairy tales and Aesop's fables. The latter appeal particularly to the child. The examination answers on Aesop's fables reveal the power of the child's mind, with his grasp of the point of the story.

In Ia *Pilgrim's Progress* is set and stories from *Tanglewood Tales* or *Tales of Troy and Greece* by Andrew Lang. For over eleven years this book was out of print but since 1963 is available again, published by two different houses. One child's comment on *Pilgrim's Progress* was:

'Gosh, mummy, isn't it lovely, it's like reading the Bible!'

Some teachers object that we introduce Shakespeare to the children at too early an age, in Form II (nine and ten years) but we find the children can enjoy the story in the plays and do appreciate them. In Henry V the scene in which Katharine learns English appeals greatly; or, say, Henry's wooing of Katharine, or some humorous incident with Pistol and his friends or the French soldier. In a recent exam this last was frequently recounted by the boys.

Not only should pupils read widely, learn to appreciate style and the characters drawn, but tackle the creative side of writing; the composition of poetry and the expression of ideas.

Sybil Marshall in her book *Experiment in Education* has shown it is as natural for children to express their ideas in words as in pictures. Children, if encouraged, often write verses spontaneously, e.g. child of seven in Bangkok:

'Butterfly oh butterfly
Thou precious little wings
Gather honey from the flowers.

Oh thou that has flown so high in places.
 Oh thou little thing should not be caught
 In a net so big with craft plot.
 Thou see, you fly over tree and dale
 Far over hill and far over trail.
 See you soar over branch and leaf
 Far over hill, steeple and sheaf,
 Then, fly ye back home again,
 But come back morning and afternoon
 But go ye home and sleep at night
 After your long and weary flight.'

A girl of 10½.

Playing the Piano

There are so many things to learn;
 Before a tune emerges
 Notes and scales and chords,
 Numerous finger exercises
 Stretching beyond an octave
 Relaxing arms and wrists;
 Holding notes and striking ones,
 Opening and closing fists,
 I wonder sometimes if I'll ever,
 To play the piano, be so clever.

Examination papers show how frequently children can express their ideas and emotions in verse and seem to enjoy this outlet.

INVADERS WHO OCCUPIED ENGLAND

by SIDNEY RABAN

At large in Britain exists a tremendous unauthorised alien population. Without regard to immigration laws, and with no means of support except instinct and wit, its members have colonised almost every quarter of our land.

What is officialdom doing to curb this state of affairs? Practically nothing—because the invaders are wild animals, many of them rodents, who have been here for so long that they are now regarded as part of our native fauna.

Most people know the story of how a few pairs of rabbits were taken to Australia and multiplied so rapidly as to become a national menace. Not many realise that the same thing could easily have happened here.

Unlike their cousin the hare, rabbits are not native to Britain, but

came from Spain and Germany in the Middle Ages. Finding conditions to their liking, they quickly established themselves, and it is only due to our denser population, more intensive cultivation, and perhaps to the presence of a wider variety of natural predators, that we escaped Australia's fate.

Rabbits were deliberately introduced to Britain by man, so despite their damage to agriculture they can to some extent claim to be blameless. In any case they are not entirely useless, having been trapped for food by the million until myxamotosis took a hand in their control.

But of some of our other invaders such as rats and mice, no such thing can be said. They came here uninvited, to snatch a subversive existence by robbery and plunder. Man's hand is raised against them, but because of the assets with which nature endowed them, they still continue to thrive.

Of the two species of rat which have made their home in Britain, the black rat was first to arrive. Its origins lie in India, from where it spread into Asia Minor, North Africa and Southern Europe. A high rate of breeding and the ability to live on all kinds of food enable rats to colonise new strongholds very quickly, so it is not surprising that when a few specimens escaped from foreign ships our ports became infested.

Strangely, the spread of the black rat was curtailed by the arrival of the brown. Whether through competition or some other reason is not quite clear, but the two species do not seem to flourish side by side. The black rat is now confined to London and other big ports, where it is believed that its numbers are reinforced by fresh arrivals from abroad.

This animal is one that has changed our history; but for the part it played as principal carrier of the disease, the great Plague of London might never have taken place.

The more numerous brown rat is now a greater enemy. Unknown here until the 18th century, its cunning and wary habits make it difficult to trap or poison; in spite of all our efforts the cost of its depredations still runs into millions of pounds every year.

Its natural home is in Asia, and it came to us via Russia. The house-mouse—whose invasion is lost in the pages of history—began life in Turkestan.

Another class of animal found freely in our countryside includes those escaped from private grounds and estates. Among them are many species of deer and one or two fur-bearing mammals. Our only native deer are the roe and the red deer, but several foreign kinds have a wider distribution.

The Siberian Roe and the Chinese Muntjac are fugitives from Woburn

Park who have spread into Midland counties. The latter is also known as the 'barking' deer, and a few years ago was so numerous in Bedfordshire that foxhounds in woodland pulled many of them down. Small joints of venison were plentiful—and, I remember, made very good eating!

Other foreign deer living wild in England are the Indian Muntjac, the Chinese water-deer and the Japanese Sika. None of these have been with us long, but the Fallow deer is an exception. This dainty creature, whose principal haunt is in the New Forest, was probably brought here by the Romans.

Charming as they are, deer can be a serious nuisance in plantations. The same applies to another attractive creature, which is also a fugitive from Woburn. Introduced from America about eighty-five years ago, the grey squirrel is classified as a pest, and must not be kept in captivity without a licence. Once blamed for the decline in our native red squirrel, its name is now almost cleared in this respect. In fact, the two animals show preference for different types of trees, so that there is probably little competition between them.

Most publicised of all our foreign mammals in the last few years must surely be the Coypu. Yet another member of the rodent tribe, with the characteristic orange-enamelled incisor teeth peculiar to this order, it sometimes grows to a weight of sixty pounds. It was brought here from South America by fur-breeders after the first World War, but the trade is now defunct. Those animals which now infest a large part of Norfolk descend from a few pairs which escaped.

The Coypu's nature belies its unattractive appearance. Shy and unaggressive, it is easy to domesticate and makes a very good pet. When first it was found to be living wild, little alarm was caused. The animal lives mainly on reeds and water plants, and it was thought it might actually do some good in keeping waterways clear.

Unfortunately the Coypu breeds very fast, increasing sixfold every year if unchecked. Its numbers became too great, and a campaign was organised to keep them down. Sadly, the Coypu—like the squirrel—is a pest; harmless as an individual, it can only be kept under licence.

This by no means exhausts the list of our foreign invaders. The Glis-glis, or edible dormouse, is one of the most intriguing. From the Rothschild estate, Tring Park, from which it first escaped it is common in Herts and Bucks.

Surprising though it may seem, even insects have been introduced into England. The Large Copper Butterfly was brought from Holland to Wood Walton Fen in Cambridgeshire to replace a native species which became extinct.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

MISS CLARE NICHOLL

I would not like the occasion of the retirement of Miss Clare Nicholl from her brilliant editorship of the *Parents Review* for the past five years to pass without a note of thanks to her for all that she has done for the Union.

It may be recalled that she was secretary to the late Elizabeth Molyneux, when she was director of the Parents National Educational Union School, for nearly three years and then took on this most difficult task of editorship.

This work has entailed attracting articles and obtaining news of members and of children from all over the world and the vitality of the *Review* is the best tribute to her industry.

I know that my mother valued her work very highly and I am sure all members will join with me in wishing Miss Nicholl a very pleasant retirement and join me in expressing our thanks to her.

Yours faithfully,

MICHAEL A. E. FRANKLIN

Some further extracts from letters received after the C.M.C.A. Study Course.

'I found the Study Course most interesting. I hope to attend another in the future.'

'I enjoyed my visit to Hethersett very much. It was pleasant to meet (you) and various other people who had been, until then, merely names to me.'

'The Study Course gave me plenty of "food for thought" and I am sure was most beneficial.'

'I enjoyed every moment of the Course and I am sure you all must have been much encouraged by the results.'

'The Study Course was all that I hoped for, practical as well as inspirational. Such courses would be invaluable for we non-C.M.T.s from time to time!'

'I enjoyed the Course very much and have learnt a great deal from it.'

'I'm sure the Course has done a lot for both C.M.T.s and non-C.M.T.s and I feel the future of the P.N.E.U. is much brighter, if all interested can get together occasionally.'

Spontaneous friendliness was my first impression and this remained with me throughout the course. There were friendly people—not ashamed of being enthusiasts, just everywhere.

The indefatigable work of Miss Wharton, her guidance which gave us all a sense of purpose, without giving us any feeling of being pushed around.

What filled us all with admiration was the inspired organisation of the whole conference. The stimulation of the subjects of the papers, which were unrelated to

LETTER BAG

the demonstration lessons, gave pleasant mental stretching. As the course continued however, we could discern with ever increasing clarity the interpretation of the wide concept of the papers in the lessons given.

Yes I feel the course has been well worth while for someone on holiday from Canada.

W. M. Lowndes,
The January School,
Toronto.

OUR WORK

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION, 1964

The papers will be sent out for Monday, November 30th.

In order to receive their copies of Examination 220 and Programme 221, members should make sure that their School fees and subscriptions have been paid to the P.N.E.U.

FORM VI READING CERTIFICATE

This Certificate has been awarded to Rosemary Ball of Burgess Hill P.N.E.U. School.

BOOKS

The Secret Places, by David Holbrook (Methuen, 35/-). Some teachers and probably many educational administrators may be shocked at this author's unconventional methods of teaching English to secondary modern schoolchildren, as described in this book, but his system seems to succeed remarkably well in terms of imagination and sometimes poetic content (if not in spelling and grammar) shown in the work of his pupils. The examples he gives are revealing. Mr. Holbrook obviously loves and understands children and shows wisdom in his dealings with them. He makes mincemeat of certain English textbooks, and one must largely agree with his findings. He rightly deplores present-day commercialism which indoctrinates the young with a wrong sense of values. Whether or not his views tally with the author's, the reader cannot fail to find this book both interesting and stimulating.

Children's Books

Okolo, Boy of Nigeria, by Peter Buckley (Methuen, 13/6) is the second volume in the Young World Series for children aged from eight to twelve. It is beautifully produced, illustrated with the author's own excellent photographs. It tells the story of a Nigerian boy whose life's ambition is to be educated with a view to teaching when he is grown up. In the course of the narrative much interesting information is given about life in Nigeria and the customs of different tribes, and of the delightful camaraderie among children. It is simply and charmingly written and is the type of book which will foster good relations between races.

Mine for Keeps, by Jean Little, illustrated by Lewis Parker (Dent, 13/6) is a remarkably good story for children aged from about eight to ten. When Sally, who has had a crippling illness in early childhood, comes home from a long spell at a special school, she finds it difficult to adapt herself to normal family life. The account of how she conquers her handicap and is instrumental in curing her little friend Piet of his self-pity makes a tale that is both absorbing and salutary. The characters involved are satisfyingly real—including Susie, the puppy, who plays a major rôle in the plot.

PARENTS REVIEW

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MUSICAL STATISTICS

By PEGGY LOOSEMORE JONES

This year's report of the examining board of the Royal Schools of Music may appear to be a dry collection of figures, but it speaks with force to those of us concerned with the teaching of music.

Five and a half thousand *less* children entered for examinations this year than last. With still over a hundred and twenty thousand entries this is perhaps not serious, but it is perhaps significant of a growing trend in the young to avoid anything in the nature of hard work. Examinations, of course, are not everything, but they do act as a useful pointer to children's progress. More important, they set a standard. What these tables make abundantly clear is something music teachers have always known—that there is a steady fall-off in numbers with

CORRIGENDUM

BASIL MARSDEN-SMEDLEY, O.B.E.

Readers are asked kindly to note the following two amendments arising from the obituary notice on Mr. B. Marsden-Smedley in the November issue of the *Parents Review*, page 236:

- (i) In the first paragraph there was an error of transcription; the reference in inverted commas should have been to 'Charlotte Masonry';
- (ii) In the second paragraph, the reference to his presiding over the transfer of the Charlotte Mason College to the Local Education Authority is incorrect; the transfer took place prior to Mr. Marsden-Smedley's Chairmanship, and the record may satisfactorily be amended by deletion of the words 'to preside . . . Local Education Authority;'.

Readers who keep their copies for reference are asked to make appropriate amendments.

each successive grade, and that few children persist long enough to become really proficient as performers.

This is true of most things requiring long term effort—there are always a lot more optimistic starters than triumphant finishers. But it seems especially true of music which has to combat the increasing pressures of homework and school examinations as children grow older. It seems a little sad that from about seventeen thousand entries for Grade One Piano, there should be a drop to under two thousand for Grade Eight.

In these days of school orchestras and opportunities to learn string and wind instruments, it is also disappointing that there should be so few entries for these classes and for the whole range of instruments, a bare twenty per cent. of the total enter for piano examinations. This may be a reflection on group teaching in schools, an excellent method of introducing music-making to children who would not otherwise have thought of it, but not really conducive to high standards of individual performance.

Entries for the singing examinations suffer for the same reason. Most children can sing and enjoy performing with a choir. But few are encouraged to become soloists or given any sort of training. Those who do, seem to gravitate towards competitive Music Festivals rather than serious examinations, perhaps because the ability to sing is still regarded more as an entertaining gift than something to be carefully developed.

But the public, and therefore the educational attitude towards music, has always been half-hearted. Enthusiastic group activities with percussion bands, recorders and strings in the infant and junior schools, tend to die out or to get elbowed from timetables into dinner hours or after school, once children reach the Secondary stage. Music as a pleasurable, emotional outlet is recognised as very necessary during the early years of children's development. It is just as necessary later and should be taken further.

Music needs to be given status as a subject—to be studied in the Grammar Schools just as seriously as Mathematics or Science. It should not be left in its present position of poor relation in the curriculum.

MISS MARY HARDCASTLE, former Principal of the Charlotte Mason College, Ambleside, died at Westbury-on-Trim, Bristol, on 7 November 1964. An obituary notice will appear in the January 1965 issue of the *Parents Review*. See *P.N.E.U. NOTES*, page 279.

There are exceptions. Some schools do excellent work, and there are even a few enlightened educational authorities who will pay for individual pupils to go in for music examinations. But usually too much is left to the devoted teachers of music and schools which operate outside the State system. These teachers are frequently underpaid and always frustrated because they lose their best pupils when 'O' level examinations become imminent. That they do a good job is obvious from this Report. Most children pass their examinations, the percentage being particularly high in those taking musical theory. The four per cent. failure rate in Grade One Practical rises only gradually to sixteen per cent. in Grade Eight, and the number of distinctions balances pretty constantly the number of those who fail.

There may yet be a few potential Cyril Smiths or Benjamin Brittens hidden in these pages of dry statistics but if there are it will be in spite of our educational system rather than because of it. For although we get our musicians in the end, we rarely deserve them.

THE CHILD AND HIS FEELINGS

By BARBARA CRANE, DIP. SOC. SC.

Children can be reasoned with from a surprisingly early age provided the approach is itself reasonable; but there is an ever possible danger that in straining their acceptance of reason, positive harm will be done in other directions. A child's emotions are much stronger than his reasoning powers, no matter how intelligent he may be. Adults themselves are not altogether successful in controlling their feelings for reason pulls one way and feelings the other. In this constant tug-of-war the emotions are often stronger than we realise or care to admit.

It has been estimated that about two-thirds of everything a young child says and does is prompted by his feelings, and the figure is still as high as one-third by the time he is adult. If parents or teachers try to reduce it to a negligible proportion this is too great a strain on the child and he will show stress symptoms, the more usual being enuresis, thumb-sucking, nail-biting, compulsive facial tics, temper tantrums and disturbed sleep.

It is very easy to expect far too much in the way of 'sensible' behaviour from an intelligent child. Because he is advanced in his vocabulary and way of thinking, adults tend to treat him like an older child, but he cannot possibly be grown up in speech and conduct all the time. A typical example is that of the mother of a 9-year-old who was aimlessly banging his young brother's toy drum, who found herself saying in exasperation, 'Oh John, don't be so *childish*'. When he replied, logically enough, 'But, mummy, I *am* only a child!' she suddenly

realised how she had normally come to expect an adult standard of behaviour from him.

In general the child of average or sub-average intelligence usually gets plenty of opportunity to express his feelings. He or she is less interested in intellectual pursuits, for one thing, and so may spend much of his spare time kicking a ball around or in similarly relaxing pursuits.

It is often the very nature of an intelligent child to stress intellectual prowess and perhaps as a self-imposed discipline to drive into the subconscious feelings of anger or fearfulness or frustration. He may equally be more than usually demonstrative. The main difficulty lies in finding an acceptable outlet for an intelligent child's feelings. Creative art is one way. Encourage drawing and painting and 'messy' clay-modelling and do not criticise the results. If one day your daughter seems to find satisfaction in painting an entirely unrecognisable but colourful picture when you know she is capable of more orthodox landscapes, say nothing. Paintings in strong colours, purples, blacks and vivid reds and orange are one way of getting rid of strong feelings which are better released than kept under lock and key.

For the younger child, play with sand and water is excellent and seems very successful in dispelling bad temper.

'Free' speech is another way, and one which many parents may find difficult to tolerate. This is usually only a phase, however, and will pass all the more quickly if permitted. Children often find the first few months of school life quite a strain. They enjoy saying swear-words and 'rude' rhymes, and parents naturally assume that they are just copying bad speech habits from other children. Consequently such language is punished and forbidden. The real reason for it is often that daring to say words and phrases which they know are unacceptable in the adult world in some way releases the tension they feel about the strangeness of school life.

Apart from this one aspect, words can be a splendid safety valve for pent-up anger or distress. Accept with equanimity his violent outburst of 'I hate you' or 'You don't love me any more', and the mood will pass all the more quickly.

Anger is probably the commonest emotion needing to be released. Any kind of hitting or hammering or kicking are useful. Footballs and punch-bags are more acceptable than doors and furniture, and a furious strumming on the piano may be necessary at times!

Of course, we want our children to be well-behaved at school and at home, scholarly and industrious and polite. We exert our influence to this end. *But the child cannot live up to this standard every minute*

of every day. The strain would be intolerable. Even if parents are easy-going the pressures from school and from within himself are occasionally too much. He needs to release his feelings in some way. Your fast growing son needs to cry sometimes, your daughter to give vent to words of anger. It is better to permit a certain amount of emotion than let it build up to cause deeper disturbance.

Parents want children to be a credit to them but, surely, even more than that, they should want them to be happy.

'SOME OF US'

FROM MALAYA

I live in the Oil-Palms and we see lots of pretty birds. I know the names of some of them. We can see Mount Ophir. There are fairies on the top. I love to see them dancing around if I go up to the top.

I like reading books best of everything.

My brother and sister are little.

Dictated by KEVIN HAMILTON (aged 6)

PALIO LIMANI, SPETSAI

In Crete we got up very early because the water only came on at six o'clock till nine o'clock. While we were having breakfast we put a hose in the tap, pushed it through the window and put it in the large clay pot for holding ordinary water not for drinking. For drinking we filled two large jars also made out of clay and that should last us till the next morning. Sometimes when we were sweeping we would find a scorpion and *Kyria Katina* (our maid) would say 'Ochee kalo spiti, Ochee kalo spiti' (not good house, not good house), because of the holes in the floorboards.

In Spetsai we travel about in horse-carriages because there are no cars on the island except the dustbin-car; there are also two tractors.

Sometimes we go across to the mainland to swim because there are some very nice beaches.

I have got a pair of goggles, a snorkle and a pair of flippers, and with them I can see lots of little fish. Of course, the deeper you go the more fish there are. Quite often we see men banging octupuses up and down on the rocks to make them soft, and edible. Twice we have eaten them and they are very nice.

SIMON CORNWELL, age 7½

Simon is the son of John le Carré—the author—a recent contributor to the Parents Review.

COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By ALISON ROSS

It is the small remnants of wild flowers in this darkest of all months that give me so much pleasure. We find all kinds—Red Campion often puts out a single bloom during a mild spell and the ubiquitous *Matri-caries* have odd daisies in bloom. *Veronicas* too, open shy blue buds which are delightful to see but useless to pick for they fall off at the slightest touch.

All these are what we call 'old flowers', or indeed remnants. New flowers are harder to find but more satisfying when one does so. We keep a bowl of moss and lichen in the sitting-room in case we find odd primroses, sweet violets and even daisies. In the old days it was considered unlucky to bring one primrose, or one snowdrop indoors. I don't know why it was unlucky, personally I'm thrilled to find one of anything at this time of the year, but it had a bad effect, so country people said, on their hens! The egg-yield went down. We have no hens so we don't mind!

Hardly a December goes by without us finding the plant that gives protection against witches, the Periwinkle. The Larger one, with penny-wide flowers opens on a white inland cliff near Arundel and the Lesser, with sixpence-wide, clear mauve (I don't see how they can be called blue), flowers hangs over a loud waterfall. It is perilous to try to reach these flowers. They both have associations for me with odd bird voices. Years ago when I first found the Arundel ones, there were indignant peacocks underneath shouting in their ugly voices as I struggled up the cliff. Last year, just away from the waterfall as I skidded over the wet, mossy rocks to reach one spray of Lesser Periwinkle the ringing call of a Little Grebe or Didapper burst forth. It was so unexpected at this time of the year that it made a kind of Christmas present—a little parcel of spring music.

The following paper, 'Knowledge of the Universe', concludes those presented in the Parents Review, from the recent C.M.C.A. Study Course at Hethersett.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE UNIVERSE

By G. L. DAVIES, B.Sc.

In this talk, I am going to attempt to show how Knowledge of the Universe can contribute towards the development of the individual person. First I shall deal briefly with science and geography and at rather greater length with mathematics, the subject which most interests me.

1. SCIENCE AND GEOGRAPHY

The child is himself part of the universe and of course he is curious about his surroundings. He wonders about pieces of apparatus he uses every day, e.g. the telephone, an electric torch or a clock. Naturally he would like to learn of the construction and functioning of these common pieces of equipment. He watches the sun rise and set, feels the warmth of the rays on his skin, hears the noise of thunder and wonders at the ebb and flow of the ocean. It is not surprising that he would like an explanation of these natural occurrences. He may be interested in the prevention and cure of disease and in the working of his body. Curiosity is mingled with aesthetic appreciation as he watches a butterfly

probing into a flower cup, a young bird trying out its wings, sunshine showers and rainbows. News of further achievements in modern science stimulate still more his appetite for knowledge. The child's desire to understand is compelling and so the teacher's task in teaching science should be rewarding right from the beginning. Obviously scientific knowledge should stem from personal observation. In this activity all the senses should be brought into play. For instance the mental image a child forms of a flower should be much more than 'a head with five pink heart-shaped petals'. He should smell the fragrance of the flower, handle its stem and leaves to learn their texture and even taste the nectar if the flower is not noxious. Observation is a very individual activity. Each child will make his own mental picture of the subject and will enjoy exchanging knowledge with his colleagues. All can make some contribution to the common pool of discoveries.

Any apparatus used should be suited to the particular needs of the individual child. If he says, for instance: 'The butterfly we looked at yesterday had knobs at the ends of his feelers, but this moth's feelers seem to end in a different way, I should like a closer look', then the obvious step is to make the closer look possible by providing a hand lens. If a model is used for illustration it should be designed simply so that the essentials of construction are immediately apparent. If the child is presented with detail before he is able to appreciate it, he becomes overwhelmed and discouraged.

The keeping of a Nature Note Book is an excellent means of encouraging scientific self-expression. However, I have found that some children need guidance as to which subjects to observe. In the winter months for instance a child may complain: 'But what is there to write about? Everything is covered with snow'. Of course there are also the enthusiasts who fill several Nature Note Books each term but generally it is as well to discuss with the class at the beginning of the month some likely subjects for observation. For example, in a snowy January the children may be told to look for birds searching for food, footprints in the snow, evergreens and certain constellations.

When learning science subjects, the child must understand the great importance of drawing and painting from personal observation, and of making clear diagrams. Written accounts must be graphically illustrated. Indeed there is much to be said for the reverse procedure, i.e. starting from the illustration and writing round it.

Many of our modern authors have considerable scientific knowledge. Most children are enthralled by stories based on Natural History and do not need coaxing to read such literature. This year my Form II children enjoyed reading Rowena Farne's *Seal Morning*. Some took out Gerald Durrell's *The Drunken Forest* from the form library. These

authors have great sympathy for the animal world and by their writing they communicate their compassion and understanding to the reader. Such reading certainly helps the child to look beyond the fact.

We must not neglect the history of science. Older children should have some knowledge of how, when and where important scientific advances were made. They should realise what social conditions have apparently favoured scientific progress and how the advent of war seems to accelerate development in certain fields whilst denying humanity the ability to enjoy the fruits of successful labour. Biographies of certain scientists can be a source of inspiration to older pupils. One book of interest to children of about 14 years of age is *Madame Curie*, written by Eve Curie.

Now a few remarks about the teaching of geography. I speak mainly from the experience afforded me by trying to put into practice the P.N.E.U. programmes up to IIIb. First of all there is no doubt that what could be termed 'the personal approach' is the method which best appeals to a young child. Children like to hear about the lives of other boys and girls and so the books used in the early years should be about very young people.

The second point of significance is that at first a young pupil becomes more readily interested in a child who leads a life contrasting with his own; and so we teach first about Tooktoo, the Eskimo boy who has to cope with Arctic conditions and then about Bombo, who lives in the Congo, whose life is influenced by an equatorial environment.

Local geography is difficult to present to a small child. Being accustomed to his surroundings, naturally he sees nothing remarkable in them. His eyes are blurred by the detail which surrounds him and the teacher must help him pick out the essentials. Possibly these problems are parallel with those experienced in the teaching of recent history. It is difficult to find suitable literature to use in the teaching of local geography. Most 'handbooks' are too factual to interest young pupils. However most children travel by road a great deal these days and father or mother should try to interest them in the road map, perhaps giving them the responsibility of directing the journey. If the children are told beforehand what they may see, they will notice not only roads, but also rivers and bridges, factories and other buildings in the towns, crops in the fields, woodland and grassland.

It is the preparation for the journey which is so important. This applies equally to longer journeys abroad. I know many parents are disappointed after having travelled extensively and frequently, that their children seem to benefit so little from an educational viewpoint. If adequate preparation for the journey is not carried out in the classroom beforehand, the young traveller will remember only the details which

affected his personal life. Perhaps he will remember with nostalgia the menu on Fancy Dress Night, diving for pennies in the ship's pool, the Egyptian 'magician' at Port Said or sleeping in the 'top bunk'. If on the other hand the child reads in the classroom beforehand about the places he will pass through, the journey can add living detail and colour to the knowledge he has acquired previously from books.

It is all too easy to teach geography from a utilitarian approach. How Man has partially harnessed the forces of Nature, using his achievement for his own comfort and advantage, is only part of the subject. The aesthetic side of the subject should not be ignored. The words 'lagoon', 'atoll', 'coral reef', 'savannah' and 'volcano' should mean much more to the child than bald geographical terms. There should be time to paint a 'geographical scene', perhaps of nomads in the desert or of fishing in the North Sea. Some children will want to write verses. Here are some lines written very quickly by a child:

SELVA

The shaded jungle of the East,
 Silent in its noonday peace.
 The cunning leopard in its tree,
 Legs and tail dangling free.
 Hosts of spiteful monkey tribes,
 Resting from their jests and jibes.
 The sinuous snake beneath its stone,
 Curved and sleeping all alone.

The written geographical account need not be entirely factual. Children will enjoy making up stories about regions studied. Some of my Form II pupils wrote very vivid stories about an imaginary prospector making a 'lucky strike' south of Hudson Bay.

Sometimes fiction can contribute useful background material to geography lessons. A short time ago a P.N.E.U. programme included *Dry River Farm*, intended to accompany the geography of South Africa. This year when studying with Form II the geography of Australia, I used James Vance Marshall's novel *Walkabout* in the same way. The story tells of two American children who miraculously survive a 'plane crash in the Northern Territories and of their subsequent wanderings. The author most sensitively describes the topography, flora and fauna with vivid detail.

2. MATHEMATICS

This is a very exciting time indeed for those involved in the teaching of mathematics. There have been almost revolutionary changes during the last few years in the way the subject is presented to the child. Now there is no point in change for its own sake. If a system is working well

it is pointless to abandon it, or even to tamper with the details. However it is indisputable that a fresh approach was needed to the teaching of this subject.

Consider how mathematics was introduced to children a few years ago. To pupils of Junior School age only arithmetical ideas were presented. Algebraic and geometrical ideas were thought to be beyond the understanding of young children. Great emphasis was laid on mechanical work and learning by rote. It was only after several terms' labouring with pages of mechanical 'sums' based on the four rules and with 'tables' that problems were introduced. Even then, skill in problem work was expected only from the more able pupils.

What was the result of this preoccupation with mechanical 'sums'? It was true that a few pupils attained an almost machine-like accuracy and came to enjoy the subject in which they could achieve such perfection. However, the majority managed only partially to understand the elementary mathematical concepts. There were some, indeed, who gained no real knowledge of the subject; who remained completely mystified by the language of number and size. The unfortunate pupils in this latter category usually developed an early antipathy towards mathematics. Everyone who has been involved in the teaching of 'Secondary Stage' maths will have encountered the child, otherwise able, who has no understanding of Number.

In 'Secondary Stage Mathematics' the curriculum was rigidly divided into algebra, geometry and arithmetic, very little attempt being made to encourage the pupil to think of these branches as one subject.

Now computation itself will not help to develop the complete person. In the adult world, most computation has been mechanised. Most commercial firms invest in a computer, or in a share of one, and the shop assistant will use a more modestly designed computer, or perhaps a 'ready-reckoner'. This does not mean that we can abandon the study of arithmetic. To use a computer the operator must understand the significance of 'place' value, and know whether to add, subtract, multiply or divide. The basic ideas of mathematics must be understood if we are to be able to follow modern science, but undue emphasis on 'mechanical drill' will not achieve this end. The old system of teaching gave rise to the commonly-held belief that a real grasp of and an interest in mathematics was for only the very few. Surely this state of affairs rightly gave cause for concern.

Having, I hope, established that change is coming about through necessity, next we must consider those who are responsible for teaching the subject to a class or to an individual child. Charlotte Mason observed that mathematics should be taught by 'those who know' and

elsewhere she remarks that much depends in this particular subject on 'the skill of the teacher'. This does not mean that only a specialist can teach elementary work well. Indeed, sometimes someone with no specific qualifications at all is better able to help the young pupil, because she may possess an insight into the difficulties commonly encountered in trying to learn the subject. Mr. Sealey, who has done such excellent work on the teaching of junior school mathematics in Leicester, agrees that much depends on the skill of the teacher. In fact he suggests that in the next few years many teachers will abandon the junior school text-book as we know it today, i.e. a book containing sets of graded examples through which every member of the class works systematically. He considers that 'assignment cards' made specially to suit the needs of each child should become the main-spring of mathematics at this stage. For the time being, I imagine most teachers will prefer to retain the text-book, at least as a guide. However there are other ideas which would be easy to introduce at once. I shall speak later about the ones which have appealed to me.

First let us consider how the mathematical knowledge may be achieved. As in all other subjects there can be no learning without understanding. It is fallacious to reason that the child who finds the subject difficult must learn by rote; that only the bright child can be expected to understand. There is nothing more tedious and exacting than the task of trying to memorise sets of facts which have not been properly comprehended. The teacher must patiently guide every pupil towards appreciation of fundamental concepts. It is useless for a pupil to perform mechanically pages of addition 'sums' until he understands that the process means the collecting together of groups. This type of activity is just as pointless as reading without understanding.

If the child is to succeed in becoming 'mathematically literate' the teacher must treat him as an individual. Different minds do not learn new concepts always in the same way. Each child takes his own unique path to knowledge. It is important that each child should be allowed to work at his own pace. Miss Mason wisely remarked that the tortoise should not be expected to keep pace with the hare. If the teacher sets, say, five examples for the class and insists that every child must complete them satisfactorily before they all proceed with the next activity, obviously the more able pupils will become bored and frustrated. A talented child may even come to dislike the very subject in which he could excel if taught in a more imaginative way.

The teacher should avoid telling the children facts they can find out for themselves. Every child has come into contact with mathematics during his everyday routine outside school. It is from these individual experiences that the teacher should proceed. For instance it would be

quite wrong to approach the geometry of line and shape by displaying before the class a set of grim-looking wooden prisms, pyramids and cones. The child will have observed the spiral spring under his Jack-in-a-box, the spherical head of the dandelion clock, the conical church spire, the parabolic jets of water in the fountain and the hexagonal cells in the honey-comb. The teacher must build on these experiences.

In the very early years apparatus plays an important part in mathematics lessons. Of course equipment must be well-designed and its use properly planned. I do not propose to discuss apparatus in detail here, but before passing on, mis-use and over-use of equipment should be considered. The teacher should give out apparatus knowing exactly what concept the children are expected to learn from its use. When this object has been achieved, the apparatus should be discarded. It must be kept in mind that pieces of mathematical equipment are merely analogues; that they do not precisely represent the ideas we wish to present. For instance the cardinal idea of 5 is not exactly represented by 5 dots on a domino, nor by 5 boys in a line. The group 5 is not itself connected with either particular objects or with the position of these objects. If a child continues to use a particular piece of equipment after understanding the idea which he is intended to grasp, the apparatus becomes of no more use to him than is a casual plaything. Various games may be used to teach mathematical facts, but once these facts have been remembered, the games should be discontinued having served their purpose.

In Forms I and II the P.N.E.U. classes use the 'Alpha Arithmetic Books' which are so designed that the child can progress through them largely through his own efforts. Of course he refers to the teacher when in difficulty. The child works at his own individual pace and the teacher's task is mainly tutorial. When work on a particular topic has been taught, such as 'area', it is a good plan to ask each child to compose a set of original examples on the particular topic. He should be asked to provide solutions and working on a separate sheet of paper. Children of equivalent abilities are asked to exchange examples and to find solutions. The teacher has no need to check unless there is disagreement over the answers. This is very valuable creative work. If the pupil is able to compose successfully a set of original examples with solutions, he has assimilated without doubt the mathematical idea behind the particular topic. A useful and interesting set of problems may be kept by the teacher for future use.

Occasionally the children should be asked to write a mathematically-based 'written account'. They could write about shapes of containers they have seen in the Supermarket, the measurements of the school building, the dimensions and uses of different wheels or speeds of

different vehicles. They will enjoy doing their own research and describing their findings.

Each child can be asked to keep a particular form room graph. Suitable subjects are temperature, number of bottles of milk consumed daily, attendance and pocket money expenditure. The children should know of the many different types of graphs and in what circumstances they are employed. 'Pie' graphs and different types of 'bar' graphs may be cut out of newspapers and displayed on a 'Mathematics Board'. The Board may also be used for puzzles the children find interesting, and for questions the pupils cannot themselves answer, e.g. a child may write 'Can anyone explain to me what father is doing when he is "permuting 8 from 11" in the football pools?'.

All children should be introduced to some type of mathematical literature. The Form Library for Form II could well contain books such as Thyra Smith's *The Story of Numbers* which is mainly historical and *Think of a Number*, by Grace Moss, which deals with the behaviour of Number. Children who are interested in Number will find these books very absorbing. The child who has reached sixth form mathematics may like to read Lancelot Hogben's *Mathematics for the Million*. Although this later book is nearly 30 years old now, as an authoritative and comprehensive History of Mathematics, I believe it is still unsurpassed. Learning how mathematics developed will make the subject 'come alive'. The child will find some details of the History of Number very curious and intriguing. For instance most pupils would be surprised to learn that until 1812 some Treasury Accounts were still recorded on Tally Sticks. Even though this primitive method of book-keeping was then abandoned, it was not until 1842 that it was decided that the Sticks had cluttered up the Palace of Westminster for long enough. These valuable government records were then used for fuel in the furnaces of the heating system.

Though not every pupil can hope to become a mathematician, if we try to teach the subject imaginatively there is no reason why most children should not successfully learn to understand the basic language of mathematics.

THE TEST OF TOYS

By MARION TROUGHTON

The days of clockwork toys are nearly ended, so several toy-making firms believe. They concentrate on making good solid toys, often from wood, that children can use imaginatively and which are not made merely to be wound up and watched. Such toys can withstand the hard knocks that the average small child bestows on his playthings.

Clockwork contraptions are all very well until inquisitive little fingers start experimenting with the works. 'The works' in the best type of modern toy are becoming conspicuous by their absence. The ideal, indeed the only worth-while toys, are those that arouse the children's imagination and powers of invention; that is why such simple articles as wooden nesting-boxes and hay-carts provide children with innumerable games.

The inferiority of automatic toys as playthings was pointed out as early as 1908, and a visit to any good toy museum reveals the links between the toys of the past and those of the present.

The earliest mechanical toys date from Victorian times. Ever since the advent of railways, toy trains have fascinated children—and adults. Collections of toys often reveal the development of rolling-stock design. One of the most attractive early toy trains is housed in the toy section of Kirkstall Abbey House Museum, Leeds. It dates from 1845 and has wooden daisy-bedecked carriages, obviously descendants of the old-time stage-coaches. The track is wooden and presents an interesting contrast to modern electric toy trains and their accessories.

Dolls' houses, too, reveal glimpses of the past. The earliest dolls' house was commissioned by Albrecht, Duke of Bavaria, for his little daughter in 1558, but it became his own hobby. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries large sums of money were spent on such 'baby houses' as they were called. A fine example is to be seen at Nostell Priory, Yorkshire.

Some later dolls' houses, like the ones at Kirkstall, were genuine toys and their architecture, furniture and interiors reflect contemporary style, so that they are now fascinating museum pieces.

Nowadays even the solid type of four-walled dolls' house is almost obsolete in spite of the fact that it gives children so much scope for imaginative play. The latest, prize-winning dolls' house is made of plywood, has open sides and a hinged roof, so that several children can play with it simultaneously; it can be folded and put away after use. But many parents prefer a three-sided Wendy house, usually made of peg-board. It has no furnishings but is ideal for playing 'houses', 'shops' and similar games.

The first dolls were lumps of wood, then more realistic wooden dolls were carved. These were followed by dolls made from wax and papier maché whose clothes and hair-styles supply clues to the age when they were actual playthings. Pedlar dolls belong to the time when there were few shops and country people relied on the laden itinerant pedlar for their supplies of material, buttons, bows and other haberdashery—and for their news. Some pedlar dolls still to be found are single red-

cloaked ones, but others are in pairs consisting of a man and woman, each holding a trayful of minute wares. The exactness of these tiny replicas, and such items as dolls' furniture and utensils, illustrate the skilled craftsmanship of our ancestors.

Clockwork walking dolls were first introduced about 1860. But at Kirkstall there is a novelty—unknown in the modern nursery—a doll with two faces, one a crying face and the other a happy one.

Assembly toys go back a hundred years, and bricks even further. It is said that wooden alphabet bricks were introduced to Tudor children by Sir Hugh Platt.

Modern parents allow their children to play with assembly toys any day of the week, but their Victorian counterparts insisted upon special Sunday observance versions. One such set, 'The Leeds Sunday Toy', housed at Kirkstall, has some bricks representing stained-glass windows. It was regarded as quite permissible for children to build a church or Sunday school, though the construction of secular houses and shops was forbidden.

Noah's Ark was also a legitimate Sunday toy for Victorian children and was indeed invented expressly for this purpose. Noah, Mrs. Noah, their sons and the 'two by two' animals could provide suitable religious play, based on the Biblical story of the Flood. Modern assembly toys have no such spiritual significance but are designed primarily to teach children to use their imagination in making and constructing things.

In playing games, children are also learning to give and take and to play fair. The first race-track game 'A Journey through Europe in the Play of Geography' is reputed to have originated around 1750 when a cartographer decided that geography could be easily learnt in this way. There were also educational card games to provide instruction in arithmetic, biography and even quotations from Shakespeare. 'The Royal Genealogical Pastimes of the Sovereigns of England', a late eighteenth-century card game, was designed to help the players learn about the Royal Family, but the rules of these games seem unduly intricate to minds accustomed to the simple directions for modern educational card games.

'Happy Families' was first introduced in the nineteenth century and even in 1905 the style of the clothes worn by Miss Bung, the Brewer's Daughter, and the rest, were the same as on the original sets.

The first jigsaws were usually maps, though some early wooden jigsaws had coloured pictures. As time went on, wood gave place to cardboard, but nowadays there is a welcome tendency to return to the more sturdy, satisfying wooden ones. Jigsaws are now geared to suit different age-groups so that from a very early age children can learn

shapes and sizes and how to piece things together. Simple lift-out section puzzles are popular with small children.

Nowadays there are many kinds of 'do it yourself' toys, especially for boys. From these toys children develop an interest in construction and learn the joy that comes from creative work. In olden times, apart from the fretwork sets popular with our fathers and grandfathers, constructional toys were unknown.

Many modern homes have their own projectors and both parents and children are often keen colour photographers. These coloured slides provide both entertainment and instruction. Victorian children had visual aids too. These included the Thaumatrope invented by a Dr. Paris in 1820. The disc was made to revolve quickly by twisting the strings so that the picture on each side of it appeared to move.

The old-fashioned Magic Lantern, first invented by Kershaw in 1645, was a popular mid-Victorian, Edwardian and pre-1914 pastime for adults and children. It lingered on in some rural areas even after the introduction of silent films. W. Butcher manufactured the first Toy Kineamagraph in the late nineteenth century.

Another optical toy was the Zoetrope—a drum with narrow slits. When this was rotated the border of pictures inside appeared to be moving. This toy first became popular in 1850. The Stereoscope was the forerunner of three-dimensional films and was first invented in the early twentieth century.

Such toys have been the predecessors of those that parents buy for their children today, just as modern ones will play a part in the development of toys for the next generation. But the main test of a good toy remains and always will: it is that which provides children with scope for imagination and experiment.

I WAS FRIGHTENED

by JAMES ROTHWELL

When a teacher sees someone whom he once taught doing well, he is prompted to think back to difficulties overcome and fears nearly forgotten.

I was indulging in this sort of reverie as I sat at the back of the crowd, watching Anne, as she was being crowned Rose Queen.

I like to sit at the back, because I am one of those people who are unfortunate enough to get tears in their eyes when something moves them deeply. The speech made by the Rose Queen usually makes me

burst my banks, and when you are my shape, sex and size, you look a pretty fool, brushing tears away.

This time I was worried. I remembered too well Anne's fears.

She came to us from the Infant School, a grave faced little girl. Her straight hair shone in the September sun, and with her great doe eyes, she looked quite pathetic in the unfamiliar classroom.

Her record card said that she was intelligent, but very timid. The class teacher, who is given to graphic description, said,

'Timid be blowed. The child is petrified.'

There *was* a stone like quality about her. She had no difficulty with her work, but we felt that she was terrified of doing anything wrong. A mistake was a mortal sin to her. There was little warmth in her relationship with adults, as though she was afraid they would not approve of what she said or did.

This, of course, is not uncommon when children of seven come into the more formal atmosphere of the Junior School, but we have usually broken it down by the end of the first or second day.

In Anne's case, however it did not clear up. Her work was always of a high standard. Her behaviour always good. In fact, we would have welcomed a little downright naughtiness.

We looked at her relationship with other children. As time went on, we noticed that there seemed to be a succession of special friends, one at a time. When group work was being undertaken, we saw how she tried to organise things so that the special friend of the moment could work with her, just the two of them. She seemed to want to have her friend with her all the time, and resented other children joining in.

Children of this age are a gregarious lot, and the gang is the thing. It was inevitable that these friendships should founder, and Anne was often very much alone.

I had several conversations with the parents, and they were just as worried as us. They were rather elderly. Anne the only child. And they were a very closely knit unity; all possible reasons for Anne's outlook. I have, however, learned from bitter experience, not to jump to obvious clues. There were other 'only children', other children of elderly parents, other boys and girls in families that did everything together, but they had none of this trouble.

Anne's parents were very worried about the friend situation. They too had noticed that things went wrong when a third child joined in the play.

It is one thing to know what upsets a child, and quite another to find a solution. There is rarely one simple answer. Sometimes the teacher or parent is able to resolve the trouble, without ever finding out what really caused it.

Time was going on. We weren't getting very far. Then we came across a hint in her writing.

'The best part of the day is when I go to bed. I like it, all alone, listening to my animals.'

This was a little baffling. Anne lives a long way from the nearest field, in the middle of a built up area. I asked her to tell me more about her animals.

She smiled her slow wan smile. 'They are not really animals at all,' she said. 'The lion is the bus that growls and roars as it leaves the bus stop up the road. The bells of the boys playing on their bicycles are the birds. The trains I can hear are the elephants thundering through the jungle.'

'Do you like being alone?' I asked.

'Oh yes. I can be all sorts of things when I am in bed alone.'

I remembered all the things I had been in the half hour before sleep, when I was eight or nine. I preached sermons, taught a class of naughty boys, got married (usually to a delightful little fair haired girl who sat in front of me) sang on a huge stage, played in goal for Arsenal on Cup Final Day, climbed mountains, drove a bus, beat Sir Malcolm Campbell's land speed record, and won the world's heavyweight boxing championship. They were wonderful, exciting times.

For long enough, Anne's teachers had been trying to get her to work in a group, when all the time she had wanted to work alone. We had been rowing against the stream.

Now, in school at least, we allowed her to work alone. We encouraged her to write her wonderfully imaginative stories; these were read to the class because they were good. We encouraged her to seek information for the class from books. She was very good at it. The other children began to look upon her as something of an authority. They enjoyed her stories, and would say:

'Please read one of Anne's stories to us.'

She began to glow as never before. Other children began to seek her friendship. They wanted to be with her. She had no need to fear losing one special friend.

The teacher responsible for netball announced that Anne seemed a

'natural' for defence. I reserved my judgement until the first match. The teacher was right. Anne was fighting for every ball like a tigress. Her handling and passing were faultless. Her stock with the rest of the team, and those who hoped to be in the team one day, rose. I thought this was one worry less. She seemed to be a different child and I half forgot her troubles. Until the morning of the service, that is.

From time to time, children lead the school in morning prayers. We try to arrange for every child to do this once before he leaves.

It came Anne's turn. I suppose I should have noticed that when I gave her the paper with the service details written on it, her petrified look returned. I suppose I should have noticed that, when she stood in front of the school, she was pale and terrified. But I didn't.

She said in a shaking voice,

'Let us Pray.'

The pause that followed grew

Closed eyes began to peep. Anne struggled, but nothing would come. She had dried up in fright. As gently as I could, I took over.

I had overestimated Anne's social progress.

Afterwards, through her tears, she told me,

'I was frightened.'

'But what was there to be afraid of?'

It was a silly question. What was it that always made me want to run away on the first morning of term? What was it that made me afraid whenever I was coming to the end of a strange journey? Why did I suffer a thousand indignities before a musical festival?

I did not press the question.

Anne never did take a service. She refused to be captain of the netball team when the rest of the girls unanimously elected her. She said that she was frightened. Although she had a beautiful singing voice, and was happy to sing in the choir, she would not sing alone. She was 'frightened'.

I was unhappy about her leaving before she had overcome these fears. She had now reached her last year and the staff were discussing the parts for the Nativity Mime that we present late each Advent before we break up for Christmas.

The Senior Mistress was quite convinced that there was only one possible choice for Mary, and that was Anne.

'With that grave expression and those beautiful eyes she would be perfect,' she said, 'Leave it to me.'

I left it to the Senior Mistress. The rehearsals went well. On the night, dressed for the part, Anne looked as though she had stepped out of an old master.

She sat, spotlighted, on the stage as a solo voice sang from the surrounding darkness,

Mary was that mother mild,

Jesus Christ, her little child.

She, Anne reliving the miracle of Mary was making the Christmas story real to the two hundred parents in the audience. She sat in a pool of light, being Anne and Mary at the same time.

I asked her afterwards if she had enjoyed being Mary.

'Yes sir,' she said, 'and I wasn't a bit frightened.'

* * * *

As I came out of my reverie, I began to wonder again how she would go on with her speech.

She was just beginning. It was perfectly delivered, in a bell like voice, assured and poised.

The straight hair now had an artificial kink or two, art had aided natural colouring of her face, but the eyes were big and bright as they had been on that first morning in the strange classroom. There was a difference now, though, apart from the cosmetics.

'Weren't you frightened, Anne,' I asked jokingly.

'I haven't been frightened since Mrs. Brown (the Senior Mistress) told me how she used to be frightened when she was a little girl, and how her father taught her how to get over it by thinking of something funny. Whenever I feel frightened now, I think of that story you used to tell us about Alfred the elephant, and how you and the other officers used to leave an empty chair for him at the table.'

Alfred was an imaginary beast that the officers at a remote station on the Persian Gulf had invented. He had a bed, a seat at the table and a private drinking mug. I often tell the children of his antics with the aeroplanes, stories which they enjoy very much.

'Whenever I think of Alfred, I want to laugh, and I forget to be frightened,' said Anne.

The psychologists don't have all the answers. . . . But I still don't know how Anne managed to look so soulful as Mary when she was thinking of Alfred flying round the Persian Gulf!

P.N.E.U. NOTES

MISS MARY HARDCASTLE

A Memorial Service for the late Mary Hardcastle, Principal of the Charlotte Mason College, Ambleside, 1955-62, will be held on Thursday, 7 January, 1965, at 2.15 p.m., at the Church of St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, S.W.1. The Right Rev. L. S. Hunter, D.D., formerly Bishop of Sheffield, will conduct the service.

NOTES FROM BRANCHES

Members of Birmingham P.N.E.U. Branch, recently visited Bromsgrove Art Festival for a lecture on 'The Power of Words' and an illustrated talk on 'The Queen's Collection'. The Exhibition included paintings, Russian ceramics, fabrics, and various craft-work.

On 27 October a 'coffee morning' was held when Mrs. H. H. Webb, of Edgbaston Nursery School, spoke informally on 'Life in the Nursery School'. In describing a typical morning, she stressed the need for routine in providing the child with a sense of security. Resistance to adult authority was at its highest between the ages of 2½-3, she said, so there should at this time, be as few restrictions as possible. Three years was the ideal age at which to start, when home resources of interest began to pall. Mrs. Webb felt that three mornings weekly at a nursery school provided an invaluable stepping-stone towards the happy transition from babyhood to full school life.

THE KERRYWOOD PARENTS' ASSOCIATION held its Annual General Meeting on 22 October, 1964, when a new committee was elected. This was followed by a film show of the last sports day and garden party.

LETTER BAG

Dear Editor,

It is with great regret that we have learnt of the death of Mr. B. Marsden-Smedley. He will be greatly missed and I know many in our branch would like me to express their great sorrow.

JOYCE MAJOR, Hon. Secretary
Birmingham Branch, P.N.E.U.

The Editor,
Parents Review

Sir,

I was very interested to read Shirley Toulson's article on the initial teaching alphabet in the October issue and to find that she has asked me how I account for the residual 4.6 per cent of children in the first experimental intake who proved to be even beyond the help of this alphabet. This group, I would say, is made up of conceptually and linguistically deprived children, some of whom also have other handicaps such as low I.Q., physical disability, difficult home background or poor school attendance. The severe psychological block to which Miss Toulson refers normally develops at a later stage when some of the children continue to fail to learn after repeated attempts by the class teachers.

The final question posed by the writer, whether i.t.a. is not just putting sticking plaster on the slum schools, is an amusing one, but I should point out that the principal of graded teaching, applied through i.t.a. to reading for the first time, goes much deeper than this.

Yours sincerely,

SHAUN DOWLING, General Secretary,
The Initial Teaching Alphabet Foundation,
London, W.C.1.

OUR WORK

COMPOSER FOR THE WINTER TERM

The composer to be studied during the winter term will be Mendelssohn. The following records are recommended:

Philips Classical Favourites: *Scottish and Reformation Symphonies*: New York Philharmonic Orch.—Metropoulos, GBL 5550. *Violin Concerto*: Grumiaux and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra—Moralt (also Schumann's Piano Concerto), GBL 5582. Overtures: *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*; *Hebrides (Fingal's Cave)*, Concertgebouw Orchestra—Dorati (also Schubert's Overture in the Italian Style), GBL 5581.

H.M.V. Concert Classics: *Italian Symphony: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* (Overture, Nocturne, Scherzo), XLP 20037.

Ace of Clubs: *ITALIAN SYMPHONY* (Turin Symphony Orchestra—Mario Rossi). *VIOLIN CONCERTO* (Campoli and the London Philharmonic Orchestra—van Beinum), ACL 4. Overtures: *Hebrides*; *The Fair Melusine*; *Ruy Blas*; *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Schuricht, ACL 33. *Elijah*. Jaqueline Delman, Norma Procter, George Maran, Bruce Boyce, Michael Cunningham. London Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra—Boult, ACL 220/2. Pianoforte Concertos: *No. 1 in G minor*; *No. 2 in D minor*. Peter Katin, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra—Fistoulari, ACL 169. HEAR MY PRAYER.

'SOME OF US'

P.U.S. children all over the world are reminded that this feature is now a monthly one in the *Parents Review*.

News about your homes, surroundings, experiences, the things you enjoy doing and so forth will always be welcome.

All contributions should be clearly marked with the name, age and address of the author and neatly written out or, in the case of the very young, taken down by a grown-up in the same way that Form I examinations are dictated.

Children whose contributions are chosen for the magazine will receive a copy of the *Parents Review* in which their items appear.

BOOKS

The Victorian Household, by Marion Lochhead (Murray, 25/-). This book can hardly be too highly recommended: so vividly does the author present this period of history that the reader 'comes to' with a jerk of realization that he is living in the twentieth century, so deeply has he been identified with the more leisurely and gracious (if not spacious) Victorian age. In Miss Lochhead's excellent company we ramble from the Royal Household itself through the homes of the comfortable middle-class, with their plethora of heavy furniture, superabundance of 'knick-knacks' and 'bobbled' table-cloths, curtains and overmantels, to the hovels of the poor; and in the course of our visits we are introduced to contemporary authors, artists, scholars, priests and parsons. There are fifteen fascinating illustrations from contemporary sources and an excellent bibliography.

The Actor and His World, by Dulcie Gray and Michael Denison (Gollancz, 13/6) is the latest title in this publisher's series of 'career' books. It is an admirably businesslike account of the qualifications and training required of would-be actors, and is calculated to encourage and inspire young people who are serious in their ambition, while acting as a firm but kindly deterrent to those who may delude themselves that it is easy to 'get one's name in lights'.

A second 'career' book, **Tim Chooses Farming**, by Ted Fellows, illustrated by Richard Taylor (Methuen, 15/-) is written in the form of a story, eminently readable and fully informative about the hazards and rewards, the strenuous demands and the satisfying worth-whileness of a farmer's life.

The Art of Chinese Paper Folding, by Maying Soong (World's Work, 12/6) will be a fascinating Christmas present for any child or adult interested in this original form of handcraft. There are twenty-nine different things to make, ranging from the simplest to the more complex, from a Chinese Knight's Helmet and a Flowered Candy Box, to a variety of boats and a Three Piece Living Room set. Both the working instructions and illustrations are admirably clear.

As readers of the *Parents Review* have every opportunity to know, there are few departments of Nature Study upon which Alison Ross is not well informed. Her latest book, **The Seashore**, illustrated by F. T. W. Cook (Basil Blackwell, 8/6) contains much information in a small compass. It can be recommended both to the teacher who needs to refresh her memory or to any child exploring the beach on his own. Seaweeds, shelled creatures, sea-worms, fishes and sea-birds are described in expert detail and there are beautiful coloured and black-and-white illustrations on every page.

The Language Laboratory in School, by J. B. Hilton (Methuen, 12/6) is a very useful book which deals with every aspect of its subject, from general principles to the minutest practical details, and is written in a clear and interesting style. The author is careful to stress the fact that the language laboratory is no substitute for the teacher; on the contrary, without a good teacher the method could not succeed.

French (The New Master Series), A first Year G.C.E. Course, by P. Beardsworth (Dent, 7/6). The claim made for the 'New Master' series, that the text-books are entirely automatic, self-progressing, self-correcting and self-checking, is justified. The method is excellent and will be much enjoyed by pupils working on their own. Unfortunately all the exercises are of the type: 'Which of these is correct?'. This approach, wrong in any subject, is particularly pernicious in languages. For instance, the pupil is asked, 'Which is correct, *le porte* or *la porte*?'. Why not say, 'Insert the correct form of the article *le* or *la*'. If all the questions were of this positive type, the book could be unreservedly recommended for private study.

Particularly recommended is the latest 'Ladybird Achievements Book', **The Story of Our Churches and Cathedrals**, by Richard Bowood, illustrated by Robert Ayton (Wills and Hepworth, 2/6).

Children's Books

Because there is always a special glamour in the gaily wrapped parcels that come off the Christmas Tree, Christmas is the ideal time to give books to children—whether to encourage the backward reader or to delight the addict. There is an excellent choice this year for the six to seven year olds:

White Swallows, by Kathleen MacKenzie, illustrated by Lynette Hemmant (Methuen, 8/6), is an attractive and well-written story with an authentic country

setting. Linnet, Caroline and Kit are justifiably indignant that their old friend Mr. Babbs, the carpenter, is to be evicted from his cottage. Fortunately for the children their scheme to avert the catastrophe goes awry, thereby presenting them with a happier and less unorthodox solution; thanks to their courage and determination, Mr. Babbs retains his home and the white swallows their nests in his eaves.

Katherine, by Elizabeth MacIntyre (Angus and Robertson, 12/6), is written in rhyme and attractively illustrated in colour by the author. We are told all about 'Young Katherine, who lives in Australia, with her toys and her pets and her paraphernalia', and in the telling we are given a really informative picture of daily life in the Antipodes.

Diana and Her Rhinosceros, written and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Bodley Head, 12/6) is the sort of cosy nursery fantasy that has a special appeal to children. Diana Effingham-Jones is an hospitable small girl whose kind heart is touched by a wandering rhinosceros who comes to the door one cold winter evening. He has a cold in his head and, despite some protests from her parents, Diana insists on bringing him in to the fireside and nursing him back to health. The bond between nurse and patient grows so close that the rhinosceros remains—for ever. The years go by and he and Diana grow comfortably old together, sharing a mutual addiction for large quantities of hot buttered toast.

Carnival in Paris, by Natalie Savage Carlson, illustrated by Geraldine Spence (Blackie, 12/6), is an original story of a French family who are trying to make a living by running a circus; but Papa and Mama have no money to invest in show animals and the Petit Cirque Flandin is a flop—despite Nelly's efforts to train her goose Arabelle to be the star turn, and Marc's struggles to become an acrobat. The Flandin family have their great opportunity when Arturo Rinaldo, manager of the Cirque de Paris, visits their show in search of talent: but the opportunity is lost because he finds no talent! He does better: he offers a happy and most unexpected solution to the Flandin's problems. Besides being an excellent and amusing story, this book gives a vivid picture of circus life in France.

And here is a representative selection for other ages:

Miscellany One, edited by Edward Blishen (Oxford, 25/-). A careful and attractive blend of verse, prose and pictures which stimulates the imagination and is a delight to dip into at any time. Among the items is an introduction to Benjamin Britten and an Icelandic epic of gripping interest. Mostly teenagers.

My Favourite Stories of Exploration, edited by David Attenborough (Lutterworth Press, 15/-). Some fourteen thrilling episodes—including pieces about Tutankhamen's Tomb, Kon Tiki, and a desert island meeting with a real live Robinson Crusoe.

Girl Pony Annual (Odhams, 10/6). How to cope with and care for one's first pony from scratch, together with an all round look at the horse throughout time.

Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang, Adventure Two, by Ian Fleming, illustrated by John Burningham (Cape, 10/6). The Pott family—having effected their escape from the Goodwins (*Adventure One*), get involved with a rough gang—this time in France. Under 10.

Boy's Own Paper Annual, edited by J. Cox (Purnell, 10/6). First time back since 1939 for this most popular collection of stories and hobby information. A wide range of other interests is also covered.

Arabian Nights, illustrated by Janusz Grabianski (Cape, 30/-). Aladdin, Sindbad, Ali Baba and all the rest; magical, exciting, and beautifully illustrated.